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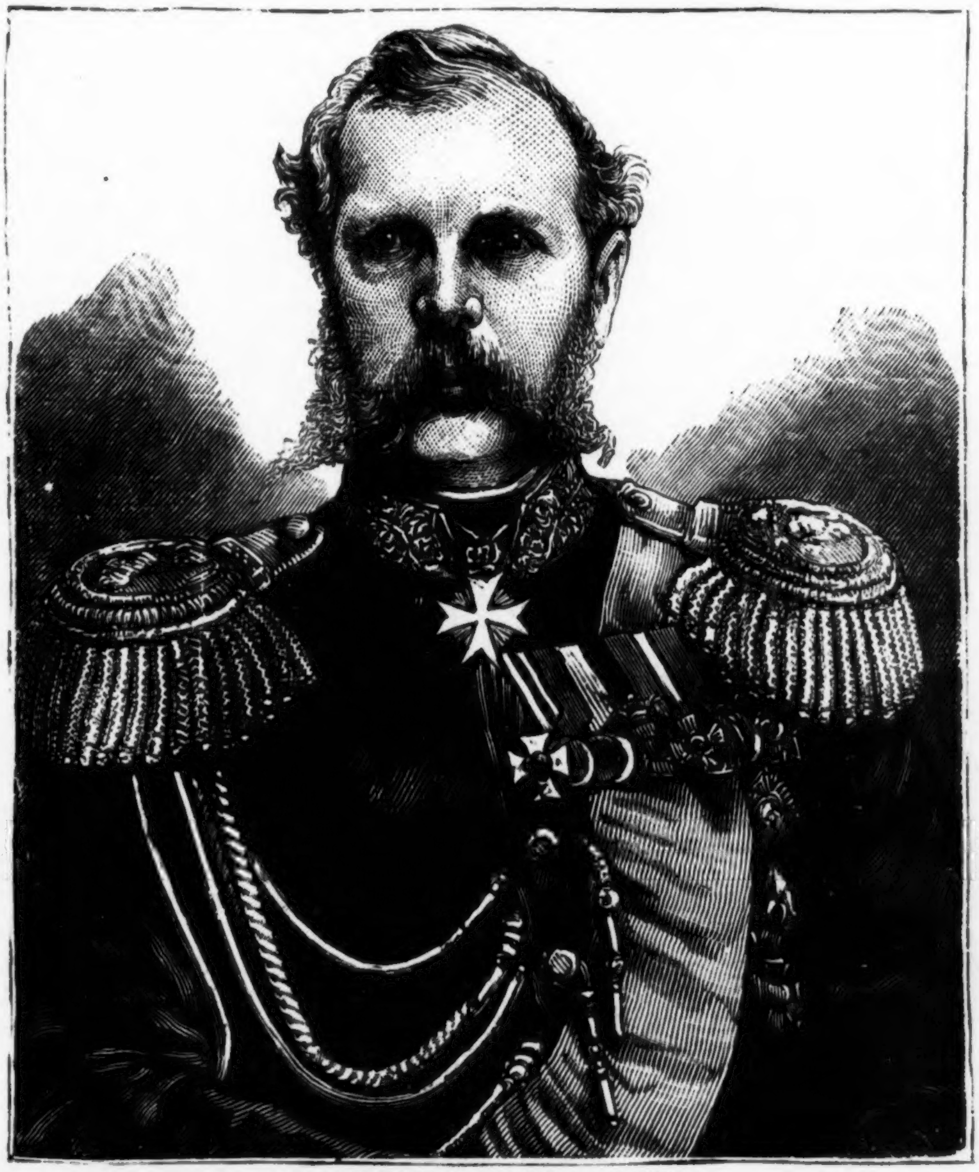
# RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

## THEIR WAR STRENGTH, THEIR SOVEREIGNS, THEIR NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS.

BY WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE.



ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR ON RUSSIA.

AS IN Eastern countries, so in those European countries the populations of which are largely of Eastern origin, personal government reaches its highest degree. The divine right of kings exists unquestioned. The sovereign is an autocrat. Nevertheless, whether his title be Sultan or Czar, his policy is determined by his own will only on condition of its being in harmony with the sentiments and ideas prevailing among his subjects. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, a despotic ruler is peculiarly liable to be forced into war by his subjects against his will. This fact—the philosophical reasons for which need not here be unfolded—has been freshly exemplified by the White Khan, Alexander II., and by Abdul-Hamid-Khan, both of whom entered reluctantly upon the Russo-Turkish war. Once involved in it, however, each hastened to proclaim that he devoted himself, firmly and fully, to carrying out the national will—the one that of the Russians, the other that of the Turks. Alexander Nicolaïevitch declared: "I am resolved this time to realize the sacred mission of Russia and my

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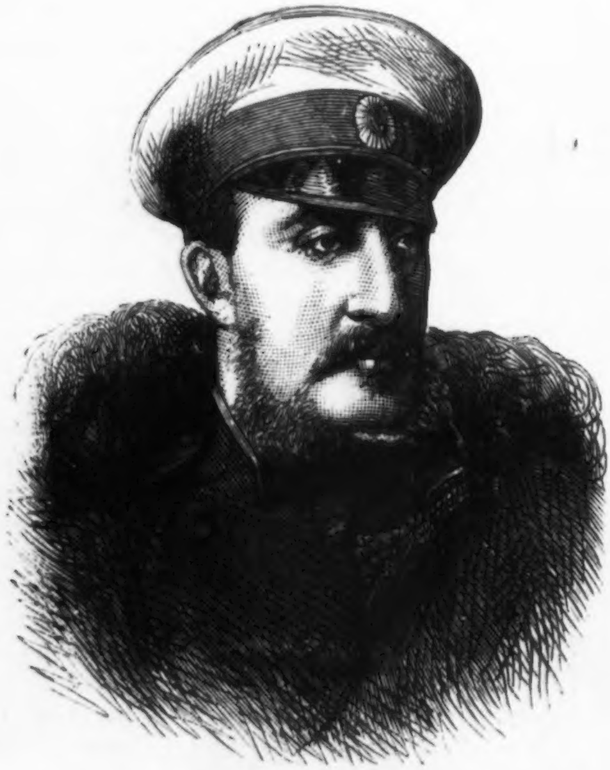
predecessors. God will aid us!" Abdul-Hamid announced that "his soldiers will defend with their blood the country won by their ancestors, and, with the help of God, will maintain the independence of the Osmanlis." He added that "the Sultan is ready to sacrifice his life for the honor and independence of the country," and, "should it be necessary, he will go in person to the army and raise the standard of the Caliphate and the Sultanate." But it is probable that, until driven to dire extremities, he will not, as Sultan and Caliph, unfurl that flag, which would be the signal for a Holy War of boundless extent and untold consequences. Should that signal be given, the Cross and the Crescent would again be uplifted as emblems of an irrepressible conflict.

Meanwhile, Russians and Turks are in arms against each other on the Pruth and the Danube, and in Asia Minor. The military power of the opponents is represented by figures which are formidable enough—at least, on paper. Thus, in Russia, the army is formed by the inhabitants, from the age of twenty to that of forty, six years' service with the active army and nine years in the reserve being exacted in European Russia; and the population is estimated at 86,586,000. But this is a deceptive total, for it includes partially subjugated millions, who would now contribute an element of weakness instead of strength, being eager to seize upon a foreign war as an occasion for revolt. Russia finds other drawbacks in the burning embers of Polish nationality, in the undermining effect of socialistic conspiracies, in the general poverty which prevented the last popular loan from being a success, and in her enormous debt of $1,504,000,000. According to the *World* newspaper, from which we borrow some of these details, Russia is better off in the essential matter of railroads than she was during the Crimean War, although it is not expected, by such competent critics as Herr Wickede, that the single tracks will efficiently stand the strain of a campaign. The Russian regular army numbers (in active service, reserves, depots and local troops) 44,457 officers, 1,641,329 men—total, 1,685,786. It also has 195,148 non-combatants, 240,838 horses and 2,606 guns. The irregular army (Cossacks, etc.) contains 35,05 officers, 131,290 men and 5,698 non-combatants. The new army organization dates back only to October 1st, 1874; and after deducting from the strength of the army the forces in the Caucasus (40,000 men) and the armies of Orenburg, Siberia and Turkestan (50,000 men), and making allowances for garrisons that must be kept up, there can scarcely be counted upon for service more than 500,000 men. Of course, there will be another story to tell a few years hence, when the system shall be in working order and the reserves be full. The Russian cannon are remarkably good; the small arms are yet to be tested. The original plan of the present campaign contemplated the mobilization of four corps, say 130,000 men, with two more, or 65,000 men, in reserve, and a co-operating force of some 80,000 men working toward Constantinople. Now, "including the reinforcements and reserves at Kiev, the army contains 300,000 men, with 120,000 men in the second line, forty miles behind." These estimates may have been excessive. It is asserted that General Nepokoytchizky, the famous strategist, charged with the conduct of the campaign, would not move without at least 310,000 men, thus avoiding the error of previous campaigns, in which the offensive was assumed with an inadequate force.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY ON THE DANUBE.

Turkey opposes to these troops something over 100,000 men in the front line, in the Dobrudscha (in Silistria, Varna, Schumla, etc.), some 50,000 along the Danube, and 35,000 more near Widdin—an array in the first line of nearly 200,000 men. A force as strong is placed upon the second line of the Balkans, aided materially (as it was not half a century ago) by proper fortifications of the defiles; the third line passing from Adrianople to Philippopolis, and forming a sort of intrenched camp. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in its account of the Turkish army, reports the pay to be small and much in arrear, but the food usually plentiful, and the barracks clean, spacious and well ventilated. The artillery is strong, and the arsenals are tolerably well organized. Besides her heavy purchases of cannon and small arms in Germany, England and the United States, Turkey can depend upon two gunpowder factories, an artillery arsenal, and a cast-steel factory.

The war strength of the Turkish army is placed at 203,700 men, with 105,600 in the first reserve, 24,000 in the second reserve, 32,800 in the military police, and 120,000 in the third reserve—a total of 486,100. The irregulars are estimated at 50,000, and the auxiliaries at 80,000. "Of the latter," it has been pertinently asked, "how many could be counted upon, with Egypt anxious to be rid of allegiance to its suzerain, and the Principalities in revolt or discontented?" On the other hand, the Sultan holds his trump card as Commander of the Faithful, and by preaching, or threatening to preach, a Holy War, may summon millions of fanatical followers of the Prophet in Africa and throughout the East, to the aid of his generally acknowledged successor at Constantinople. Not only may Abdul-Hamid kindle a revival of Islamism from the borders of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to Yarkand and Delhi, as well as in the Malay Peninsula and the adjoining Archipelago, but he may even compel England, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Carlyle, the English bishops and Exeter Hall, to come to his assistance, if only to save her own imperiled interests. In fact, the real antagonists looming up ominously behind the active combatants in the Russo-Turkish war are England and Russia, as great Oriental Powers.

But to return to Turkey; its regular army is so organized that it should number 800,000 men in 1880. There can be no doubt as to the quality of the Turkish troops. They are correctly described as "men who live upon little, are amenable to discipline, march splendidly, and fight stubbornly behind walls or under good leaders." Their devotion and gallantry were signally displayed in the defense of Kars, under Sir William Fenwick Williams, and although throughout the Crimean campaign even their victories under Omar Pasha were eclipsed by the exploits of the allied armies, yet the Russians have not forgotten them. During the late Serbian campaign the good generalship of their native officers was almost invariably successful against the skill and energy of General Tchernaieff and the other Russian officers and volunteers who did the fighting for the Serbians. The weak point of the Ottoman service is in the fraud and inefficiency of its commissariat; but the victors at Alexinatz may profit by the severe lesson which their utterly disordered condition taught them on the day after their splendid achievement. According to the London *Times*, they could not have moved for weeks, had it not been for the opportune armistice.

On the Black Sea, the Turks have very much the whip-hand. "In December last, the Russian fleet on that important sea comprised two two-gun ironclads, besides one in process of construction; twenty-five ships-of-war, one ship building and four unarmed vessels—a total of thirty-three vessels, with eighty-seven guns, having a tonnage of 31,336, and a power of 4,380 horses. Turkey, on the other hand, could pour into the Black Sea nearly the whole of her fleet of thirty ironclads and seventy-six wooden vessels, mounting 468 guns, carrying 15,188 men, and having a horse-power of 28,995." This preponderance in favor of Turkey helps her to dispute the passage of the Danube and enables her to compel the advance on Constantinople to be made by land, from the Pruth and the Danube, and without any aid by sea.

But, after all, armies and navies are effective only as these masses of men are directed and handled. Elaborate military and naval statistics must, therefore, yield precedence to portraits and biographical sketches of Russian and Turkish rulers and commanders.

The Czar of Russia, Alexander II., eldest son of Nicholas I. and Princess Charlotte, daughter of the late Frederic William III., King of Prussia, was born on the 29th of April (or 17th, old style), 1818. He was educated under the strict supervision of his father, partly by General Moerder, of German descent, and partly by Joukowski, a poet of the romantic school and Old Russian Party. He entered the Russian Army in 1831, attained his majority as Czarowitch in May, 1834, at the age of sixteen; was appointed in 1835 Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Hetman of the Cossacks, and first Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor. In 1837 he assumed the functions of Chancellor of the University of Helsingfors, in Finland, having held that title since 1826. In 1840 his health gave way under the pressure of that monotonous life of military manœuvres, reviews and parades which Nicholas imposed even upon the princesses of the Imperial family. He was sent on a tour in Germany to recover his health, and to complete his studies in the arts and sciences. His visit to the court of Hesse-Darmstadt resulted in his marriage in April, 1841, with the Princess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II. In 1849, he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Schools of the Empire, under his father, and in 1850 he was advanced to a command in the Army of the Caucasus. In 1850, he made a two months' excursion in Southern Russia. The late Emperor Nicholas had scarcely begun the war against the Western Powers of Europe, when he was stricken down by death, in February, 1855. His son, Alexander, succeeded to the vacant throne, and also to the task of carrying on the war which he had inherited, but had disapproved and regretted. "I swear," he said, upon his accession, "to remain faithful to all the sentiments of my father, and to persevere in the line of the political principles which guided him." He renewed this declaration in a manifesto addressed to the entire nation; but, while adhering faithfully to the traditions of his family, he seemed, according to the testimony of Napoleon III., to be animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the causes which had brought on the bloody Crimean War. When, in Russian eyes, the capture of Kars had partially compensated for the loss of Sebastopol, Alexander accepted the conditions of peace, sent his plenipotentiaries to Paris, and avowed his intention to consecrate all the activity of his government to internal affairs. Soon after the conclusion of the war, and the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris, the new emperor was solemnly crowned in Moscow, at the end of August, 1856. In European politics he subsequently showed himself, if not altogether impartial, at least a supporter of non-intervention. Thus he declined to take any active part in the war between Prussia and Austria, or in that between Germany and France. In Asia, however, his policy has been energetically aggressive—to a degree which Western Europe, and particularly England, is but just beginning to be aware of. Moreover, he has thoroughly adopted the traditional system of his ancestors, so far as concerns efforts to Russianize the various nationalities—Poland, for instance—which go to make up his empire. True to the same principles, he has always strongly opposed any encroachment on the part of the Russian nobles upon his divine prerogative, of which he is as vehement an asserter as ever was Henry VIII. or James I. Almost regarded as a demi-god amongst his people at large, he encouraged and, in 1861, decreed the emancipation of the serfs in his dominions; and when a confederation of his nobles at Moscow asked from him some modification of the monarchy, so far at least as the establishment of an Upper Chamber, he severely rebuked them for wishing to diminish his God-given right to initiate all government measures. As the recognized chief of the Greek or Eastern Church, the Emperor of Russia is necessarily hostile to the supremacy claimed by the Pope of Rome over all baptized Christians. For some years, however, the Russian Empire had gone on, under Nicholas, upon tolerably peaceful terms with the Holy See, in virtue of a *concordat;* but in 1866, Alexander flung this compact to the winds, in order to pursue, at times with the most cruel results, his determined work of unification in Church as well as in State, without "let or hindrance." This "work of unification" has occasioned, on the part of the Russo-Greek Church, persecutions from which Jews as well as Catholics have suffered sorely. When, toward the close of 1866, amidst the anxieties of Europe, Alexander ordered that the Russian army should be put upon a war-footing, a widespread sensation was produced. But it was relieved as soon as the military efforts of Russia were seen to be directed toward Central Asia and the extreme Orient. While, however, Russia is threatening to become a dangerous rival of England in the East, the Czar has voluntarily contracted the limits of his vast domain by ceding, in March, 1867, the whole of Russian America to the United States for the sum of seven million dollars. In July, 1867, the Czar manifested a special, practical interest in the unequal and bloody struggle between Crete and Turkey. In 1867 he went to see the great Exhibition at Paris, as the guest of the late Emperor of the French. In 1868, the name of Alexander II. was conspicuously connected with our International Conference, which assembled, at his suggestion, in Brussels, for the purpose of investigating the usages of war, and of ascertaining whether war cannot be deprived of some of its horrors.

In 1868 the Czar paid a visit to Germany and to Berlin. In 1869, he issued a decree abolishing the then existing hereditary rights of the Russian clergy; and in December of that year, he presided at the Jubilee of the Order of St. George, and, after alluding to the common share which his grandfather had taken in the war against the First Napoleon, he distributed a large number of Russian orders among the German generals.

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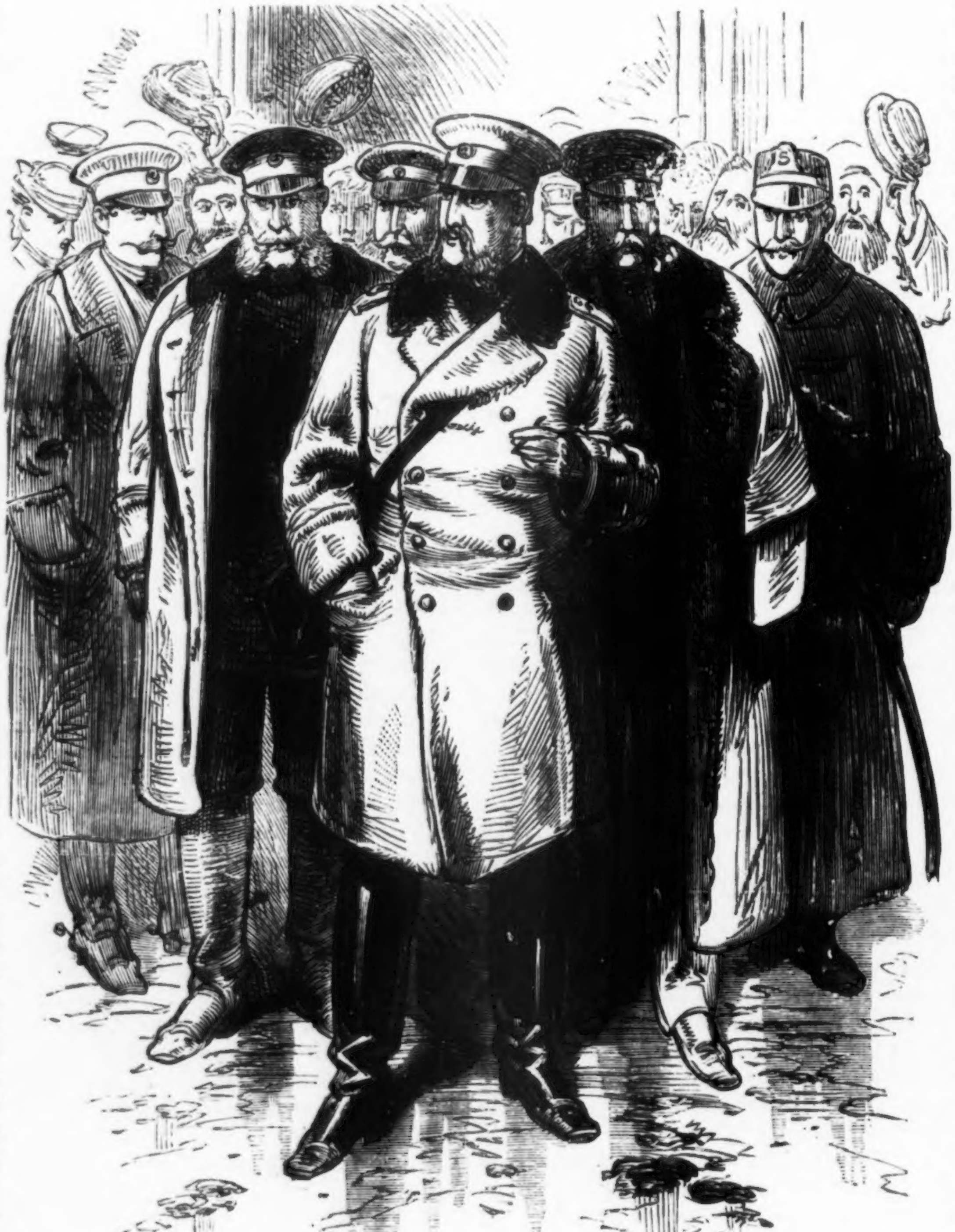
As might naturally be expected, the Emperor Alexander chafed and fretted for many years against the terms respecting the Bosphorus, which had been imposed upon Russia at the Congress of Paris in 1856; and in 1870 he quietly shook them off by his own personal energy and decision, declining any longer to be bound by them.

In 1874 the Czar and the Czarina visited England as guests of Queen Victoria. Alexander has twice escaped assassination—once, in 1866, at the hands of Dimitri Korakosow, and again, in 1867, at Paris, at the hands of a Pole, Berezowki.

The Emperor of Russia is a fine-looking man, if not of so imposing an aspect as was his father, Nicholas I. His disposition is naturally shy and retiring. He is averse to pomp and display, except on extraordinary occasions. He is singularly free from military ambition, and he is imbued with no fanatical belief in his father's drill-sergeant system. He has a deep sense of the responsibilities of his position, and he is sincerely desirous of maintaining the national honor. He has a goodly portion of common sense, but a limited confidence in himself. He is prone to fits of depression and melancholy. He is well-educated, and he has not only a great taste for the fine arts, but decided skill in one of them, having been a pupil of the eminent sculptor, Schmidt von der Launitz. He is said to have been very happy in his family life, which has never been interrupted by those morganatic alliances and other scandals which often "break the monotony of domestic existence in the perfumed circles of royalty." He is kind-hearted and affectionate.

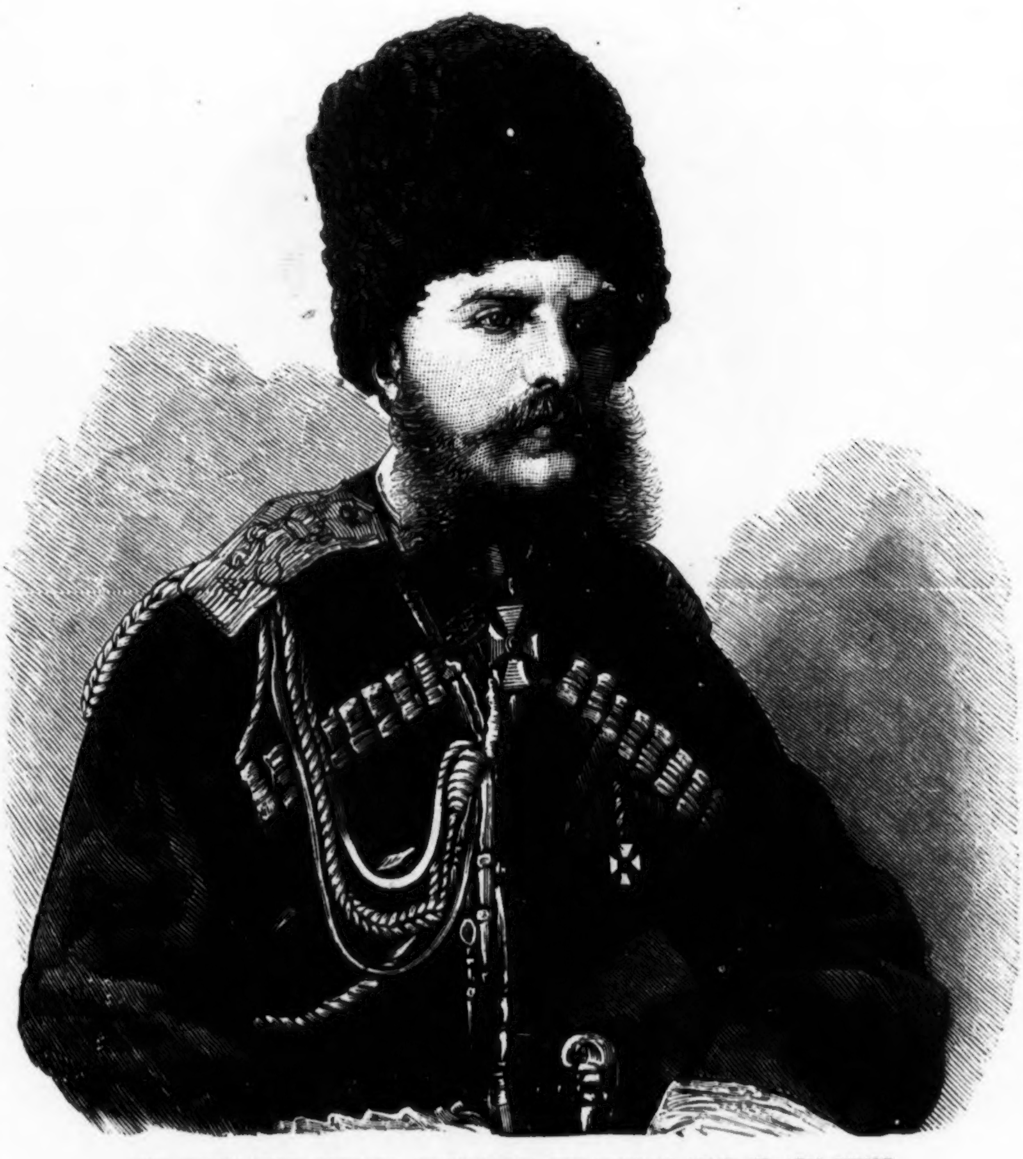
His Imperial Majesty is said to be very fond of his children, and especially of his only daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna, whom he always made his counselor, and who married, in January, 1874, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh. The death of his eldest son, heir-apparent to the throne of "All the Russias," which happened at Nice in April, 1865, nearly broke the heart of Alexander. His five surviving sons are, the hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, the Czarovitch, and the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis (who, with his cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine, is with the Russian fleet which recently visited New York Harbor), Sergius, and Paul. The Emperor has two sisters—Marie-Nicolaïevna, married first to Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Napoleon, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and secondly to the Count Gregory Stroganow; and Olga Nicolaievna, wife of Charles I., King of Wurtemberg. His three brothers, the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, are married, and all have children; and his uncle, Michael Paulovitch, has one daughter, Catherine Michaelovna, who is married to George, Duke of Mecklenburg and Strelitz. Alexander is said to be warmly attached to his maternal uncle, the Emperor William, of Germany. This attachment, together with the German strain in his blood, and with the humanitarian notions which he derives from his grandfather, Alexander I., without being a dreaming visionary like him, may account for the reluctance with which he has at length yielded to the sympathy of the Czarina, the Czarovitch, and Prince Gortschakoff, with the so-called National or Pan-Slavist Party in Russia, and avowed his intention to fulfill "the sacred mission of Russia and his



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS SETTING OUT TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

predecessors"—which means that he will head a crusade for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the conquest of Constantinople.

The Czarovitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, has full faith in Pan-Slavist ideas, and he will doubtless aim to carry out the Muscovite traditions in every way, when he shall become emperor. At present, his only real importance is that of Heir-Apparent, although he is a Lieutenant-general in the Russian Army, Hetman of all the Cossacks, colonel of many regiments, and particularly fond of military dignities and employments. He was born in April, 1845, was married in 1866 with the Princess Marie-Dagmar, daughter of Christian IX. and sister of the Princess of Wales, and he has two sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and George.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, COMMANDING THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN ASIA MINOR.

Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire for Foreign Affairs, born in 1798, has played a foremost part in Russian diplomacy, especially in connection with the Eastern Question. American Unionists will never forget his refusal of the intervention proposed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of the French Empire, for the purpose of acting with England in the late civil war of the United States. The prince has always been faithful to Muscovite traditions, but not more so than General Ignatieff, who, it is rumored, will probably ere long be appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Gortschakoff still remaining Chancellor.

General Ignatieff is now, apart from his rank as ambassador, a lieutenant-general and general aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Son of General P. Ignatieff, who was for many years Governor-general of St. Petersburg, and who is now president of the Committee of Ministers, Nicholas Paulovitch was educated at the *Corps des Pages*, and, according to custom, quitted that select establishment for young aristocrats to enter the Guard.

The "Crimean War," so-called, found the young Ignatieff, at the age of twenty-two, serving with his regiment in the Baltic provinces, under Count Berg, to whose staff he was attached. But Captain Ignatieff soon passed from the military to the diplomatic service, becoming military attaché to the Russian Embassy at London. His chief performance as military secretary in the embassy of Baron Brunow was a careful report on England's military position in India, which so pleased the Emperor that his majesty called the writer to Warsaw for a personal interview.

In 1858, Ignatieff, now a colonel, was sent on a special mission to Khiva and Bokhara. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his sprightly biography of the soldier-diplomatist, says that Ignatieff "determined to start from Orenburg in Summer; and as he returned in the depth of Winter, he is the one commander on whom the winds of the Ust-Urt Desert have blown both hot and cold."

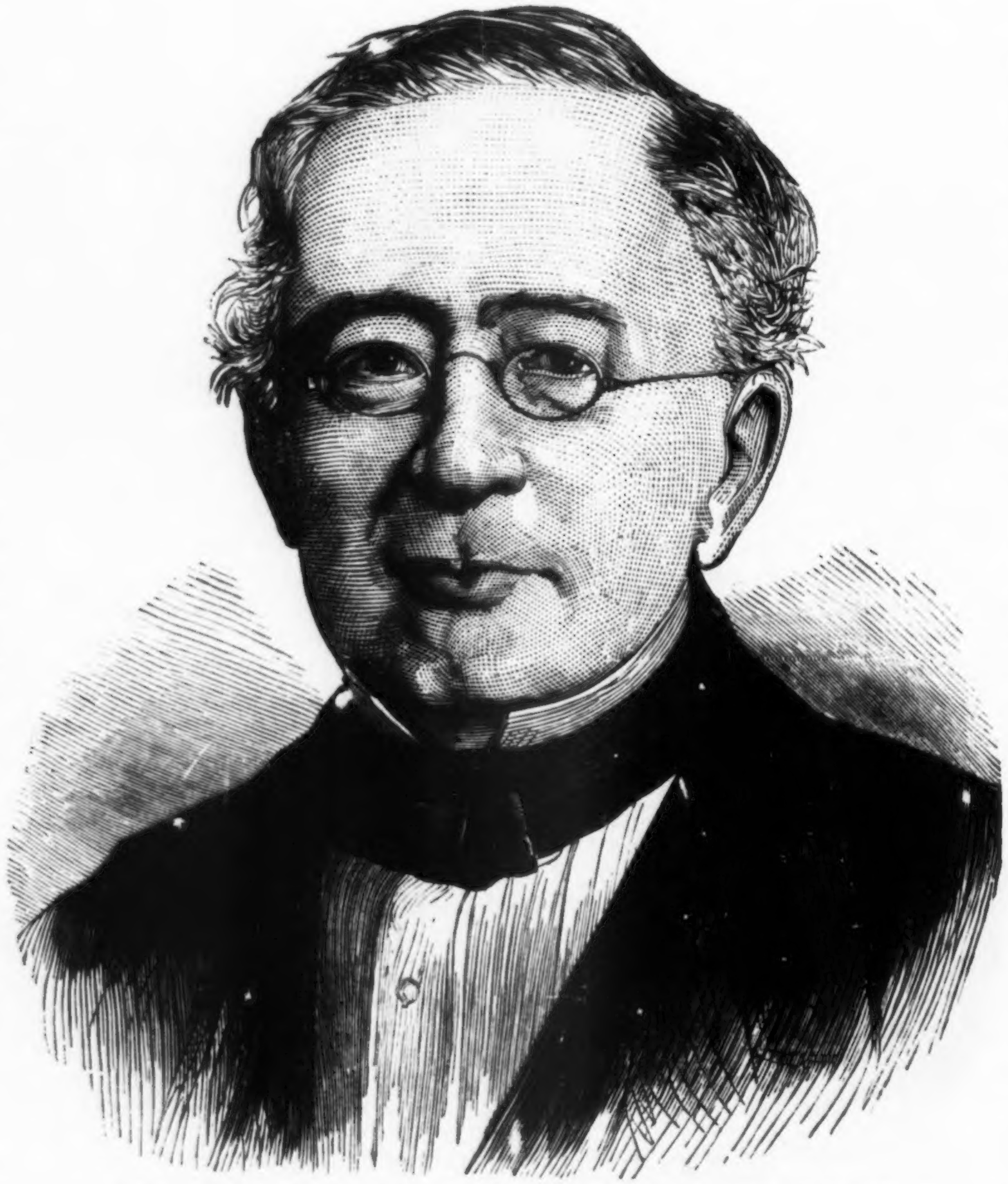
Appointed a major-general in the Emperor's suite, he was next sent to China, where he concluded a very important treaty, by which the extensive and valuable province of Ussuri was ceded to Russia. Returning home, he was made Director of the Asiatic Department in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, "a department in which, for no logical reason, all Slavonian questions are treated," says Edwards. After having done effective work here, it was thought that he would be made governor-general of the Russian possessions in Central Asia; but in 1865 he was appointed Minister at Constantinople, where his legation was subsequently raised to the rank of an embassy. "He had, just before, married a Princess Galitzin, heiress of the Ostermanns, one of whom is facetiously supposed to have drawn up Peter the Great's will; very rich, very charming, very useful to her husband." Everybody knows how successfully, for a long time, General Ignatieff attained his object at Constantinople of securing for Russia a powerful influence over Turkey; how conspicuously he figured at the Conference; what a sensation he made during his subsequent visits to London, Paris and Berlin; on his return to St. Petersburg, how decisive his counsels were in leading the Czar to declare war; and none who are aware that this prince of diplomatists, beneath the exterior of a frank, jovial gentleman who patiently "receives every one, all day long, twirling his mustache and making jokes," conceals one of the profoundest intriguers and hardest workers alive, will be surprised if, on occasion, he should contrive, at the last moment, to arrest the war, and try to make a peace which will leave Turkey helpless in the hands of Russia, though still nominally independent. It is alleged that he would like to weaken Turkey, but without destroying the Turkish Empire; for he believes that, with Turkey greatly enfeebled, Russia can do as she pleases, better even than if she occupied Constantinople.

*A propos* of Ignatieff's mustache, it is nothing in comparison with that of his "syce," or attendant, who used to follow closely behind the ambassador as he rode to and from his residence at Buyukedere, and who was famous for having the fiercest mustache in Constantinople. In the popular eye the orderly was a far greater man than his master, and reverenced accordingly.

General Michael-Gregorovitch Tchernaieff, Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army during the late Turco-Serbian war, has just re-entered the Russian army. He is a soldier whose innate force of character, irrespective of the titular rank which may be conferred upon him, will certainly bring him to the front in the present Russo-Turkish war. He was born in October, 1828, and first entered the Russian military service in 1847. Throughout his service, the infantry was his special arm, and on attaining the rank of general, he was commissioned as a general of infantry. The first active service he saw was in the early days of the Crimean War, under Count Aurep, before Widdin, but his real baptism of fire was at the famous battle of Inkermann. His conduct at Inkermann earned him promotion from the grade of second captain to that of first captain. Subsequently he was attached to the staff of Admiral Istomin, who commanded the defense of the Malakoff, and he took part in the formation of the extensive system of fortifications of that historic position.

After Istomin's death, Tchernaieff, still remaining in the Malakoff defense-force, was transferred to the staff of General Chruleff, and took part in the three desperate assaults by which his chief so stubbornly, but unavailingly, essayed to oust MacMahon from the all-important vantage-ground he had won. When the time came for the exodus of the Russian army to the north side, Tchernaieff took part in the breaking-up of the bridge across the harbor, and evacuated the shattered and blazing ruins of Sebastopol only with the extreme rear guard.

On the conclusion of the Crimean War, Tchernaieff was first appointed chief of the staff of a division in Poland. In 1858 he was sent to Orenburg, then the headquarters of the Russian Central-Asiatic government, and he there began the series of remarkable services which first brought him into prominent notice.

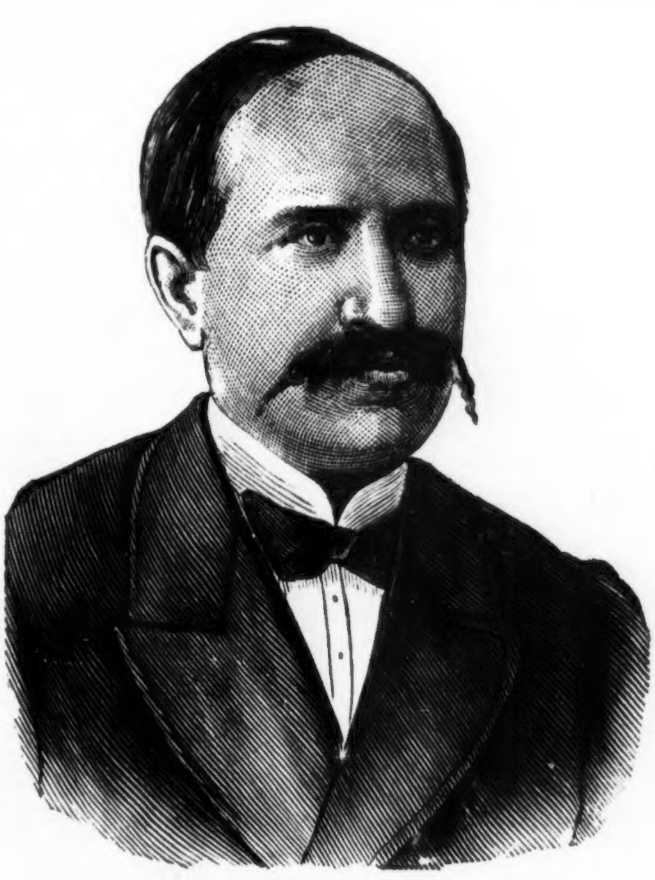


PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

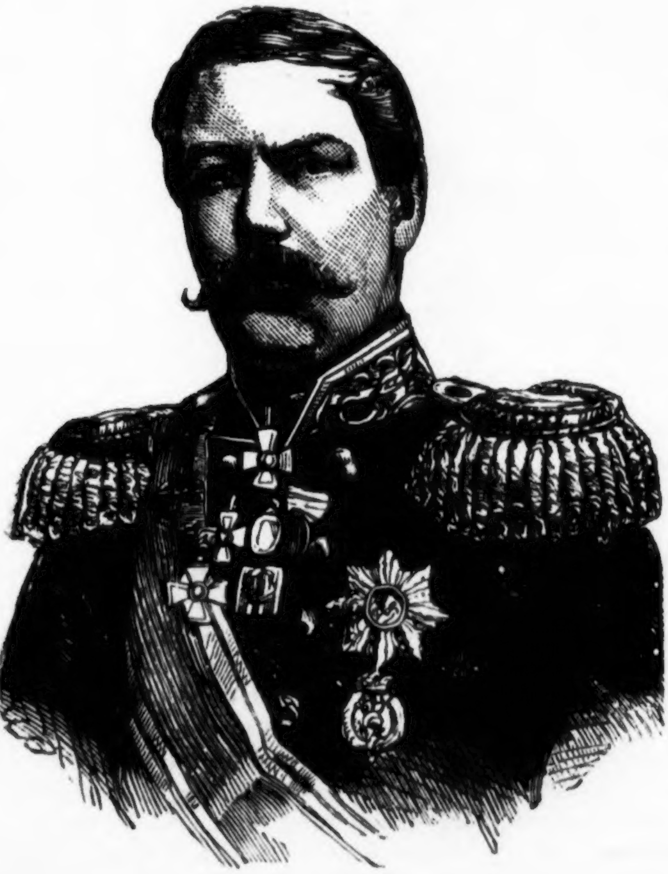
Mr. Archibald Forbes, than whom no one is better qualified to appreciate the soldierly qualities evinced by Tchernaieff amidst both successes and reverses, details the events of the difficult expedition which this daring officer commanded on Lake Aral, in 1859, to support the Khirgiss tribes at war with the Khivans; and also of the still more difficult expedition in which, in 1864, he marched a little force of 1,000 men, with four guns, through the passes of the mountains bounding Siberia on the south, and across the steppes of Turkestan, taking command of the combined detachments of two converging expeditions (the one starting from Orenburg, the other from Semipalatinsk, in Siberia), when they effected a junction near the town of Tchemkend. Tchemkend was taken by assault; but after unsuccessfully attacking, in October, 1864, the important city of Tashkend, some eighty miles south of Tchemkend, Tchernaieff fell back to the latter place, where he wintered. Next June, in 1865, he took Tashkend, but in doing so he virtually disobeyed orders, although acting to the best of his judgment in the circumstances. He was recalled to St. Petersburg, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. "He received a sabre of honor from the Emperor in recognition of his military enterprise, and—found himself ever after out in the cold as regards military employment."

After kicking his heels for a year in the ante-chamber of the Minister of War, who industriously kept him idle, Tchernaieff, despairing of further active service, and urged by some friends in Moscow, determined to embark in the profession of a notary—a profession just created by the action of new legislation. He had passed the requisite examination, when the Emperor, hearing of his purpose, begged him, through Count Schouvaloff (who is at present the Russian Ambassador at London), to abandon his purpose and resume the profession of arms. Complying with the imperial command, he was reinstated in the army, and, coming to St. Petersburg, he had an interview with the Emperor, and received the promise of active employment. But the promise remained unfulfilled, and after a year of futile waiting, he again retired, and became the proprietor of the *Ruski Mir*. In July, 1874, he quitted the service altogether; and it was not till then that he held himself free to become the recognized editor of the *Ruski Mir*, and to sign his contributions to its columns. "This journal," says Mr. Forbes, "took a bold, independent line, vigorously advocating Slav interests, hitting out straight against military mal-administration, and even venturing to publish Mr. Schuyler's exposure of Russian cruelties in the Khivan expedition."

Already, in 1866, when difficulties were threatened between Serbia and the Porte, Tchernaieff had conceived the design of entering the Serbian army, and, indeed, he received an invitation to do so from Prince Michael, then the ruler of the little principality. When, in 1875, the insurrection in the Herzegovina broke out, Tchernaieff opened a subscription in its behalf, and sent into the Herzegovina, as the correspondent of the *Ruski Mir*, Colonel Monteverde, who subsequently worked with energy as a leading member of his staff in the Serbian War.



GENERAL IGNATIEFF.

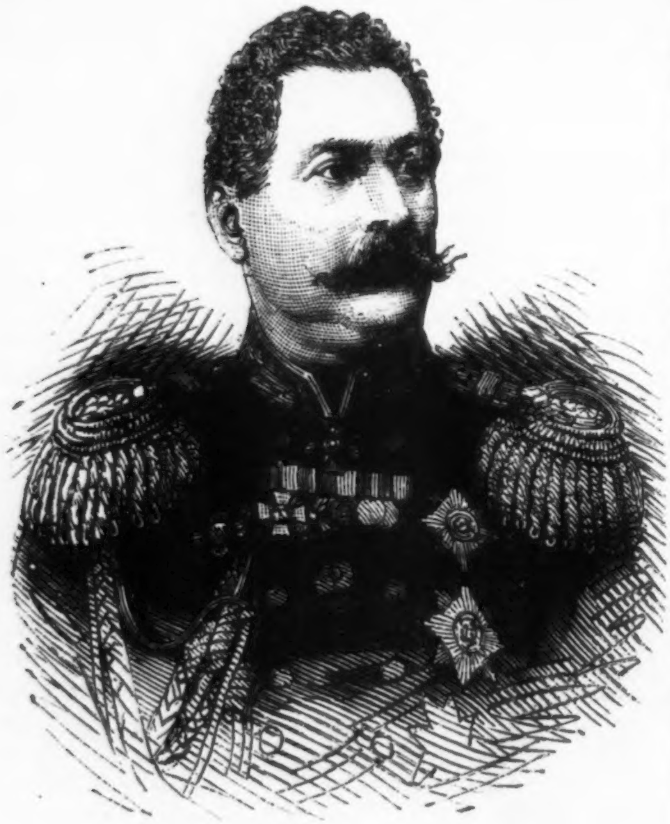


GENERAL TODLEBEN.

When it became clear that Serbia meditated war, General Tchernaieff cast his lot in with that principality. How bravely, against all odds, single-handed and unaided, he prolonged the unequal struggle for two months after the decisive battle of the 1st of September, is a matter of history. The familiar story of the recent Serbian campaign need not be repeated. Mr. Forbes is justified in asserting that this campaign made conspicuous as Tchernaieff's military merits, fertility of resource, aptitude to seize advantages, and sagacity in the recognition and utilization of the characteristics of the people whom he commanded. "That he was militarily wrong in over-prolonging his defensive line is undeniable; but his object in doing so must be taken into consideration. His proclaiming Milan king has been denounced as folly; but it was a bold stroke to gain the ends he aimed at, the reanimation of faltering Serbia, the recrudescence of Slav enthusiasm outside Serbia, and the forcing of the reluctant hand of official Russia."

Unquestionably, if opportunity be afforded him, General Tchernaieff will do notable work in the actual war between Russia and Turkey, and his masterly chief of staff, Dolgouroff, will also, it is likely, be heard from again.

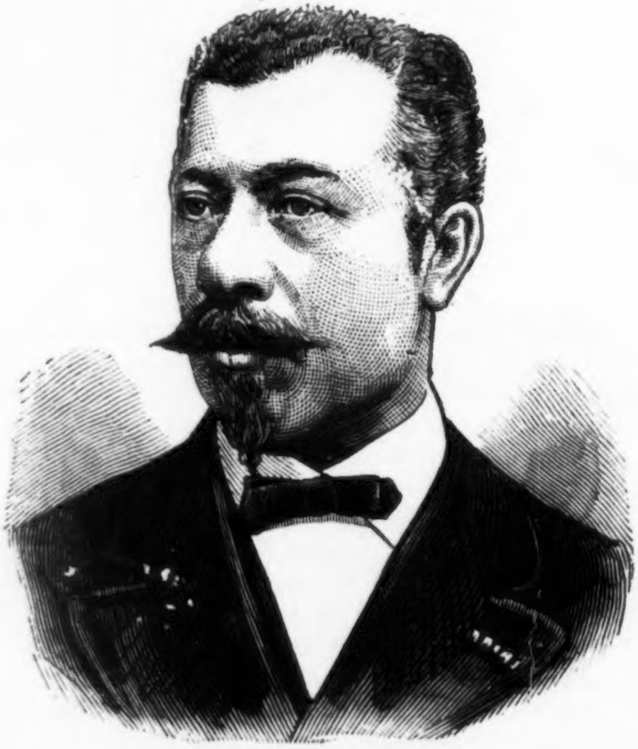
Lieutenant-General C. von Kaufmann, Aide-de-camp-general, Governor-general, and Commander-in-chief of the Army of Turkestan, the last of the fourteen military districts into which Russia is divided, is one of those great soldiers who owe their advancement to natural talent and force of character. Educated at the Military School of Engineers, he began his career in the Caucasus, where he speedily rose to the rank of general. In the final campaign against the mountaineers he obtained the post of chief of field officers under General Mouravieff. His tact and conciliatory disposition designated him as the most fit officer to settle with General Sir William Fenwick Williams the conditions of the capitulation of Kars. After the campaign in Asia, the Grand Duke Nicholas appointed him chief of his staff, a position from which he was advanced to the direction of the Minister of War's Office. Then the army had to be reorganized, and General Kaufmann showed that he well



GENERAL MELLIKOFF, CAPTOR OF ARDAHAN.

understood the difficult task intrusted to him. To Kaufmann, conjointly with the Minister of War, General Miloutine, must be assigned the credit of framing the new rules which secured the regeneration of the army. In 1865, General Kaufmann replaced General Mouravieff as Governor of Lithuania. He organized the expedition which left St. Petersburg for Tashkend in February, 1873; on July 15th he captured Khiva, and evacuated the place on August 12th. Mr. MacGahan, in his interesting work entitled "Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva," depicts General von Kaufmann as a man between forty and fifty, bald and rather small of stature for a Russian, with blue eyes, a mustache, but no beard, and a pleasant, kindly expression of countenance. On the 15th of May the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphed the following sensational item, extracted from a St. Petersburg semi-official letter in the Vienna *Politische Correspondenz:* "The Russian troops under General Kaufmann will cross the Pamir into India in the event of England's taking part in the Turkish war." This plainly intimates the share which may yet be allotted to General Kaufmann in the war. It is the first time that the Russians have spoken semi-officially of the possibility of military operations by way of the Pamir, and of the accessibility of India in that quarter.

General Franz Eduard Todleben, the most illustrious military engineer of modern times, was born at Mitau, in Courland, in May, 1818, the son of a shopkeeper. He was educated in the schools of Riga, and in the St. Petersburg School of Engineers. After having been employed in the Engineers' Department, he served in the Caucasus against Shamyl, from 1848 to 1851, and against the Turks on the Danube in 1853 and 1854. When the Russian War broke out in 1854, he was Second Captain in the Corps of Engineers destined for service in the field. Having distinguished himself in the campaign of the Danube, he went to the Crimea. Although Sebastopol was comparatively an open city, he succeeded, under the continuous fire of the enemy, in converting it into a fortress which resisted for more than a year the efforts of the Allied armies. The genius which Todleben displayed in the defense of Sebastopol gave him world-wide fame. Within twelve months he passed successively through the grades of captain, lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-colonel, major-general and adjutant-general. With other decorations, he won those of the fourth and of the third class of the Order of St. George, which are bestowed only for brilliant deeds, and upon the proposal of the Chapter of Knights of the Order. He was wounded on January 20th, 1855. He was subsequently employed in strengthening Nikolayev and Cronstadt. In 1860 he became Chief of Engineers in the War Office, with the rank of General. He is at the same time Adjunct of the Grand Duke Nicholas in the general direction of the service. He met with a cordial reception on his visit to England in 1865. Kinglake, in his incomparable history, "The Invasion of the Crimea," pays the highest tribute of praise to the great Russian engineer. Todleben was born in one of the Baltic provinces lying within the dominions of Russia, and to Russia, accordingly, he has devoted himself; but by race, and name, and features, and warlike quality, he is the fellow-countryman of Prince Bismarck, and of some of the most formidable troops which conquered at Sédan. Whilst the Empire he serves is the Empire of the Czars, the power he represents and almost seems to embody is the power of North Germany. To Prince Michael Gortschakoff is awarded the credit of having first placed this gifted man on the pathway of renown. "As might be expected from the race and Courland birthplace of Todleben, he had that northern, that North German, conformation of head and countenance which denote a man fitted for violent bodily conflict lasting out to the death; and although he seemed to be one to whom the very labor of fighting and exterminating the weaker breeds of men must be an easy and delightful exertion of natural strength, he had joyous, kind-looking eyes, almost ready to melt with good-humor, and a bearing and speech so frank and genial, that people were instantly inclined to like, and very soon after to trust in, him." Todleben is at once a man of thought and a man of action. "I imagine," says Kinglake, "that few men of great intellect ever attained so closely as he did to that which the English denote when they speak of a man as being practical. From his looks and demeanor it

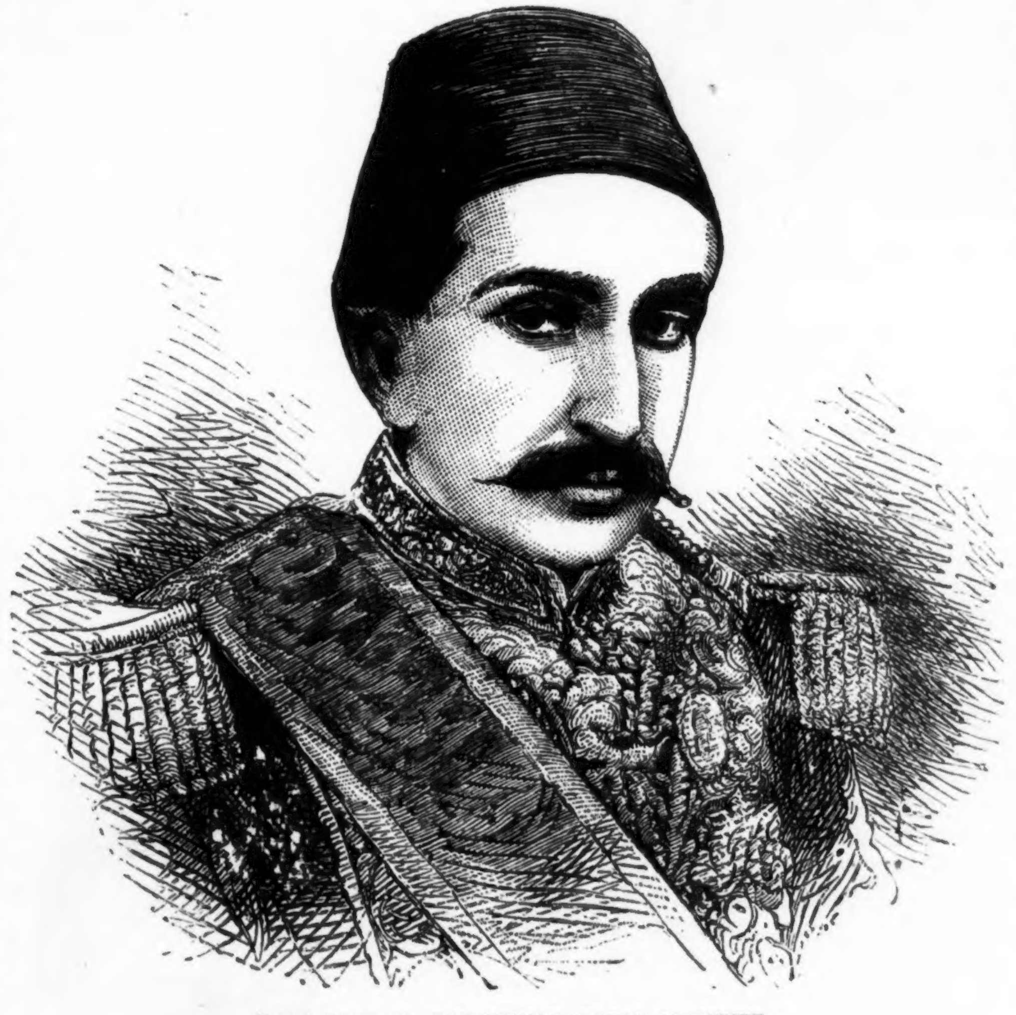


GENERAL TCHERNAIEFF.

was not at all to be inferred that he had devoted his mind to science." He had not, as was at first supposed, discovered anything that altered and expanded the old science of fortification, but he had simply applied his science to novel and changeful circumstances. In the present war, Todleben must be an invaluable coadjutor to the Commander-in-chief of the Russian Army on the Danube.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaïevitch, Commander-in-chief of the Danubian army, second brother of the Czar, was born in 1831, was married in 1856 to the daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, and has two sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas, Jr., and Peter, the former of whom is twenty years of age, and accompanies his father as aide-de-camp.

The Grand Duke Nicholas has been in active service since the age of sixteen, or for thirty years past; but he has had scarcely any field experience. He spent a few days in Sebastopol during the siege, and was, when quite a youth, attached for some two years to the general staff of the Army of the Caucasus, where he took part in a few skirmishes with the Cherkesses. He was brought up as a field-engineer, and is at present the chief of all the military engineers of the Empire, with General Todleben as an assistant. Among the numerous military dignities held by him are those of General Inspector of the Cavalry of the Empire, Commander of the Imperial Guards, and President of the Supreme Committee for the organization and instruction of troops.



ABDUL HAMID II., THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

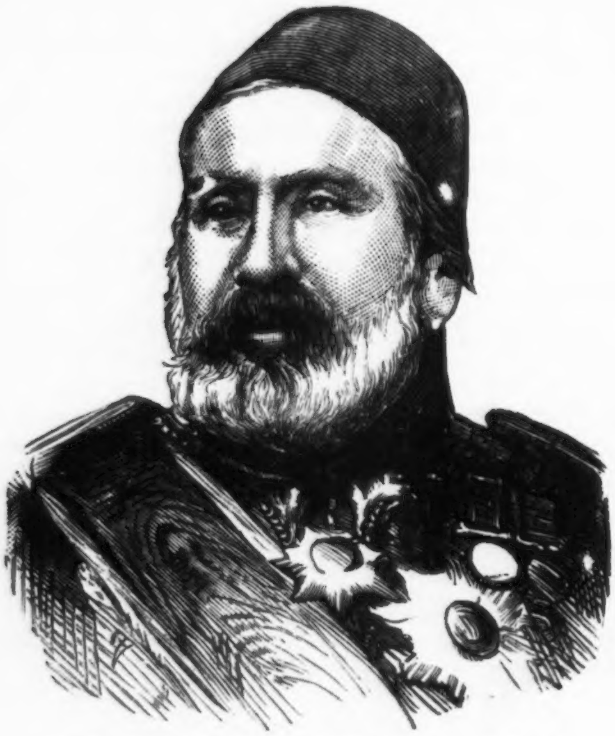
He is tall, handsome, forty-six years old, and as haughty a prince as the house of Romanoff has ever produced. According to a clever and well-informed writer in the *Sun* newspaper, his personality and position in Russia are not unlike those of the Duke of Cambridge in England. "Both are considered good disciplinarians and organizers, and both are dull men, without special military talent." As chief of engineers, the Grand Duke Nicholas is described as a mere figure-head, his assistant-general, Todleben, doing all the work. As commander-in-chief, he is also but a figure-head, guided and controlled by his chief of staff, General Nepokoytchizky, the Moltke of Russia.

General Nepokoytchizky, the man who, it is said, will actually lead and command the Russian forces, is a Pole. His origin has for a long time been a hindrance to his promotion, but his abilities are too great not to be ultimately acknowledged. He first distinguished himself as an officer of the general staff and professor of strategy, at the Military Academy of St. Petersburg. He took part in the Hungarian war of 1849; fought in the Caucasus, and was, during the war of 1853-4, chief of staff in the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by General Luders. "He was," says the *Sun* writer, "the leading spirit in all the operations on the Danube during that war, and has now the incalculable advantage of operating on a field perfectly familiar to him. He has picked out for brigade and division generals men who served under him twenty-four years ago as captains and majors, and who, accordingly, know the Danubian region as well as he does." Some of their names, as well as that of their gifted leader, will doubtless appear in future editions of those French and English biographical dictionaries which have hitherto seemed to make a point of omitting almost all Russian and Turkish celebrities.

The Grand Duke Michael-Nicolaïevitch, third brother of the Czar, General of Artillery, Grand Master of Artillery, Aide-de-camp-general, Governor-general of the Caucasus, and chief of more than half a dozen regiments of lancers, dragons, grenadiers, hussars, infantry, etc., is at the head of the Russian Army in Asia Minor. He was born in 1832, was married in 1857 to a daughter of the late Leopold, Grand Duke of Baden, and he has six children, five of them grand dukes, and one a grand duchess. He is said to be a much brighter and a more experienced officer than his older brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-chief of the Russian Army.

The Grand Duke Constantine Nicholaïevitch, first brother of the Czar and President of the Imperial Council, was born in 1827, married in 1848 a daughter of the late Joseph, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, and has six children, two of whom are grand duchesses. The Grand Duke Constantine adds to his military titles that of High Admiral of the Russian Navy, but "circumstances beyond control" condemn him, his vice-admirals, Boutakoff and Arcas, and his rear-admirals, Swinkine and Erdmann, with their gallant comrades, to comparative inaction, at least temporarily.

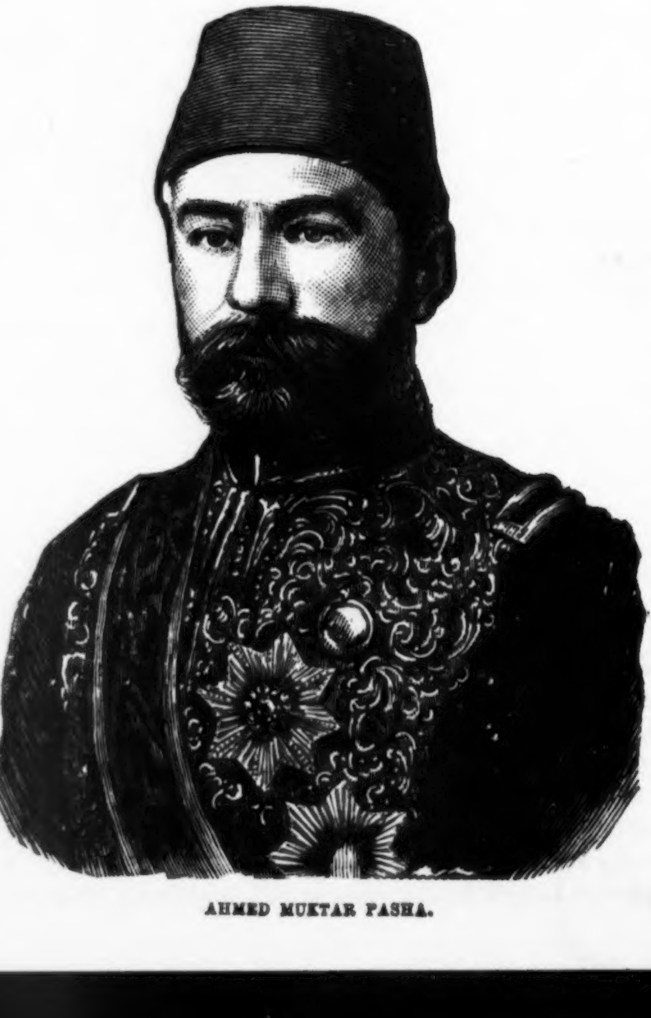
Abdul-Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, succeeded, on the 7th of September, Murad V., who was deposed on account of mental incapacity. A younger brother of Murad, and the fourth



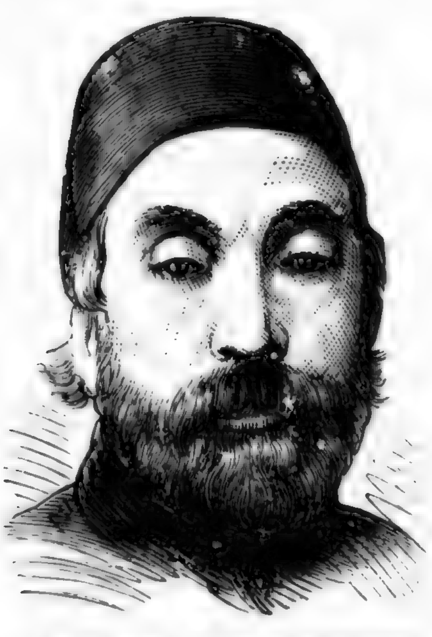
ABDUL KERIM PASHA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TURKISH FORCES.

on of Abdul-Medjid, he was born in 1842. His mother dying young, he was adopted by a childless lady of Abdul-Medjid's harem, who made him heir to her own considerable wealth. A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* recently gave an interesting account of this prince, whom he describes as thin and sinewy-looking, with bright, dark eyes, and a quick, flashing glance. Abdul-Hamid accompanied the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz on his European tour, and contracted a taste for French clothes and French customs, many of which he has introduced into his household. He is exceedingly fond of maps—military, geographical and statistical—the study of which is his favorite pastime. According to the same correspondent, he is neither a drunkard nor a spendthrift—indeed, if anything, he is somewhat "near." He is fond of animals. He is the husband of but one wife, and until lately he lived with her and his two children in a small palace at Kinhat Hane, "quite contentedly, *à la Française*, eating at the same table, and playing with the little ones like a model paterfamilias." Nevertheless, the Sultan is a stanch member of the Old Turkey Party, and he is very punctilious in his religious observances, although rumor says that he is not so strict a Mussulman as he professes to be. Although bitterly opposed to the Young Turkey Party, he is no fanatic, and he is said to be well disposed toward the Giaours, always excepting the Greeks, whom he cordially detests. After April, 1876, he was kept as carefully under surveillance as his brother was, and little was known about him, save that he had refused to mount the throne until his brother's condition was pronounced incurable, and that, as a member of the Old Turkey Party, he advocated war to the death rather than any compromise which should bring about the disintegration of the Empire. A lively account of the way in which the Sultan spends his day recently appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. "By ten o'clock in the morning, clad in a fur-lined *anterie*, the Sultan takes his place in the cheerful little room, in the right wing of the palace, which he has made his own—a little gem in its way, furnished in ebony and green velvet, its only adornments, a select library, a number of maps hung on the walls, the busts of his father and uncle, and the portraits of his father and grandfather. The first person he sends for in the morning is Said Pasha, Grand Marshal of the Palace, with whom he draws out the programme of the day; he then calls for the other Said Pasha, his first secretary, with whose assistance he carefully examines all papers sent to him from the Porte. Occasionally, while still in his dressing-gown, he receives Ministers on pressing matters; otherwise he works at his business till about noon, when he breakfasts. Shortly after, he reappears in his study, dressed in the Quaker-cut black frock-coat, called *stambulee*. Then commence the official receptions, generally followed by a second interview with his Grand Marshal, after which he either takes a walk in the palace grounds or a trip on the Bosphorus in his yacht. He dines shortly after sunset, takes no *raki* before dinner, and no wine with the meal. Once or twice a week he invites some members of the Cabinet to spend the evening with him, and talks to them upon public affairs; other evenings are devoted to music. He has a special pianist, an Italian, attached to the palace, and sometimes the palace troupe perform a pantomime for his amusement. He is personally averse to carriage or horseback riding." Late reports represent him as having been utterly dismayed at Russia's formidable preparations for war. But the chief of the Ottoman Empire has not yet been sufficiently alarmed to yield to the pressure of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the head of the Ulemas, and to proclaim, as Sultan and Caliph, the "Jedhad," or Holy War. The eagerness with which Abdul-Hamid thanked Earl Derby for his significant reply to Prince Gortschakoff shows that the Sultan still clings to the hope of British intervention in his behalf, more immediately important and much less perilous than would be a revival of Islamism, driving him into conflict with the whole "infidel" world. Indeed, there are many indications that the Mediterranean is far more likely to become an English than a Russian sea. Meanwhile, "with a heart for any fate," the Sultan serenely awaits results, like a pious Mussulman.

The Sultan's Grand Vizier, Mohammed-Ruchdi Pasha; his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Safvet Pasha, who, although he



AHMED MUKTAR PASHA.



SAFVET PASHA, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

was President of the International Conference at Constantinople, is but an unequal match for such wily diplomats as Prince Gortschakoff and General Ignatieff; his Minister of War, Redif Pasha; the Commander-in-chief of his army on the Danube, Abdul-Kerim Pasha; the Commander-in-chief of his army in Asia Minor, Ahmed-Muktar Pasha; and his Minister of the Navy, Kaisserly-Ahmed Pasha, with his High Admiral, Hobart Pasha, are more actively, in their respective spheres, preparing for the destinies of Turkey.

Abdul-Kerim Pasha, Commander-in-chief of the Turkish army on the Danube, was appointed Minister of War immediately after the assassination of the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs by the Circassian, Hassan, on June 15th, 1876. On July 9th following he assumed command of the Turkish troops operating in Serbia, while Ahmed-Muktar Pasha took charge of those in the Herzegovina. It was a matter of considerable comment that, when he went into Serbia, he was accompanied by Suleiman Pasha, well known as the director-general of the famous military school at Constantinople, who had received a thorough military training in Europe.

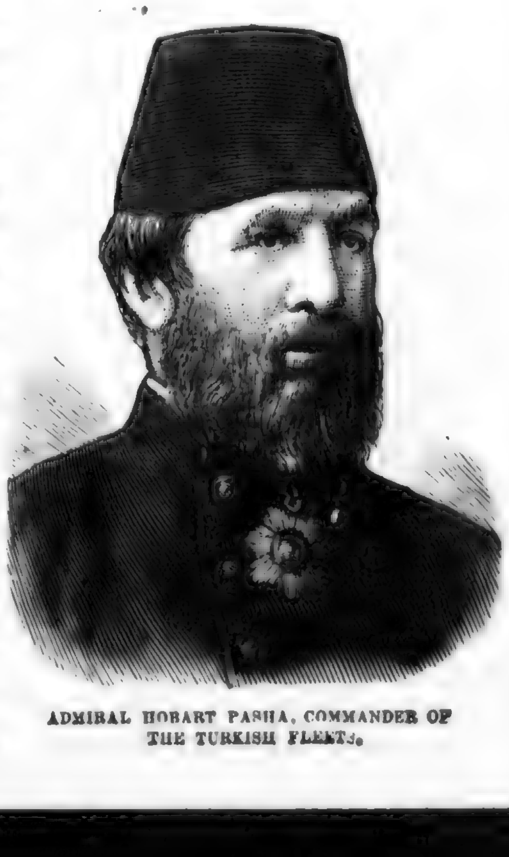
It has been said that Abdul-Kerim Pasha is too old for active field service, and that he possesses little practical knowledge of the science of war. This, however, is a mistake. He is, indeed, the senior of the actual Minister of War, Redif Pasha, in experience as well as in age, and the latter has good reasons for being much under his control. The old soldier was himself Minister of War during the reign of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz. The way in which he lost that place is characteristic of him. It has thus been told: Hussein-Avni Pasha, who was assassinated last year, had fallen, for some private affair, into disfavor with the Sultan. He was dismissed and banished, and nobody at court had dared for years to pronounce his name. At a council one day, a discussion arose concerning military matters, and the possible contingency of war. The personal qualifications of various generals were discussed, when the Minister of War got up and declared that, in his opinion, there was only one general in Turkey competent to lead an army against an enemy, and that was the banished Hussein-Avni Pasha. Abdul-Aziz was not the man to tolerate such audacity. He dismissed the honest and outspoken minister, and conceived a still greater dislike to the exile.

The same writer for the *Sun* whom we have already cited says that it is not by the name of Abdul-Kerim Pasha that the old general is generally known in Turkey. There are several Abdul-Kerims in office, and more than one pasha of that name. The father of Kaisserly-Ahmed Pasha, the present Minister of the Navy, is also Abdul-Kerim Pasha. The Commander-in-chief of the Army is accordingly called, in Turkey, Buyuk-Abdi Pasha, which means "the great Abdi," the latter name being a mere abbreviation of Abdul. "The fame of the old general has not hitherto been spread in the outside world, partly on account of his modesty and constant desire to keep in the background, partly because the living military men of Turkey have only had one chance to show their abilities, and that was during the war of 1853–54. But the part played by the French and English during that war was so much more prominent, that nobody, except the Turks themselves, took any interest in what was done by their army. Otherwise the name of Abdul-Kerim Pasha would have been much more widely celebrated, as he was one of the most successful of Turkish generals, both on the Danube and in the Crimea." This is true, although his hands were then tied by the diplomatists, and the requisite means were refused him.

A Rustchuk correspondent of the Augsburg *Gazette* thus describes this "Turk of the old school": "He owes his career to no Byzantine intrigues, but rather has the straightforwardness and probity of his character to thank for it. He spent his youth in Vienna, under the guidance of an Austrian officer, Herr von Hauslab, and there learned, not only the rudiments of military science, but a knowledge of the German language and German manners, and took away with him the stamp of German solidity. He must be somewhere about sixty years of age. His bronzed visage, framed in a white beard that goes all round it, bids defiance, not only to the storm of time, but to the numerous cares of his responsible position, in an unchanging expression of calmness and confidence. He is no Hotspur, no youthful Bonaparte, burning with a desire to get at the enemy, falling upon him suddenly, after having worn him out and misled him by numberless marches and countermarches. He is rather the immovable player of a waiting game, a Fabius Cunctator, who is able to keep even a Hannibal in check."

Among the *mouchirs*, or field-marshals, whom Abdul-Kerim Pasha has under his orders, those that have the highest military reputation are Ahmed-Eyoub Pasha, Mahmed-Ali Pasha and Aziz Pasha. The last-named is the commander of the artillery, and to his skill was attributed the fall of Alexinatz during the war with Serbia.

Ahmed-Muktar Pasha, under whose command the Turkish army in Asia Minor has been placed, won great distinction while commanding the Turkish troops in the Herzegovina. His organizing and executive abilities are high, and he is an excellent strategist. The reports of his defeat by the Russian General Mellikoff, near Kars, on the 29th and 30th of April, proved to have been greatly exaggerated. The slaughter inflicted upon the Russian forces at the Turkish victory (due largely to the extraordinary courage of the Bashi-Bazouks) in the important battle of May 11th, near Batoum—a



ADMIRAL HOBART PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH FLEETS.

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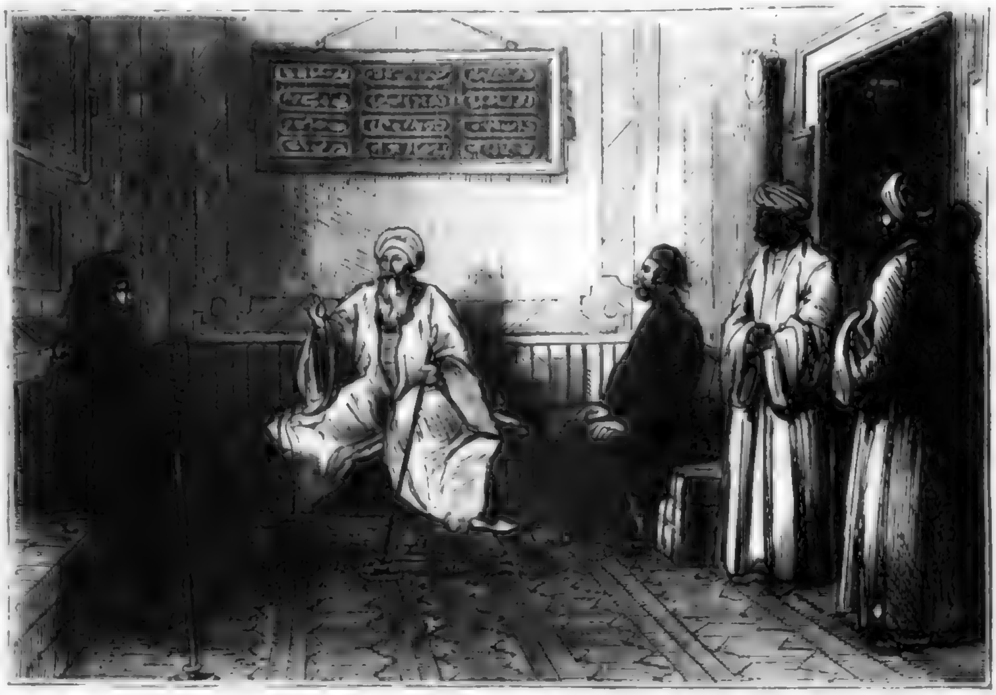
seaport on the east shore of the Black Sea, four miles north of the mouth of the Tchouruk—confirms the opinion of the London *Times* that the war in Asia Minor will not be the kind of parade for the Russians which was anticipated by English alarmists. "The Russians run great risk of disappointment if they endeavor to repeat the rapid triumphs of 1828 and 1829." Moreover, incessant rains, unprecedented floods and the dreaded cholera threaten to aggravate the difficulties of the campaign of 1877.

Hobart Pasha, High Admiral in the Turkish Navy, is an Englishman. His individuality and his career are alike extraordinary. Third son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire who, after having taken holy orders in the Church of England, succeeded to the title and estates of his eldest brother, he was born in 1822, or in 1823. In 1836 he joined the Royal British Navy. In 1845 he was appointed to the Queen's yacht, and served two years. During the Russian, or "Crimean" War, he commanded Her Majesty's ship *Driver*. In 1862 he became a post-captain. During the War of Secession, in the United States, he amused himself, in his leisure "off duty" (quite far off, some thought), by running no less than eighteen times the blockade of the American ports on the Atlantic. The story of his hairbreadth 'scapes and whimsical daring adventures as a blockade-runner would make a readable book. In 1868 he entered the Ottoman Navy, with the grade of rear-admiral and the title of pasha. At the height of the insurrection in Crete, he was sent, by a queer freak of poetical justice, to stop the proceedings of the Greek blockade-runners. For this service, and for his conduct in a delicate negotiation off Syra in the cause of general peace, he received high-class decorations and honors from Austria, France and Turkey. Early in 1869 he was promoted by the Sultan to the rank of vice-admiral, and three months later, to that of admiral. He was then first in command of the Imperial squadron on the Mediterranean. He subsequently served as Inspector-general of the Turkish Navy. While temporarily absent in the latter capacity, he was shocked by the news of the death of his wife, Sir Colquhoun Grant's daughter. He was so prostrated with grief that he could not attend her imposing funeral in Constantinople. In 1871, Queen Victoria granted him her royal license to accept and wear the insignia of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, conferred upon him by the Sultan. In December, 1874, he was restored to his former rank in the British Navy. Admiral Hobart Pasha, as commander-in-chief of the Turkish naval forces on the Danube, played in characteristic style his part in an opening act of the present war. His first appearance on this stage was duly reported throughout the world. The Danube, after keeping an easterly course from the Austrian border until some distance past Rustchuk, suddenly turns due northward to Galatz, whence it is again diverted to the east to empty through several mouths into the Black Sea. This diversity of direction was at one time rather embarrassing to the Turkish forces stationed north of the Balkans, inasmuch as the Russians, having established themselves in force at Galatz, prior to the actual declaration of war, commanded the Danube above and below that place, and pretty effectually closed the outlets of the river against the Turks in their own territory. Admiral Hobart Pasha promptly repaired to Rustchuk and inspected the strength of the Russian works on the river banks. A Pera telegram at length spread the news that the bold sailor had successfully run the blockade in his special steamer, the *Rethymo*. "On April 29th, the admiral left Rustchuk at night. On arriving at Galatz, which was guarded by torpedoes and heavy batteries commanding the river, the lights on the steamer had been extinguished, but a rocket from the Roumanian shore showed that Hobart Pasha's approach was discovered by the Muscovites. On his coming abreast of the batteries, the heavy guns began to fire, but the *Rethymo* was run so close in-shore that the gunners were unable to depress their pieces fast enough to get a good aim. The admiral only fired one shot, and the *Rethymo* passed to the Black Sea safely." That was the first cannon-shot upon the Danube in the Russo-Turkish war. Before the bloody drama shall reach its closing scenes, how many another shot will have been fired!



THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM, THE HEAD OF THE MOHAMMEDAN RELIGION, GIVING AUDIENCE TO A GREEK BISHOP.

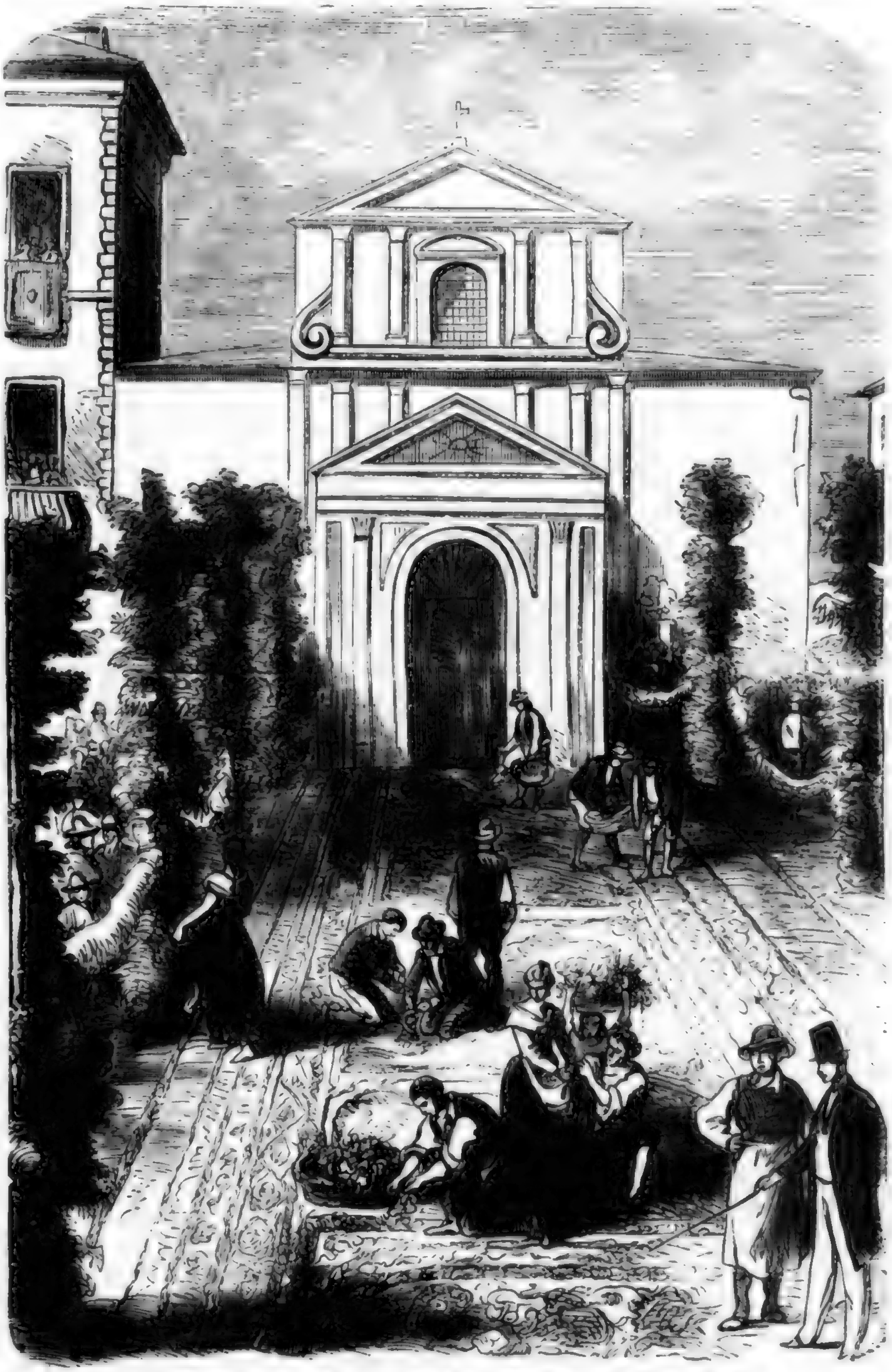
## GROWING OLD.

THE veteran Charles Mathews, who has held his place on the stage for more than two generations, says this about growing old:

"Next to the faculty of abstraction, I value that of sleep. After a heavy rehearsal and a wearying afternoon of business, trying to stop leaks here and repair damages there, I always snatched even as little as ten minutes' sleep. I always could sleep on demand, and always with the same result: I turned over a new page, and began life again with all that sense of keen enjoyment. People wonder why I do not retire, and why I travel enormous distances. The answer is simple. I like it. An amateur would go round the world with pleasure, and pay his own expenses, to play my parts; and do you suppose that I don't enjoy the fun as well as he? I believe in the maxim of Young Rapid, 'Keep moving.' It cannot keep you from growing old; but it does keep you from feeling old and getting rusty. Look at your men who retire. They crystallize. I will not. The best end a man can have is to die in harness."

## THE INFIORATA AT GENZANO.

The feast of Corpus Christi, though by no means one of the oldest in the calendar of the Catholic Church, is in its celebration the most gorgeous, picturesque, attractive and interesting. Its object is to honor Christ as really present in the Eucharist. As it occurs in June, a season of flowers, and a procession forms an important part of the ceremonial, it is a gala-day in all Catholic countries. Even north of us, in Canada, the celebration of this day, called *Fête Dieu* in French, in such cities as Quebec and Montreal, is worth a a trip to witness. The streets are adorned with arches and devices in green, and a procession of clergy in rich vestments, students, religious in various habits, with their pupils, with the swinging of censers, the throwing of flowers, give a scene as unlike our every-day life as can be imagined.



THE INFIORATA, OR CELEBRATION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, AT GENZANO.

In Mexico it is still more gorgeous. The great European cities and towns rival each other in the splendor of the celebration of the festival.

A little village in Italy—Genzano—has long, however, been unique in its floral honor to the day, and in the year 1869 the celebration attracted the Pope to witness it. Our illustration shows this celebration, which is known as the Infiorata of Genzano. Its peculiarity consists in the decoration of the pavement of the Via Livia, a long, sloping street, along which the Holy Sacrament is carried in procession, with flowers in such varied designs and exact symmetry and harmony of color, that, viewed from the windows and balconies on each side, the street seems to be covered with the richest Turkey carpets instead of poppies, violets, broomflowers, bluebells and "lilies of the field," not to mention a hundred other sorts of blossoms adapted to afford the various tints required. The designs are traced with chalk and covered with gum, and then filled in with the several tints out of baskets, each of which only contains the one sort of flower. The whole has to be designed and executed within a couple of hours, and as it extends for nearly half a mile, the taste and skill of the artists are taxed to the utmost.

The effect is indeed magical. An elegant tapestry seems to cover the whole route, broken only at intervals by the richly flower-adorned repositories, or little altars, where the procession pauses and benediction is given. At the celebration of the festival mentioned, Pius IX. being in the vicinity, arranged to visit the village, and drove through the picturesque groves and alleys at the outskirts of Genzano and Ariccia.

He witnessed the procession from the balcony of the Piazza Comunale, and we will not dispute the Papal Infallibility in his judgment of the beauty and magical effect of the floral decorations of the Infiorata of Genzano, a scene which no traveler ever witnessed without bearing its memory through life as a sweet fragrance.

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Perseverance is the bridge by which difficulty is overcome.

XUM

## SAMBUR, NEILGHAU AND CHEETUL.

If the Prince of Wales had time to look at the herd of spotted axis deer that squandered the line of elephants on the first day's tiger-shooting in Nepaul, he must have seen a very beautiful sight. Cheetul are about the same height as fallow deer, with stouter bodies; they are very graceful in their movements, and when well fed, their sleek, spotted coats are the prettiest vestments used by the deer tribes in India. In my time they were found in the western ghauts, and in the valleys of the Satpura running to the Tapta River, as well as in a few jungles of the Cancan. One of these jungles on the Veturna River became infested with wild beasts of all sorts during the hot weather, when the deep pools of that fierce mountain torrent looked peaceful and inviting, as if they were innocent of the death, to my own knowledge, of an entire village. There was no other water near; tiger, leopard, bear, hog and jungle-loving creatures left their tracks on the dusty paths leading to the river, promising abundance of sport. In a certain period of years it was the custom to burn the grass of this jungle. The sporting population of the Cancan then, cleaning up their match-locks, sharpening their arms, and resting their bows, all looked forward to the event as the most exciting shikar of their lives.

A party of three pitched our tents on the river-bank the day before, in a very beautiful situation; we were under the shade of mango-trees. On one bank of the river patches of bamboo stretched their thin wands drooping over the water, clear and shadow-giving, thirty feet below; while on the opposite side the jungle hung over the river-bed in twists and turns, till it was hidden from sight. Immediately below us a deep pool reflected reeds, bamboo and larger growths, while now and then the black nose of an alligator disturbed the calmness of the water.

Taking my rifle with me, I rode across in the evening to reconnoitre. A great extent of treeless grass-land skirted the trees, and through the grass I soon saw a family of hogs cantering along, headed by a mighty gray boar. The temptation was too great! He pitched on his snout at my shot, but got up and went on again. Marks of deer were everywhere, so, after fixing on a spot for the morrow, we jogged home to dinner.

Jungle dinners are generally made of jungle animals. Cheetul, sambur, and neilghau heads make soup fit for an alderman, their tongues are delicious, and their marrow-bones sweeten the toast. Their flesh is more salt than that of our educated animals, but Bass relieved the saltness. As we sat outside, smoking our manillas, we tried to comprehend the various sounds that came from the jungle till turning-in time came.

After breakfast next morning we sallied forth to endure smoke, fire and oriental sunshine, for a chance shot at some beast scared by the fire. Before we reached our stations the day breeze began; with it came down the sounds of distant gun-shots two miles away, then arose the distant smoke, till it gradually drew over our line, hiding the midday sun. As the fire increased so did the wind, and burning flakes were carried on it; as far as I was concerned, in a stifling atmosphere.

Two hours had gone before I saw anything but frightened birds; I could now hear the crackling of the flames, while here and there columns of lurid light shot up through the smoke; the air was getting hot, and as I began to think the other side of the river would be more agreeable, one of my men drew my attention to a boar coming down upon us, which swerved out of his line when he saw us, and fell dead to Westley Richards's double rifle. He had a wound on his neck; possibly he was the one I had wounded over night.

I moved away from my warm place to look for my friends. They had gone, but I got a wounded cheetul in a water-pool. On reaching the tents, I found that my companions had found the smoke and heat too much for them. We heard in the evening that a tiger had been seen, and that several sambur, cheetul and hogs had been bagged. The most wonderful part of this great shikar, in which several hundred men were engaged, was that no one was injured by beast, bullet or arrow.

In the beautiful valley of Pal, hidden in the Satpura range, I was all at once aware that a sambur, with splendid antlers, was looking at me from about two hundred yards. If I had tried to stalk him he would have disappeared in the jungle, so there was nothing for it but Smith's single rifle. I heard the ball strike, but we never saw those antlers again. Soon after a cow sambur and calf dashed down an open slope before me; the old one fell stone-dead, shot through the nape of the neck. I did not see the head as I fired; it must have been flush with the line of back.

Myghee is a miserable village in Khandeish, on the banks of the Ghirna; a great yearly fair is held there, attracting merchants from Nepaul, Thibet and Afghanistan. Delhi shawls and Dacca muslins change hands; elephants, camels and bullocks are offered for sale—the latter are tried in drawing heavy carts over the heavy sand, their tails suffering cruel twisting. It became my duty to be presiding magistrate there one year, more for sham than necessity, for everything was very orderly. I had several cavalry officers with me, so what with the dust, the fair and the hunting, there was plenty of occupation. We were scattered over the hills one morning, when I saw a neilghau (blue bull) browsing within shot. The bullet struck him, but away he went, and I after him. The ground was firm but stony on the hill-top; by-and-by we reached a soft, cracked, black soil plain, pretty well covered with low thorn-bush. Through this the bull led, with a long, easy stride, as if he could go for ever. After a three-mile gallop I began to close upon him, and a bit of bare, hard ground brought me up to him. Blood was on his thigh, and he could go no faster, so, drawing my sword, I killed him with a cut on the neck, at full speed. On reaching the camp, I found that every one had brought home something.

The neilghau is sometimes tamed and trained to harness. A very good pair, yoked like bullocks, drew a light cart through the fair every day, seemingly very docile. Tame neilghau are not always so. I was once on a visit to Douglas Graham, at Dhurrungam, the place where James Outram, as a young man, reduced the Satpura Bheels, not only to order, but to use. Where he built his house, with its grand reception-room, in which the wild chieftains, for the first time in their lives, beheld trophies of all the beasts they knew so well, carefully arranged on brackets, pillars, and on the walls, and where tiger, leopard and other skins covered the stucco floor.

They knew that Outram had killed some, if not all the owners, and they loved the man who excelled them in skill and venery.

Well, Graham had a tame female that walked about his grounds, and ate sweet grasses from our hands. One morning I happened to go out with my red cloth cap on my head, when Lady Neil walked up to me more hastily than usual. I held out my hand, she shook her head, and drawing away a few feet, rushed at me with head half down. I took it easy, caught her by the nose, and thought that I could hold her. So I did for a few moments, till I hit her over the eyes with the red cap. I was strong; she was fourteen hands high, and stronger. She charged through my hands, and knocked me down. As she was kneeling on me, some one came and beat her off. I never wore the red cap again in her presence. In my ordinary hat we were good friends.

A long time ago, the jungles of the Taptee River beyond Asseerghur were full of cheetul, sambur, and other creatures in the month of May, when excessive heat dried up the mountain springs. Seton Karr and I passed many a pleasant day there with our little tents pitched beneath some shady tree. There were no inhabitants there; and it was wild jungle for fifty miles.

We took all stores with us except meat. I was once following the fresh spoor of a cheetul herd along a bushy watercourse, when all of a sudden, I heard a wonderful clatter over the pebbles coming toward me. Vision was very limited, and in a moment I was surrounded by cheetul in great numbers, running away, helter skelter, from some danger ahead. Some of them nearly ran against me. I killed one with a shot-gun, and went to look for the scarecrow, without finding him.

One evening my man pointed to something ahead which he saw, while I could not see anything. I crossed a ravine; the man still pointed ahead. I went on to the edge of a jungle patch, and stopped to look and listen. Just then I heard the slow crushing of dead leaves. I knew whose feet it was crouching for a spring. I had only my single Smith rifle in hand, and, as I wanted something for to-morrow's dinner, I retired slowly from the feeding-ground of that tigress. I had seen her before about there with two four-month-old cubs.

"I say, old fellow!" said Seton Karr one day to me, "just fill up this for me," giving me a paper. It was a versified tale of our three selves. Strettle was supposed to pass the midday heat on his carpet under some thick bush with cheroots, beer, and books, stripped to his black bathing-drawers; and a persevering sportsman, myself, going along there, was to fill up my own proceedings, so—

> Peeping beneath its shady branch,
> Looking for a cheetul's haunch,
> Or head of tusky boar, perchance,
> He spies the black langootee.
>
> "Hulloa," he says, "here's something rare;
> A tainted odor fills the air;
> It smells much like an old he-bear;
> So help me, Bob! I'll shoot ye."

Upon which Karr laughed, and went on; but a whiff of tobacco saved his life under the bush. I wonder whether our soda-water bottle, buried deep in an ant-hill in these laughing jungles in 1838, has been exhumed yet. There are, or there were, some puzzles inside it. One of the most delicious drinks we got there was a bottle of fresh palm toddy, kept cool. After working hard, up hill and down, through jungles and river-beds, sometimes without a bag for five hours or more, we required something that was very delicious, very innocent, and very plentiful.

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## EXPLOSIVES.

The ancients must have had work to get on without gunpowder. They managed, however, to make some remarkable excavations and get out very large rocks, without any blasting apparatus. It would have been a long job in their day to have tunneled the Alps. Hannibal is said to have opened a way through the rocks by means of fire and vinegar—what a help a few cans of nitro-glycerine would have been!

The ancients also managed to kill a great many people in war, and yet they had no missiles but such as could be hurled by catapults and other clumsy contrivances. How different the appearance of the battlefields of Marathon and Waterloo! No thick cloud of smoke vailing the horrors of carnage in the old time—no rattle of rifles or thunder of artillery; only the clash of swords, the splintering of lances, the whiz of arrows and "the confused noise of warriors," shouting and cursing and groaning.

It was a hand-to-hand fight then; now we fight, for the most part, by machinery. Heaven speed the day when the process will become so thoroughly scientific that nations will see that it is expedient to settle their disputes, either by diplomacy or by some mechanical device that will dispense with the exposure of human life. Even in the present condition of military science, it would be much more humane, and just about as reasonable, for each party to set up its wooden targets, with the understanding that the side which demolished the largest amount of timber in a given number of shots should be declared victorious. Personal bravery is not as important a factor in war as it once was. Even a coward may be afraid to run away, with the prospect of a shot in his back.

The introduction of explosives was an era in the world's history. It is a little singular that gunpowder, the printing-press and the mariner's compass should have come into use so near the same time; they serve very different ends, but they are all important agencies in civilization, and have combined in bringing about great social changes.

Powder and the press are both capable of doing much mischief as well as good. Both may come under the title of explosives, for the press sometimes "blows up" men and things as effectually as gunpowder. In fact, this is an age of explosives, when the favorite way of dealing with antiquated abuses is to scatter them to fragments. How many people we meet who always speak of every idea in which they have ceased to believe, as an "exploded superstition."

The easiest way to get rid of a thing is to blow it up, but it may not be the safest. If we put a charge of dynamite in a rock that obstructs the passage to our house, in order to remove the nuisance, we demolish the house as well as the rock. There is a moral in this which some of our dynamite reformers would do well to ponder. Superstitions hinder the progress of society, some more and some less, and we would be glad to get them all out of the way; but they may be "blown up" after a fashion that does more harm than good. An institution may be very defective, very much behind the times, and a good deal in the way; but it is perhaps so inwrought into the whole framework of society that you cannot explode it suddenly and violently without shattering other things that we cannot afford to lose. We have some defective laws in our statute-books and absurd practices in our courts, but they also are better than nothing. We have medical men who hold on to theories that may with propriety be called "exploded," and yet they may save more lives than they destroy.

Various modes of producing an explosion have been lately introduced, contingent upon the nature of the explosive. Gunpowder, laid loose upon the surface of a rock, goes off in the air, and accomplishes nothing. Nitro-glycerine needs no deep drill, but only a slight covering of earth, and it will rend the rock to its foundation. It is the degree of rapidity with which the compound works that determines the result. Gunpowder requires time in order to its action, while some other explosives are off "in less than no time." For this reason the latter cannot be used in guns of any sort—they blow up the piece before the shot is discharged. There is also a moral in this. Some of our "men of the age" are in such haste to complete the work which they have in hand, that they explode the machine they operate with, and, perhaps, blow themselves up with it. Gunpowder is too slow for them.

It is not worth while to waste our explosives. A great deal

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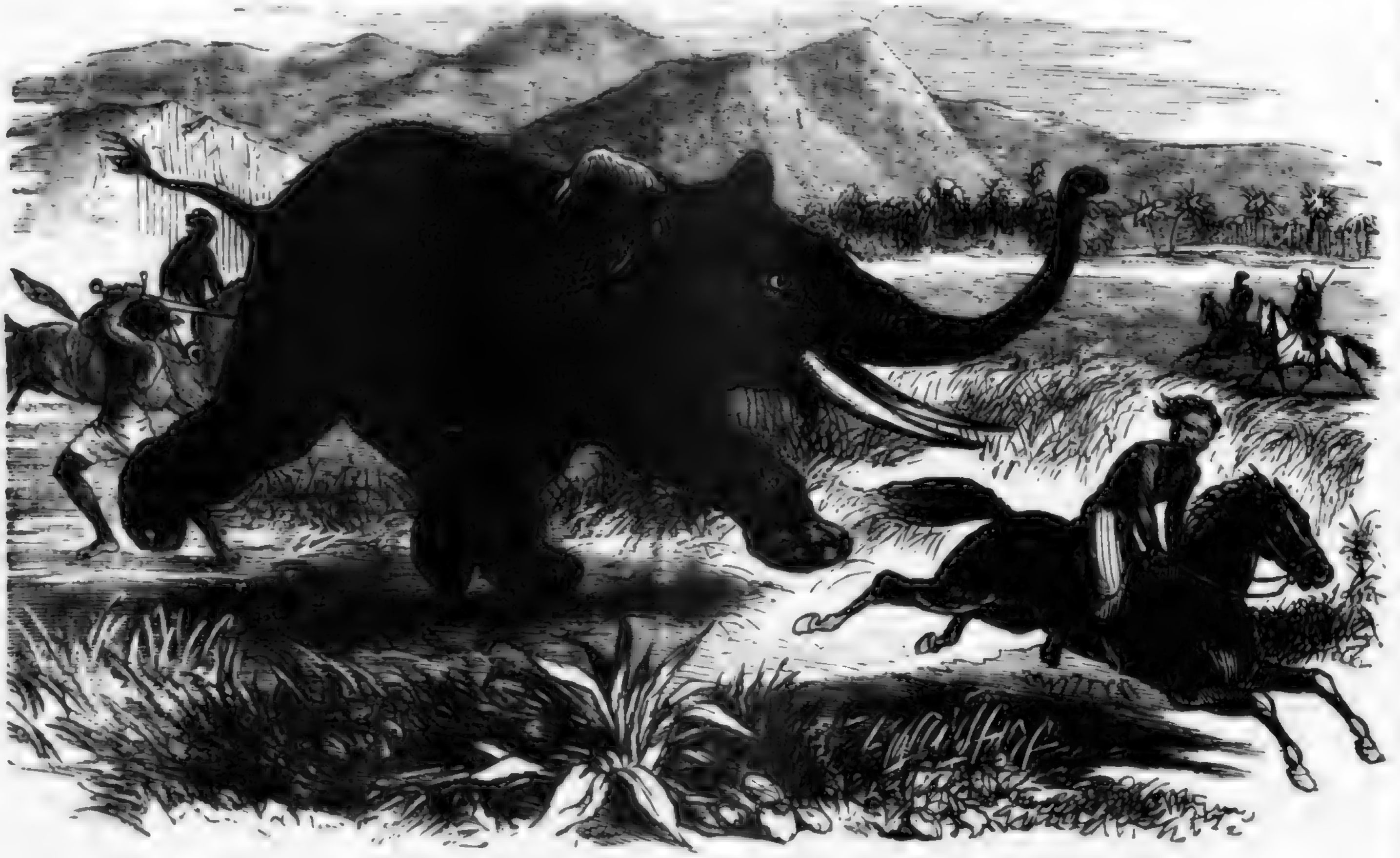
of powder is used in salutes and celebrations; and, if we were not used to it, perhaps it might seem to be rather an odd way of showing respect for a great man, or our gratitude for a great deliverance, to fire off cannon and fill the air with smoke; but that is not what I now refer to. It is rather the bringing out of heavy ordnance, and the expenditure of costly ammunition, for the accomplishment of small objects —killing flies with cannon. There is something which, perhaps, does not need to be done at all, or might be done quietly, and at little cost; when straightway a grand organization is established, with salaried officers and splendid buildings, and agents sent abroad everywhere to solicit funds —and all for what? Here, again, it would not do to specify.

One thing more. In getting out stone for building purposes, and marble for statuary, explosives are rarely used, but the slower process of cutting and chiseling is preferred. And so the best work of the age is not done by sudden and violent methods, but by patient persistence and quiet, resolute endeavor in the right direction, just as granite is split by the insertion at short intervals of little wedges on a straight line, which, at the proper moment, combine to produce just the fracture that is desired.

Explosives are good in their place, but they are not always good. Gunpowder is a dangerous thing to handle. Everybody knows that, and we all conduct ourselves accordingly. We are not always quite as cautious in handling *moral* explosives.

## AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, IN ABYSSINIA, KILLING AN ELEPHANT.

Among the Hamram Arabs is a class called Aggageers, or sword hunters, who always go three together, carrying no arms but a sword, and on a swift horse attack and slay at a single blow the fierce African elephant. Sir S. Baker witnessed one of these exploits, and thus describes the exciting scene:



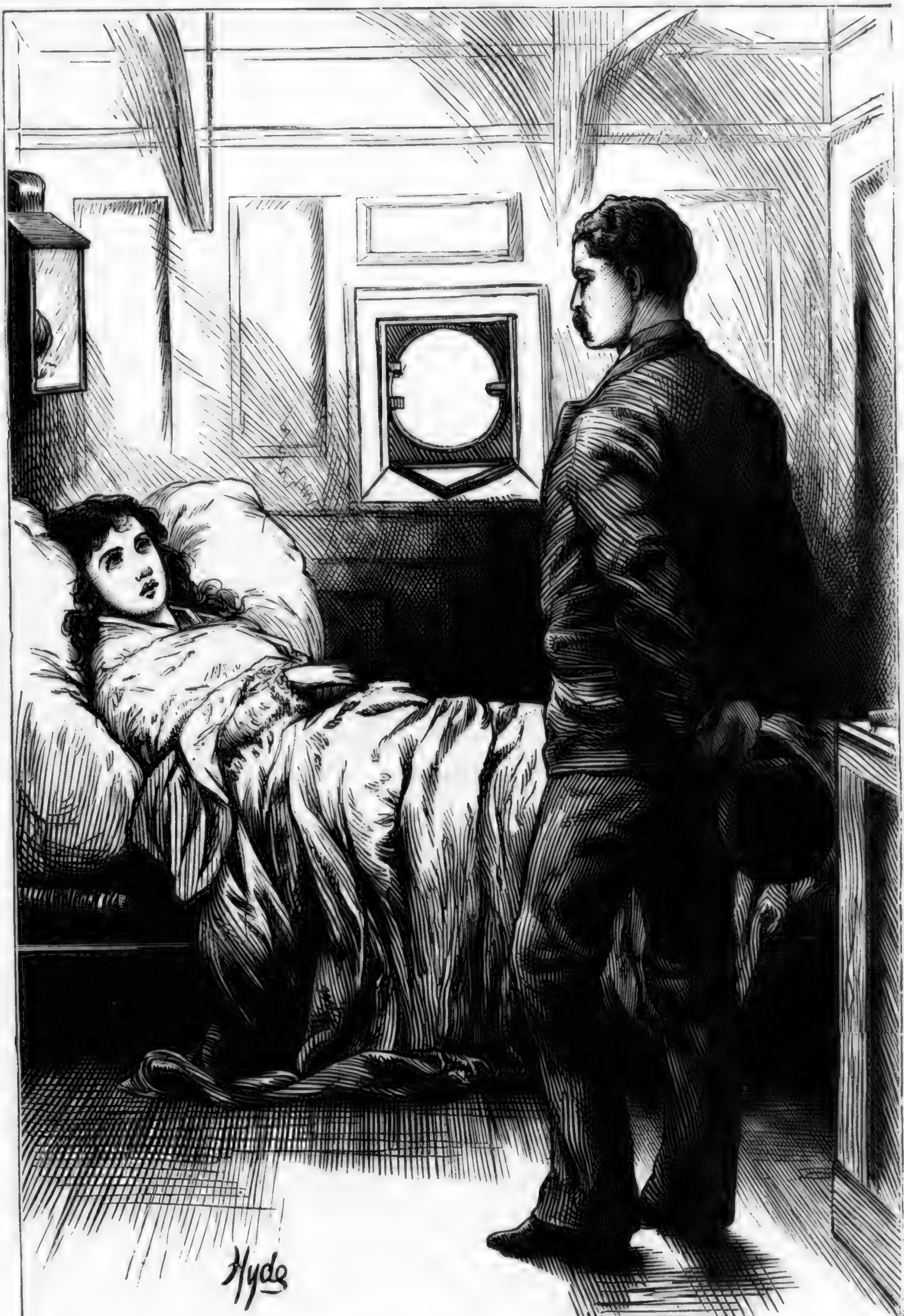
AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, IN ABYSSINIA, KILLING AN ELEPHANT

Having discovered the haunt of a large and fierce brute, Rodur, mounted on a fleet mare, proceeded to the spot with his two companions, Taher Sherrif and his brother Ibrahim, and proceeded to meet him in front, while they operated in the rear.

With a shrill scream, the elephant dashed upon him like an avalanche. Round went the mare, as though on a pivot, and Rodur, looking over his left shoulder, kept his distance so close to the elephant that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

Taher Sherrif and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taher Sherrif, grasping his trusty blade, leaped nimbly to the ground, at the same time Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck upon the descending steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through the skin and sinews, and settled deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride the elephant halted dead-short in the midst of its tremendous charge. Taher had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment, Rodur, who had led the chase, turned sharp round, and again faced the elephant as before; stooping quickly from the saddle, he picked up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious-looking animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant Taher was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great bull-elephant could not move. The first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it: the second was its deathblow; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds.

**Self-denial** is one of the chief virtues.



BRETNAL'S HEIRESS.—"SHE SAW HIS FACE, GENTLE AND PITIFUL—THE EYES WERE LIKE HER MOTHER'S."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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# BRETNAL'S HEIRESS.

"I SAY, judge, there is Bretnal's heiress."

"Which one?"

Judge Gracie thought he need scarcely ask as he looked at the two girls crossing the street and approaching him.

One was tall, radiant and beautiful; the other so small, sad and plain.

But Dr. Ladislaw said:

"The smaller one."

"Possible?"

Judge Gracie put up his eye-glasses as the ladies passed.

After all, he scarcely saw Linly Bretnal—Rose Clare was so beautiful.

"Well, I certainly should have thought it would have been the other one," he said.

"Yes; every one thinks that. Miss Clare's handsome, isn't she? and Linly Bretnal is an odd little thing."

"Friend?"

"Miss Clare? Companion. Lives at The Shrubs—Bretnal's place, you know. Splendid sea-view there, but no society—nothing down there but gulls and sea-wrens. Miss Bretnal had to have a companion provided for her when she came back from school; so Bretnal got Rose Clare—his old partner's daughter, you know. Rose isn't poor in her own right, but she needed a home—father and mother dead—so she went to The Shrubs four or five years ago. She's about as independent there as Miss Bretnal."

"And the heiress—she's Bretnal's niece, cousin, sister?"

"Oh, no, bless you! an adopted daughter. But Bretnal knows no more of the feelings of a father than an old male turkey. Gives her plenty of money, a good home, never dictates to her, lets her quite alone. In fact, you know what Bretnal is—business is his life. He wasn't made for domestic purposes. Hasn't, I say, a father's feelings."

Here Dr. Ladislaw, who was wheeling a child's carriage containing his little lame daughter, six years of age, stooped to kiss the child and look lovingly into her sweet eyes.

"Flossy want to go home now?" he said.

Judge Gracie stepped down upon the sidewalk, and walked away, tapping his gold-headed cane.

At the next square he met Mr. Bretnal.

"Judge, how do you do? I am in a quandary."

"How so?"

"Well, I'm down here, you know, with two young women on my hands. Beautiful city, this Baltimore of yours, and the girls want to stay. But here's a telegram, demanding my presence in New York immediately. Now, if I knew any one to befriend the girls a bit, they might stay and welcome."

"Let me play the guardian angel."

"You? Ah! Well, judge, they wouldn't be much trouble. If you please to do so, it would be quite a favor. Linly looks stronger this Winter; it's the mild air, possibly. Walk up to my hotel, if at leisure. You would find Miss Clare very good company. Gentlemen usually like Rose, I believe. I don't care to talk to women myself."

Mr. Bretnal departed in the next steamer, and his heiress and her companion remained in Baltimore.

The soft breezes of the advancing Spring were delicious to Linly, who was frail and sensitive as a flower.

She had shrunk in absolute agony from returning to New York in February.

She was ill, poor child, and did not know it.

Rose said she was nervous.

But the Baltimore gardens grew so beautiful, with their budding shrubs and fresh vines and skies of Summer blue in March!

Through the open windows she saw the white-sailed boats flit by on the river.

Liberty here was sweet, too, because she had chosen to make no acquaintances, leaving Rose to do as she liked, and a feeling of rest pervaded the place.

She grew quite strong by the time the magnolias burst into bloom.

She did not oppose Rose now, who wanted to return North.

The change seemed pleasant, finally.

"I will tell the judge, and he will engage staterooms for us next week," said Rose, who had been flirting desperately with that worthy widower. "The cape-myrtles will be in flower by that time, and that is the last sight worth seeing in Baltimore."

But the judge, who was caught, was fertile in expedients to detain them.

The next week found them in Norfolk, visiting the judge's sister, who lived there in great luxury.

But May-day was really hot, and the judge reluctantly consented to arrange their passage North.

Rose set to packing energetically.

The judge had told them that the New York boats went out in the afternoon.

She was all ready for departure, when he came to say that the regular steamer had met with an accident, and would not go out for several days. An inferior one would leave the levee, however, in three hours.

"We'd better go, Linly."

"Yes," said Linly.

The judge, thus pushed to extremes, proposed on the spot, and Rose accepted him.

But the trip must be made North, just the same. Only Judge Gracie was to take it with them.

Linly heard the news with a faint smile. She only said, "I hope there will be a kitten or something aboard to amuse *me!*"

Her face had a pearl-like pureness and fairness, but it was so pale and quiet you did not know how really perfect it was until after a time. No one called Linly pretty.

They said, instead, "She has very true eyes," or "A sweet smile." Others, "A pity Miss Bretnal does not dress more. An heiress, and so plain in her appearance."

Now Linly had no heart in dress, and there was not a flavor of the coquette in her composition. But never was a little soul so true, so tender and so lonely.

"I *can't* love Rose very much," she would say, regretfully, when the loneliness became almost insupportable. "I wish I could. I don't know how it is, but I *can't* love her very much."

She mourned over this. Rose knew that Linly did not love her, but did not care.

"I do hope you are not going to be seasick," she observed, looking at her meditatively.

"Oh, I shall not, Rose. I never was."

"But you never were on the water in a storm."

They were dining in their own room. The judge came in.

"My dears, I have made another mistake about the *Sappho*. She does not go out until to-morrow. But I've taken passage on still another boat—one better fitted up, too—for I knew you would want to go to-day, since you are all ready, and the captain thought he could make you comfortable—the *Annie Grey*."

"Oh, it will do very well, I dare say!" replied Rose. "I shall stay on deck so as not to get seasick. It's splendid weather for our passage, and I wouldn't lose it for anything."

"And you, Miss Bretnal?"

"Oh, I dare say we shall do just as well. You acted quite rightly. Thank you very much."

That afternoon they drove down to the wharf. Linly left Baltimore still with some regret—the air hovered about her so bland, so kind!

When they had gone aboard, she sat quietly on the deck, watching the men lade the steamer.

The strong, active, good-natured sailors had attraction for her.

Linly was curious regarding lives that were so different from her own.

"If I were poor, and strong, and hard-working, should I be happier?" she said.

Just as the boat set sail, a little white kitten galloped along the deck. Linly involuntarily put out her hand.

"Oh, the pretty little thing!"

A young man, in passing, saw the involuntary action, lifted the creature, and handed it to her.

"Who was that, Rose?"

"The captain, I presume."

"No," responded the judge; "it was the steward, a much better-looking fellow. The captain has a red nose."

The little act was just the one to please Linly's fancy. And, as the men passed to and fro, she looked to see him again.

She picked him out at last—less weather-beaten, brighter, handsomer than any of the seamen.

He had rich, curly hair, a pleasant smile.

She saw that he was busy with his duties—that he took no further notice of *her*, and so she diverted herself by observing him.

He had a lithe, active figure—he was in his shirt-sleeves; the dark curls were topped by a cap banded "Steward."

Something in his air spoke of naval discipline, but Linly thought him pleasanter to look at than the captain, whose air and manner were a combination of swagger and ill-temper.

The steamer was swiftly sweeping the waters; the sun began to go down; the white kitten was asleep in Linly's lap.

Rose and the judge were walking the deck.

"Wouldn't you like something to read? I will bring you up some books and papers in a moment," said a kind voice.

Linly roused up, conscious that probably she had been looking a little sad and lonely.

"Thank you, yes," she answered.

He went away, and left her to her reflections until he returned with a pile of books and newspapers, which he deposited upon the cushion of the settee beside her.

He went off again instantly, for activity seemed to be the rule on shipboard, and Linly looked over the books somewhat curiously.

There was "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Dombey and Son," a copy of Shakespeare, another of Ruskin, and the New York dailies.

"What have you there, Miss Bretnal?" said Judge Gracie, approaching, with Rose upon his arm.

"A sailor's library," she answered, smiling.

"Who ever heard of a ship's steward reading Ruskin?" laughed the judge.

Linly entertained herself with the books until the twilight began to draw on.

Then, looking up, she saw the owner leaning against the hatches, unoccupied, and watching her.

"Do you like Ruskin?" she asked with a smile.

He approached her, and as he stood beside her, he seemed to take a different guise. He looked pale, and tired, and lonely.

"Oh, no!" he answered, simply. "I seldom read *any* book. I have too much to do. I have little time on land, and am always busy at sea," he added. "But I would give more for thirty years' good hard experience of life than for forty years of book-reading."

"Have you had, then, do you mean, thirty years of good, hard experience?" asked Linly.

"Yes," he replied, taking off his cap for a moment, and looking at her with a smile.

Still, his cheek looked pale and sad.

She still stood there, and dimly saw that he was thoughtfully watching the water, across which the red moon threw a lurid light.

"Are you an American?" asked Linly.

"I was born in Halifax," he answered; "but I have no home save on shipboard."

"You have parents—a wife?"

"I have nobody," he responded, with a little gesture of dissent.

"No, it is not the moonlight which gives him that sad look," thought Linly.

But the boat seemed leaping from billow to billow, and Linly felt herself a little dizzy.

"Do you think I am going to be ill on the water?" she asked, in a childish manner, which was peculiarly her own.

"I wouldn't think about it; but I'll bring you some pillows, and you can lie here on deck until ten o'clock."

He did so, making a resting-place, and taking her hat away to her stateroom, which she began to dread as close and airless.

She lay there alone, thinking what a strange world it was!—how differently life came to different persons!

Some new power of discernment seemed given her that night, for she saw persons and things a little differently from usual.

Suppose the great curling waters should engulf the boat that night, who would weep for her? There was a photograph album in her trunk full of the faces of professed friends—not one would stand a test, she knew. They were not "brothers made for adversity."

There was a packet of letters, white, satin-fine, perfumed, full of compliment, news and gossip; it was a pleasant correspondence, but the writer, Eugene La Verde, would never do her any serious service in life. She might as well seek protection of a butterfly.

Another packet she remembered inscribed in odd characters, all postmarked in foreign countries. This acquaintance had had a great fascination for her; but Professor Leigh regarded her only as a child—an original and interesting child—and he had thought of her once where she had thought of his superiority and wisdom a hundred times.

She saw now that it was all a foolish, morbid dream, and that she did not love him any more than he loved her. And in all the wide world there was no resting-place for her heart.

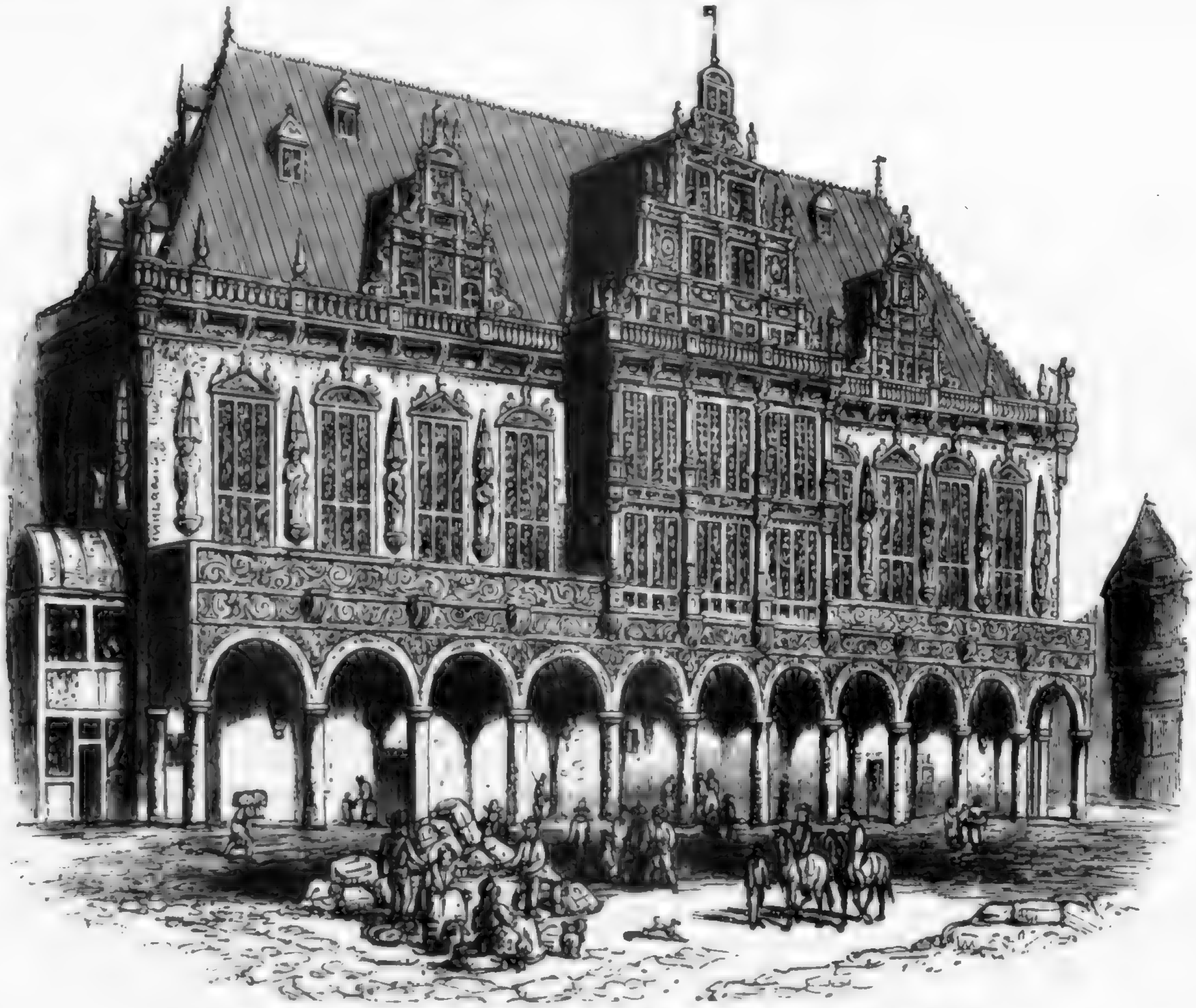
"Linly, the boat rolls terribly," said Rose, coming up. "The judge says we had better go down to our staterooms, and lie in our berths, to avoid being seasick."

The sea continued rough, the steamer rocked in the great trough all night, though the moon hung bright in the broad sky.

The passengers, lying in their breathless staterooms, grew deathly sick.

Linly was, perhaps, more ill and faint than any. The most painful retching and vomiting were succeeded by a giddy, swooning sensation, which was dreadful.

The ship swung fore and aft; she was tossed about unceasingly, every movement increasing her sufferings. Oh, was there no one to help her? Could nothing be done?"



THE TOWN HALL, FORMERLY THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, BREMEN.—SEE PAGE 22.

She had no hope of any relief. Rose was also sick in *her* stateroom. She knew there was no stewardess aboard the *Annie Grey*, carrying few passengers.

But as she lay, sleepless and miserably ill, the door was opened and fastened back, letting a draft of air through the stifling place. Some one knelt down and put ice upon her throbbing temples.

"Oh, I am so ill!" she moaned.

"Yes, poor child! I will take care of you!"

It was the steward. She saw his face, gentle and pitiful. The eyes were like her mother's. Or, are all kind eyes the same?

What John Gaston, the steward of the *Annie Grey*, saw, was a little fair, frail form, extended in illness, the soft brown hair rolling over the pillow to the floor, the hot hands fallen hopelessly down.

He knew that this little girl was very sick, and promptly proceeded to aid her.

He had had women on his hands thus before, as well as men, and even babies.

He was born for a physician, a nurse, this strong young man—kind, prompt and pitiful.

He seemed a magician to Linly—cooling her fever, stilling her pulse, and appeasing the dreadful nausea.

When she was easier, she smiled up into his eyes, like a child.

"How good of you!"

"I love to do it," said John Gaston, with fervor.

So fair, so frail, and all alone in his care in the night, this tender little girl! His heart yearned over her.

"Try and sleep," he said, stroking back the brown hair from the delicate temples.

Linly Bretnal obediently closed her eyes, and he sat watching her.

The gray daylight crept in and touched the soft contour of the serene young face; the innocent mouth, the closed eyes, the overshadowed brow, were angel-beautiful to John Gaston.

"She doesn't look fit to live in this world!" he thought.

He remembered that she had come aboard with the very handsome lady and the pompous gentleman. He remembered her plain dress, her sad air, her simple and unostentatious manner.

"She must be a poor dependant," he thought.

You couldn't have told John Gaston much that he did not know of poverty and loneliness.

At ten years old he had gone to sea because his widowed mother couldn't provide bread for him. He had known hardships—but little else—and most cruel heart-hunger; and, as he had said, he had taken his education from the daily walks of life, and had his own quiet insight into truth.

He spread Linly's unconscious little hand upon his palm, and looked at it.

Then the thought, all unbidden, came into his mind:

"I wonder if she would let me take care of her!"

He went away soon to his duties. When he came back, he found his charge awake.

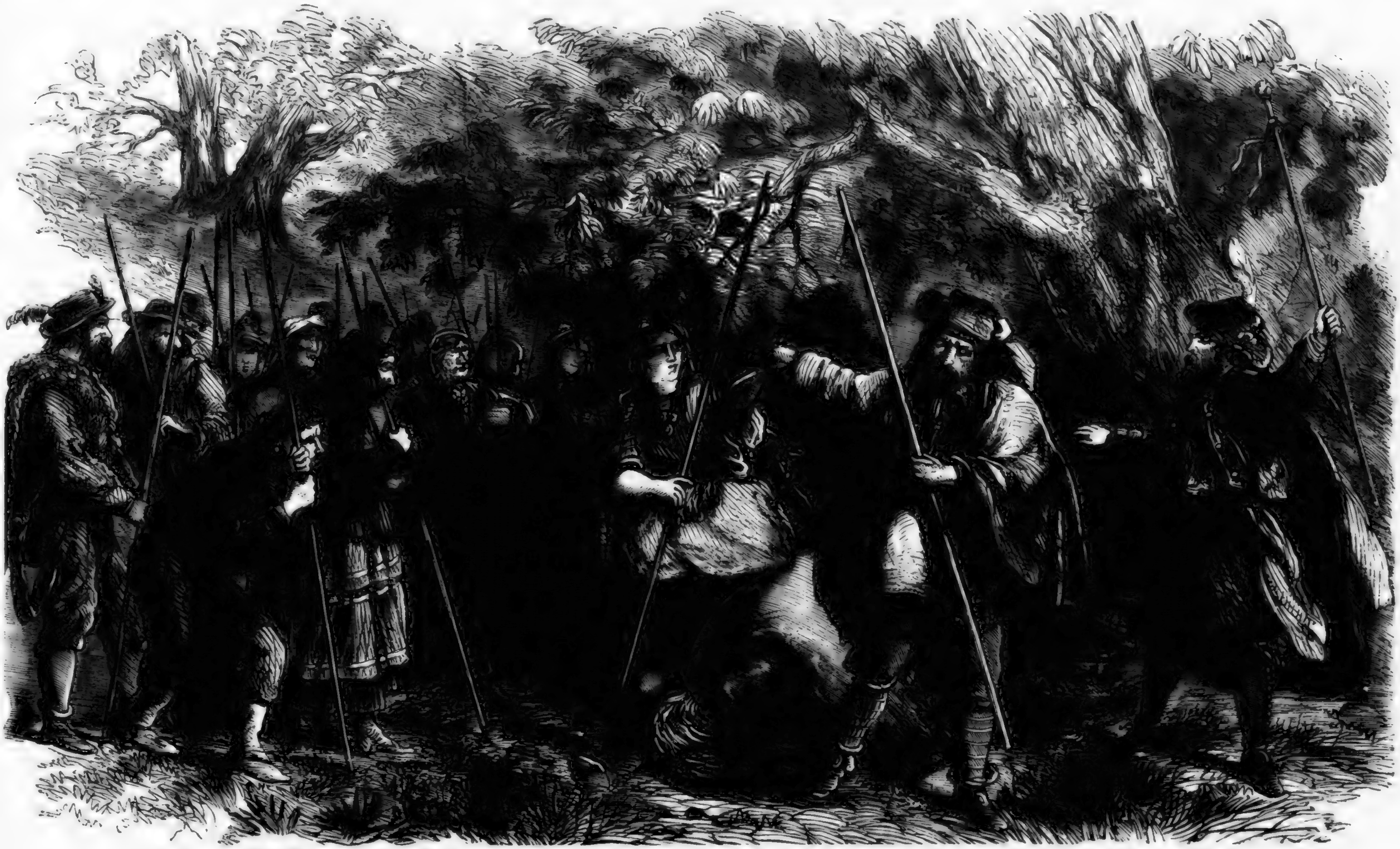
"You are better?"

"Thank you, yes."

"Then I will carry you on deck, into the fresh air.

He wrapped her up in shawls and blankets, and carried her up to a place on the cushioned settee, and there she passed the day, not violently ill any more, but meek and quiet.

I cannot quite tell you why that quiet little face had such power for honest John Gaston—many another man had seen its sweetness, nor loved it; but at the end of that second



A GIPSY DIVORCE.—"THEY FINALLY PART, ONE GOING NORTH, THE OTHER SOUTH, NEVER AGAIN TO BE UNITED IN THIS LIFE."—SEE PAGE 23.

day, though she spoke to him but seldom, he would have knelt down at her little feet, and given up his life, if she had asked it.

And what was in Linly's heart? Perhaps it would not be safe to say.

"It's really one of your *good* days, Linly—you're not a bit nervous," said Rose, glancing at Linly's profile from her own corner. "After such a dreadful night, too, it's really wonderful. I think they ought to have a doctor on board. I'm cross enough to bite the judge. I'd take a nervine, if I had it."

The second night came—the boat swept through smooth water, and promised a change of rest. Eager for sleep, Linly lay down in her berth again. One first sweet nap, and her friend came in.

"Here is a cordial to give you a little nourishment, and make you rest nicely," he said, kindly. "You have taken no food to-day. To-morrow you will forget that you were ever ill."

"Shall I?" said Linly, wonderingly, after drinking the mixture. "But I shall not forget how kind you are to me."

She gave him her hand for a moment.

"You are never very strong, I think," he said, looking down at the fairy hand.

"No, not very."

"And are they kind to you?" with a troubled manner.

"Who?"

"The others—your friends."

"Yes"—with a little smile, seeing his mistake.

"One needs a strong body to battle with the world—I know, I know"—shaking his head.

He placed her comfortably upon the pillows, as if she had been a child, and turned away.

"Wait a moment, please," said Linly. "You have done me a great deal of good when I needed help. No one but my dead mother was ever so tenderly kind. In the morning I shall go ashore, and, perhaps, shall not have time to speak to you again. I would like you to tell me your name, and, perhaps, I may some time have the chance to be of service to you."

He smiled, and gave her an envelope from his pocket—"John Gaston, steward, steamer *Annie Grey*, New York."

Then she gave him her card—"Linly Bretnal," writing further address in pencil.

"I should like to be the one to be of service to you," he said.

The heiress of Bretnal and the ship's steward looked quietly into each other's eyes for a moment. There was gentlest gratitude on one side, a half-idolatrous love upon the other.

A faint color broke the pearly whiteness of Linly's cheek.

"Good-night and good-by," she said, hastily.

"Good-night," replied John Gaston, going away, startled by his own daring.

Linly did not go to sleep immediately, but when she did her rest was very sweet.

The boat got in early, almost before light, and Linly was hustled ashore to take the early train.

In the cars she closed her eyes. Some influence closed around her, like a warm, sweet dream. She was, as yet, not far beyond what had greatly comforted her.

But at night, when the proud silence of Bretnal's mansion settled about it, a feeling of sadness and loss visited her.

"How strange! Can it be that I love him?" said Linly, to her own heart, bewildered. Then, by and by: "Why not? Who was ever so good to me before?" And finally and conclusively: "There is not one—not one! And I would give him all my heart gladly, if he asked it."

Three days after, Linly received this letter:

> "I have thought of you so much, that it seems as if you must expect this letter. Perhaps I am mistaken; but I am honest in every word I write.
>
> "You were aboard the *Annie Grey* only two days, but I love you as well as if I had known you as many years. I loved you every moment that I tended you while you were ill. It is heaven to me to think of you. And now, would you—could you be my wife? I would work for you while I had breath in my body, and thank heaven for the privilege. I would shield you from all trouble to the extent of my power, and God knows I would love you.
>
> "I do not know how to say any more. I am a plain, honest man, and know only how to speak the truth, nor can add to it.
>
> "Will you let me see you once more? You would not trifle with me—you are too good. JOHN GASTON."
>
> "P. S.—I would try to make you happy."

When Linly read this letter, her lip quivered. She went to Mr. Bretnal.

"I tell you about it," she said, "because I love him."

"Love a ship's steward! And you wish to marry him?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bretnal "pished" and "pshawed" at first, considering the matter utterly absurd; but when he learned that John Gaston thought Linly poor—that he was no fortune-hunter—moreover, that he was known as an honest and upright young man, he made a confession:

"Linly, I was a ship's steward when I was young. I am proud to acknowledge that I was born poor, and am a self-made man. Therefore, if you really prefer this John Gaston, money shall be no object. You shall have him, if you please."

And so what would seem a miracle was very easily brought about.

At Mr. Bretnal's request (this was the only proviso) John Gaston began studying medicine upon his marriage, and in a few years Linly was a doctor's wife.

But be it indelibly inscribed, the heiress of Bretnal married a ship's steward. And he made a good husband, so the world said: of the happiness of two hearts it comprehended little.

## TOWN HALL, BREMEN.

**Bremen**, on the Weser, a port now one of the great avenues of German emigration to America, is one of the old Hanseatic towns whose history is connected with the commerce of that period of the Middle Ages when a solitary vessel scarcely dared yet to venture on the unprotected seas; for after the Vikings, or sea-kings, had ceased to carry dismay on every coast, the peaceful mariner was harassed by their piratical successors, who, although conducting their plundering operations on a smaller scale, were scarcely less injurious to the rising interests of commerce.

The Hanseatic League was a confederation of towns interested in maintaining a safe intercourse by sea, and from the period of its formation, at the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, the piracies and disorders which it was intended to suppress gradually diminished.

Toward the close of the eighth century, Bremen was made a bishop's see, its jurisdiction including Greenland; subsequently, it was incorporated with the archbishopric of Hamburg. But this led to a series of contests, which only terminated by Bremen being made the seat of the archbishopric.

Bremen prospered under the government of its ecclesiastical rulers, who favored its union with the Hanse Towns.

By the Treaty of Westphalia, Bremen came into the hands of the Swedes. In 1712 it became a conquest of Denmark, and was sold by that State to the Electorate of Brunswick.

It was not until 1731 that Bremen again enjoyed its former freedom; which was again subverted by the French, who, in 1810, made it the capital of a department of the French Empire.

Under the Treaty of Vienna, Bremen, with sixty-seven square miles of adjoining territory, became a member of the Germanic Confederation, and one of the three Hanse Towns, Hamburg and Lubeck being the other two.

The Weser divides Bremen into two unequal portions, the old town, with its large suburbs, containing handsome mansions and villas, being on the right bank, and the new town, begun in 1625, being on the left, without any suburbs. The narrowness of the streets and the lofty houses give a gloomy appearance to the more ancient part of Bremen, though it also contains some spacious streets; and in the new town they are generally wide and straight.

Cemeteries have been formed outside the town, and the deserted churchyards, no longer employed as burial-grounds, allow of a freer circulation of air; and as these are almost the only open spaces of any magnitude in the old town, they render it more healthy.

The ramparts, as we frequently find in old towns on the Continent, have been razed and converted into agreeable promenades. The quays on each side of the river afford a good view of the town.

Bremen contains about 5,900 houses and 1,100 granaries, manufactories, warehouses, mills, etc. The population of the town amounts to about 50,000, chiefly Lutherans.

The Cathedral, built in the twelfth century, and the Church of St. Ansgar, with its handsome spire 324 feet high, are the only ecclesiastical edifices possessing much interest.

The Town Hall, a view of which is given on page 20, was of old the palace of the archbishops; it has been completely renovated within the last few years, and the piazzas have been opened to the public. Here is the former town-hall, built in 1405, below which are the famous wine-cellars or Bleikellero.

## POMP OF THE ZULU KING.

Cetywayo, the Zulu king, who is waging war upon the Dutch boors of the Transvaal Free State, South Africa, has a skin smooth as velvet, of a bright and agreeable brown color.

On his forehead, he wears a large ball composed of the feathers of the roller, shaved into a perfectly round form. Behind are streaming plumes of the egret and spoonbill. His only garment, on state occasions, is a rich kilt of the skins of the green monkey, alternating with leopards' tails. About his arms are massive rings and bracelets of gold of rude workmanship, while his neck is encircled with a heavy necklace of very large blue beads. Strings of pink and white beads decorate his waist, ankles, and knees. He has two inseparable attendants—a boy, who carries the royal snuff in an ornamented gourd, and a shield bearer, whose constant duty it is to perpetually keep the ox-hide target between His Majesty and the sun.

Change.—The change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and of whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

## A GYPSY DIVORCE.

The first wife of McDonald, a sort of gypsy king in Scotland, was a virago called Eppie Lundie, famous for stripping her victims, if met with in lonely places, leaving them in woods and fields stark as when they were born; but she was too much of a vixen even for her robber husband, and he divorced her over a dead horse, according to the rites and ceremonies of his race. This is an effectual but expensive manner of getting rid of a bad wife among the gypsies; for horseflesh is dear, and the gypsies do not eat it when killed; and as the sacrifice must be unblemished and in no manner lame, it is not, therefore, any "old screw," worn out and useless, that will answer the purpose. The sun must "be at its height" when the ceremony is to take place; none but gypsies of full blood are allowed to be present; and lots are cast for the one who is to be the sacrificial priest on the occasion. All the men and women taking part in the rites carry long staves; and the priest, with a long staff in his hand, walks round and round the horse many times, repeating the names of all who have possessed it, and extolling its qualities and virtues. Then it is shot; the man and woman, joining hands at the head, walk slowly down toward the tail—the horse between them—saying certain sentences together. By another version, "they walk three times round the body of the horse contrariwise, passing and crossing each other at certain points, as they proceed in opposite directions. At certain parts of the horse (the corners of the horse was the gypsy's expression), such as the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, the head and tail, the parties halt and face each other, and again repeat sentences in their own speech at each time they halt. The two last stops they make in their circuit round the sacrifice are at the head and tail. At the head they again face each other and speak; and, lastly, at the tail they again confront each other, utter some more gypsy expressions, shake hands, and finally part, the one going north, the other south, never again to be united in this life."

Immediately after the separation takes place, the woman receives a token of cast-iron, about an inch and a half square, with a T upon it, and which she must always wear about her person. A divorced woman cannot marry again, but the husband may have as many wives as he likes to marry, and sacrifice a horse to get rid of afterward.

In another account the horse is made, in a manner, the scapegoat and representative of the woman. Perfect and free, it is turned loose, and by its manner of going sets forth the degree of her sin. If wild and difficult to be caught, leaping dykes and ditches, and plunging madly along, the woman is held to have been infamous and guilty exceedingly; and if the beast is wild out of all bounds of charity to endure, both horse and woman are sacrificed together. If calm, and mild, and docile, and easily caught, the woman is held to be not so very guilty, after all, and the scapegoat may bear her sins very well.

When McDonald divorced his wife, Eppie Lundie, one Mr. Allan Ramsey came upon them unexpectedly in a hollow, and saw them walk hand in hand on either side of the dead horse till they came to the tail, when silently they parted, each proceeding in a different direction, as if going on a journey. Mr. Ramsey said he never could forget the violent swing which McDonald gave his wife at parting.

The Russian gypsies also sacrifice horses on such occasions; and it seems as if the custom can be traced to Hindoostan, the gypsies' land of adoption and second cradle, so to speak. The Yetholm gypsies, more prudent than the rest of their brethren, only knock down their "cuddies," or donkeys, when they separate from their wives, which answers all the purpose of the more expensive sacrifice

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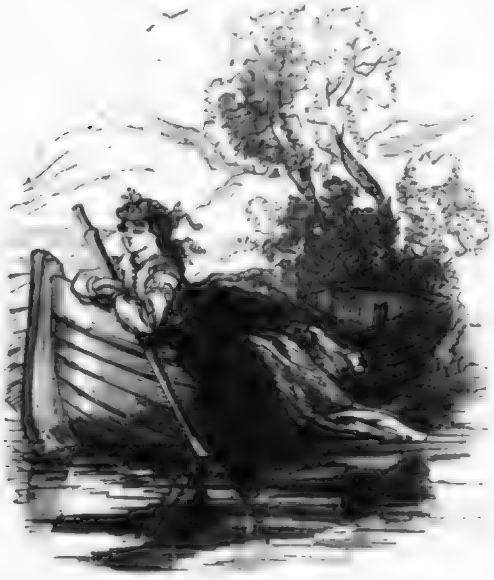


## FLOATING ON THE LAKE.

By Mrs. Amanda T. Jones.

Floating—floating on the lake,
All the merry, merry day;
How the swells arise and break,
Flash and toss their pearly spray!
While I dream—float and dream,
As the billows in my wake
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and vanish in the lake.

Green the shore and fair the lake;
Here the wave and there the glade,
Here the ripple, there the brake;
Here the sun and there the shade.
While I dream—float and dream—
Would my heart might never wake!
Swell and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and sparkle, laughing lake!

Sigh and murmur, swelling lake!
I've a lover on the shore;
There he waits my hand to take,
When my wayward mood is o'er.
Still I dream—float and dream;
Shall I never, never wake?
Creep and darken, glide and gleam,
Sink and swell, oh, tossing lake!

Hark! the wind is on the lake;
Shadows drift and vail the skies;
Yonder cloud begins to break;
Forth the baleful lightning flies.
Still I dream—float and dream;
Oh, my foolish heart, awake!
See the billows roll and gleam,
Swell and dash across the lake!

Shoreward flying o'er the lake—
Ah, my friend, too long alone;
Faithful still, though all forsake;
Well my loving shall atone!
While we dream—sweetly dream,
Suns may shine, or storms may break;
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam;
Love is brighter, foaming lake!

## METAL FONT AT HADERSLEV.

The bell-metal fonts of Danish churches are a feature in themselves—*évasé* in form, generally supported on the shoulders of three monks, or grinning monsters of some kind. They are too large for present use, and inside is generally fitted a metal dish *en repoussé*, with Adam and Eve, the spies, or three fishes, thereon, rude in workmanship, though they are of more recent date than is imagined, showing the art to have remained in *statu quo* later in these northern climes than in the south of Europe.

The general style and form, however, is not without its striking features, and may suggest new forms in our own churches.

## TOM'S EXPERIENCE.

"One of those affairs, you know, tilted over the face just sufficiently to throw a most becoming shadow over the eyes, making them look like violets on a shady bank; and golden-brown hair, sir, streaming on the wind, and such an ankle! perfection, sir; and such an innocent baby-face, like one of Raphael's cherubs. Jove! a girl worth looking after, I assure you."

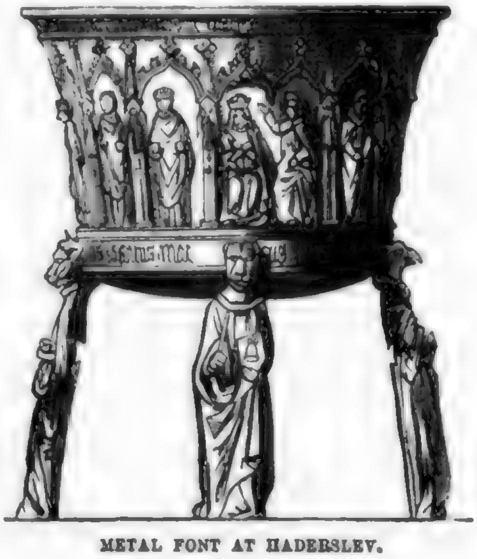
The weather was too warm to do more than stare languidly at Tom's excited countenance, but fortunately he was too much interested in his theme to be as *exigeant* as he generally is, so he accepted the stare as sufficient token of interest on the part of his attached friend (myself), and straightway proceeded:

"She's with an old lady in a brown front and spectacles, and a set of teeth, false, you, know; and no one knows who they are, and she walks on the sands every morning, quite early, without the lady with the front; and as sure as my name's Tom Latimer, I'll manage an introduction."

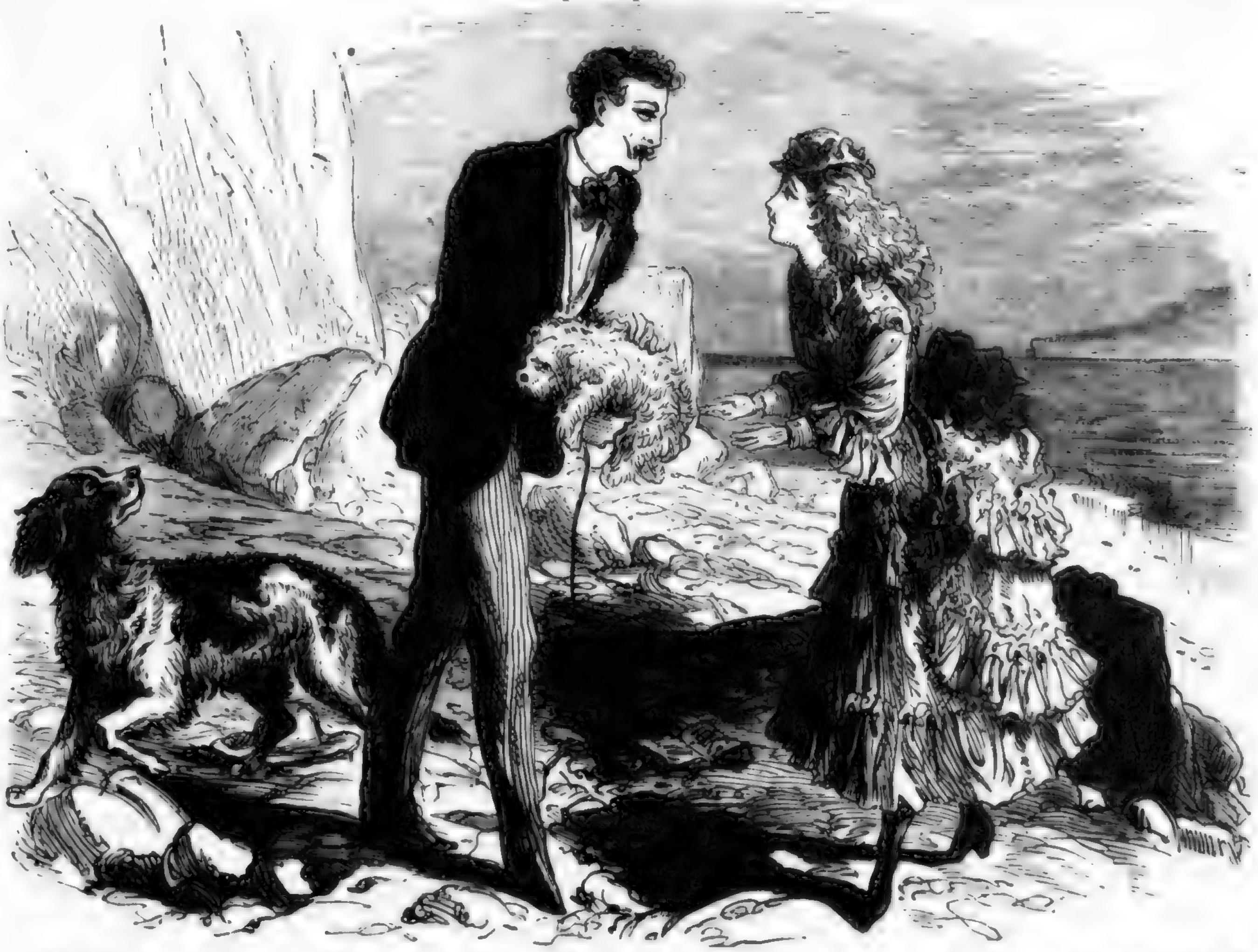
Here I found energy sufficient to say, "What about Godine?" in a tone replete with that elegant sarcasm for which I am noted, but which, curiously enough, Tom never appreciates as it deserves.

He now obliged the company (myself and a lemon-colored setter) with one or two forcible, though inelegant, expressions, bearing reference firstly to me, and secondly to Godine, and consigning us to a latitude where chills are certainly not one of the evils of life (Godine was the last damsel to whom he had whispered vows of love).

The weather, as I have said, was excessively warm, and Tom is extremely tall, with a well-developed biceps, so the resentment which, under other circumstances, I might have cherished, was wanting, and with the eye of an injured yet forgiving friend, I watched him as he stalked to the mirror and commenced a critical examination of his Grecian features and elaborate necktie, an operation he spent fully ten minutes in. Then whistling to the lemon-colored setter, and arming himself with his cane and gloves, and without so much as deigning a glance toward my lounging-chair, he made his exit from the apartment, leaving me to the enjoyment of my *dolce far niente*, disturbed by no visions of violet eyes and golden hair, or, in fact, anything but a pleasing, yet melancholy, reminiscence of the canvas-backed ducks and chablis I had partaken



METAL FONT AT HADERSLEV.



TOM'S EXPERIENCE.—"HE PLACED THE GASPING POODLE IN THE LITTLE GAUNTLETED HANDS STRETCHED EAGERLY TO RECEIVE HIM."

of that day at my dinner; melancholy, for do we not feel regret for the good that is past?

I am not of an active habit of body, but I am the fortunate owner of that jewel, rare at my time of life, a good appetite, to retain which I court the morning breezes before breakfast; and it was during my constitutional the following day that I next caught sight of Tom, the lemon-colored setter, and the necktie, and at the same time of a shepherdess hat, a floating cloud of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and the whitest, fattest, and wooliest poodle it has ever been my fate to see.

The shepherdess hat was leading the poodle by a blue ribbon with one hand, while the other held a book, on the pages of which the blue eyes were downcast, of course utterly unconscious of Tom, who was walking some twenty yards behind, diligently sucking the handle of his cane, and as diligently staring at a back view of the shepherdess hat (black, trimmed with crimson roses), the golden hair, and the daintiest little waist around which a blue moire belt was ever fastened, and the neatest foot ever buttoned up in a kid bottine with mother-of-pearl buttons.

It is needless to say that, as the hat was absorbed in her book, and Tom in the contemplation of the fair student, neither of them observed *me;* and knowing from experience how conducive to a hearty appetite a little mild excitement is, I slipped behind a convenient rock in order to watch Tom's proceedings at my leisure.

They sauntered quietly on for a few paces further, and this little tale might never have been indited by my graceful pen had it not been for Tom's lemon-colored setter.

This sagacious animal had been for some time eying the apoplectic poodle waddling on in front, with divers signs of canine ill-will, unobserved by his spell-bound owner, and just as its fair mistress turned a fresh leaf of her book, with a bloodthirsty snarl the setter dashed at the unoffending poodle, whose white curls were soon flying in every direction, as with yelps of defiance and anguish they rolled over and over in the soft sand in deadly combat.

The young lady screamed frantically, and endeavored to rescue her favorite from the fangs of the setter by showering blows of her white-and-gold "Dante" on his yellow back; and at this crisis Tom sprang to the rescue with uplifted cane and excited mien, and managed to convey to the setter, per cane and boot-toe, his desire that hostilities should cease, and with fervent apologies for the unpolished behavior of his canine follower, he placed the gasping poodle in the little gauntleted hands stretched eagerly to receive him. And what commiseration the abominable hypocrite showered on the brute! and didn't they eventually walk off together to her hotel, he carrying the animal, and she chatting to him gayly, and looking up into his face with such pretty gratitude, while the lemon-colored setter, with drooping ears and tail, followed slowly in the rear.

Well, Tom came home to mock at the idea of breakfast and rave of Bertha Seldon, for such proved to be the lady's name, and *against* the charming Godine Haughton, who sat opposite him at table, and whose black eyes darted reproachful fires at him across the table-cloth; for had he not neglected to ask her for one dance even on the previous night?

Friendship should never blind us to the failings of our friends, and I set down with melancholy regret that Tom was a notorious flirt. Really, I felt uneasy when I saw the way he went on with that little girl, and if it hadn't been for a habit he had of resenting what he was pleased to term "impertinent intrusion," I'd have given him a piece of my mind.

But it was not long before he awoke to a discovery which astonished himself as much as it did me, viz., that he *had* a heart, and that it was in the possession of the pretty

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Bertha, a fact he determined to let her know as speedily as possible.

"You see," he said to me, "though my father is fool enough to contemplate marrying again at his time of life, I'm quite independent, and as I'm tolerably sure she likes me, why, old boy, you may expect an invitation to my wedding before long;" and he swaggered off, looking like a handsome, confident puppy as he was.

There! the fellow provoked me, though I *was* glad he really intended marrying the pretty blue-eyed child, and not jilting her, as he had half a score of others.

The very same day who should arrive at our hotel but Latimer, *père*—a hale, handsome man of middle age, and an old acquaintance of mine. We dined together in private, and while Tom sipped his wine in silence, we elders gossiped of the place, the people, and the cooking, though more than once I fancied that cheerful Mr. Latimer was more distrait than usual, and several times I noticed that he cast anxious glances at Tom's thoughtful countenance.

"By-the-way,' he said, after the waiter had placed the dessert and finally withdrawn, "neither of you has inquired my business here."

He looked at Tom, and Tom, rousing himself, looked at him.

"Well, sir," said that young gentleman, "people don't come to Newport on business, at least not generally, so it didn't strike me to inquire."

"Well, my boy," said the elder gentleman, laughing, "I'll give you the information gratuitously; I have come down for a day to see the lady I'm about to marry. Miss Seldon—you have probably met her."

Tom and I stared at his father in unmitigated surprise, and Tom ejaculated:

"I say, father, you're not in earnest, you know?"

"Of course I am," replied Mr. Latimer, rising and laughing, "and I'm off now to pay my respects. Come over in the course of the evening, both of you;" and while Tom stared blankly after him, he went away.

Tom looked at me, and I looked at him. Tom thrust his hands through his yellow curls, and then into his trowsers-pockets; he then whistled. *I* whistled.

"Such a man as that to marry a brown front and a set of false teeth," ejaculated Tom. "Jove! sir, I'm struck dumb!" in proof of which he became slightly profane.

I do not approve of strong language; I do of hock; so, to immolate two birds with the same stone, I cried:

"In any case, let us drink her health;" after which cheerful resignation came to Tom, and he was good enough to say:

"Well, after all, it will be pleasanter for Bertha and myself than if the governor had had better taste. I wonder what enchantments the old Circe threw around him?"

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, as later in the evening we ascended to the drawing-room of the bride-elect and her lovely niece, "I'll get Bertha out for a stroll this lovely moonlight night, and as sure as fate I'll propose. It's just the evening for that kind of thing, especially with those tender, blue-eyed things. I say! hadn't we better knock, lest we might interrupt the love-making?"

But I had opened the door, and there was nothing for it but to advance.

The room was but dimly lighted, yet sufficiently so to show Miss Seldon, the aunt, seated in a distant armchair, spectacles on nose, the paper she had been perusing fallen on her lap, while a gentle sound, like the snore of a fay, proclaimed that she was wrapped in slumber, as was also the poodle lying at her feet.

Close to the piano stood Mr. Latimer, bending tenderly over a little sylph in white tulle, whose bright hair floated over his black coatsleeve, and whose white fingers were shyly twisting one of the buttons of said coat—Bertha, in fact.

They started as the door opened, and Bertha would have sprung away, but his encircling arm detained her.

"Here, Tom!" he called out, "come and pay your respects to your future stepmother. She's but a little body, but no doubt she'll make you a good one!"

"Good-evening, Tom," said Bertha, smiling, half shyly. "Why didn't you tell me before that you were going to be my stepson? You are so nice and kind, I love you already, and I'm sure we'll get on *so* well together!"

Nice and kind! Oh, Tom! my poor friend!

The last time I heard of Tom, he was safely landed by the skillful and indefatigable Godine, and they were spending the honeymoon in Paris.

Mrs. Latimer, his stepmother, is a most charming little person, and they certainly do give the most *récherché* dinners in town.

## THE JACQUIER TREE.

The tropics are far-famed for the richness and peculiarity of their vegetation, and no part of them more than the Island of Mauritius. Our engraving, representing the *jacquier* tree, carries out this assertion, for a more extraordinary tree can scarcely be found.

The *jacquier* is one of the varieties of the bread-fruit trees of the Southern seas. It bears a portion of its fruit on its trunk, which is most peculiar. And what fruit? A species of gourds, oblong, with green, rough skins, and weighing from twenty to sixty pounds. But it is not alone on the trunk that the *jacquier* produces fruit, which also grows on its highest branches, so that in windy weather the shelter offered by the *jacquier* is not always secure. The seeds of this fruit are highly prized by the creoles. They have a flavor resembling the chestnut, and their kernel is very healthful and nutritious.

## JINNY McFLINN.

HEIRS ATTENTION!—The relatives of Bridget McFlinn, late of Castlerea, County Roscommon, Ireland, will hear of something to their advantage by calling at the office of the subscribers, CHAUNCEY & WETHERELL, solicitors, No. 57 Moore Street, New York.

"Read that, Marcia," said Mr. Chauncey, throwing the *Times* across the table to his sister, who sat nibbling at her dry toast with a very languid air.

"Chauncey and Wetherell," echoed she, casting her eyes over the advertisement. "What is it all about?"

"Only that a fortune of more than a million dollars is awaiting the lucky fellow who can prove himself next of kin to Miss Bridget McFlinn, and I suppose you would petition me to bring him home and introduce him as soon as possible."

Miss Chauncey smiled in serene contempt.

"A million, indeed! Not for fifty millions," said she.

"Would not be introduced to Mr. McFlinn for fifty million dollars!" repeated her brother, smiling maliciously.

"Oh, introduced, you meant?" said Miss Marcia, in some confusion.

"Why, what else could I have meant?"

"Oh, well, never mind, I don't care what you meant. Don't talk about business to me," said the young lady, pettishly, and then Chauncey, smiling more than ever, rose to leave the room.

"I must go down-town to be ready for the coming man," said he, with his hand upon the latch.

"Good-morning, then. And, Ned, you might ask Mr. Wetherell home to dinner if you like.

"Very well. Good-morning to you."

Arrived at his office, the young solicitor found his partner awaiting him, and the two exchanged opinions upon the weather, last night's assembly, some new cigars, and finally upon business.

"I hope the McFlinn heir will turn up to-day," said Edward Chauncey, taking another morning paper, and turning to his advertisement.

"You have McFlinn on the brain," laughed the other young man. "Well, I am going into court, so if he applies this morning, you will have him quite to yourself."

"All right. Oh, hold on a minute, Wetherell. We want you to come up to dinner this afternoon. Sharp six, you know."

"Thank you. Did Miss Chauncey——?" hesitated Mr. Wetherell, fidgeting with his glove, and declining to meet his partner's laughing glance.

"Oh, yes. Marcia told me to ask you. It's all right," replied the latter.

"Thank you, then. I shall be most happy," and Mr. Wetherell, hastily leaving the room, almost ran over a little figure standing outside the door.

"Beg pardon," muttered he, trying to pass; but the young woman, for such she appeared to be, laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Shure an' it's mesilf should beg your honor's pard'n fur bein' in the road; but would you be so condescendin' as to tell me is this the place I'd been wantin' to find?"

"This is the office of Chauncey & Wetherell, solicitors. Do you want anything of them?" asked the young man, a little impatiently.

"Faix an' it's thimsilves as is wantin' me, and sayin' so in the newshpapers all round the town, an' Pat Doyle tould it me out av the *Herald* this blissid morn."

"Oh, yes. You are the McFlinn heir, I suppose," said the lawyer, hurriedly. "What is your name?"

"Jinny McFlinn, your honor."

"That's it. Come into the office, Jinny, and tell my partner all about it. He will be very glad to see you. Mr. Chauncey, this is Miss Jinny McFlinn, come to answer your advertisement. I will leave you to explain it, and investigate her claims to the property."

So saying, Mr. Wetherell once more left the office and went to court, thinking on the road of the invitation to dinner given him by his partner, and coming from his partner's sister.

Left alone with his new client, Mr. Chauncey handed her a chair near the fire, and looked at her with more open curiosity than he would have indulged under some circumstances.

Miss Jinny McFlinn appeared to be about twenty years of age, and was arrayed in a coarse and ragged woolen dress, with clumsy shoes, no gloves, a small plaid shawl, drawn tight about her shoulders and tied in a knot behind, and a woolen hood.

But within the hood appeared the prettiest face imaginable, with a complexion of infantile clearness and delicacy, large, luminous, gray eyes, shaded by ink-black lashes and brows, a straight little nose, and a bright mouth, set in dimples, and covering a set of small, white, and perfect teeth.

Over the white forehead strayed a few little curls of a sunny brown, somewhat careless and tangled, to be sure, but harmonizing admirably with the piquant face they shaded.

Enduring the young lawyer's scrutiny with the greatest apparent unconcern, this forlorn little figure sat, her coarse shoes extended toward the fire, her red fingers tucked under her arms, and her bright eyes wandering curiously about the office.

Mr. Chauncey lighted a cigar, and seated himself opposite her.

"I suppose, Miss McFlinn, that you are prepared to prove your relationship to the Bridget McFlinn whose property is awaiting an heir?" said he, a little pompously.

"An' shure it's my own aunt she was, the brother of my father, barrin' she was a woman, an' it's nobody's brother she'd be at all, at all."

Bridget McFlinn was your father's sister, then?" said Chauncey, smiling in spite of himself.

"She was that, your honor."

"Have you the proofs with you?"

"An' what is thim ag'in?"

"Why, certificates of your father's birth and marriage, and your own birth."

"An' where'd be the good uv certifyin' that myself was born whin ye can see for yerself that I'm to the fore; an' as for me fayther, it's not borrn he is, but dead an' gone to glory, the saints receive him!"

And Jinny McFlinn, hastily untying the little plaid shawl, elaborately wiped her eyes on one of its ragged corners.

"But, my good girl, how am I to know that you are the person you pretend to be, if you have no proof to offer of your statement?"

"Pretend, is it?" exclaimed the good girl, dropping her shawl, putting her arms akimbo, and turning up her chin sideways in her opponent's face, while she angrily repeated:

"Pretend! Faix, thin, an' I belave there's no law agin pretindin'. Mabbe it's yerself ud pretind to be a gintleman if you was among thim as did'nt know no betther."

"Come, come, Jinny, that's not the way to talk. A pretty girl like you should never scold," said the young lawyer, knocking the ashes from his cigar into the fire, and smiling into the glowing face of his angry client.

"An' was it to binifit me wid yer good advice, or to tell me I was a purtty girl, when shure it's from yer betthers I've heerd that same, before ivir I heerd of you, that you put it in the papers I was to come an' see you the day?" inquired the little termagant, glancing toward the door, and tightening the knot of her shawl.

"Neither. Sit down again and be a reasonable child while I ask you some questions," replied Chauncey, seating himself at his desk and preparing to take notes.

"Trate me raysonable, an' its raysonable enough you'll find me, but whin you talk about pretindin', an' me knowin' all the time that av I hadn' been borrn sorra a bit av me'd be here this morn's morn——" grumbled Jinny, finishing the sentence with a sudden laugh, clear, fresh, and sweet as a bird's song.

Chauncey looked up in surprise.

"What is it now?" asked he.

"The divil a bit av anythin', only I war luckin' to see how scared you war, an' I was wonderin' if yer owld woman never give yer a piece av her mind till you should git broke in loike."

"My old woman! What, my wife?"

"That same, shure."

"I have no wife."

"Niver a wife! Shure an' yer'll have a sweetheart?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Arrah, thin, an' its a burrnin' shame fer a foine b'y like yerself to git the mitten when yer wint a-coortin'"

Chauncey laughed outright.

"Oh, no, Jinny," said he, "you won't catch me tripping in such an easy snare as that. It's hard work to cross-examine a lawyer."

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"Thrue for ye. Saarchin' fer the truth in a lawyer's worrds is all the same as saarchin' for butther in the cow's horns. But where is thim quistions you was manin' to ax me?"

"To be sure."

And Mr. Chauncey drew himself up a little, dipped his pen anew, and proceeded to put his new client through a rigid catechism as to her birth, parentage, and antecedents.

From it Jinny McFlinn issued hot, irate, but triumphant, having been able to satisfy her interlocutor upon every point, and to refer to such documents as were required, and not in her possession.

At the end of an hour Mr. Chauncey arose and offered his hand in leave-taking, saying:

"Good-morning, Miss McFlinn. Please to call here day after to-morrow morning, and I think I shall be able to inform you that your title is proven, and your aunt's property your own."

"Good-mornin', yer honor. Whin you didn't fale so shure I wor meself, plain Jinny was enough. Now it's Miss McFlinn, an' whin I've the money in me fisht it'll be yer ladyship. Och, wurra, wurra! Whin gintlefolks meets thin compliments passes."

At dinner Mr. Chauncey remarked:

"Marcia, you ought to have seen the McFlinn heiress. She called to-day."

"An heiress? I thought it was to be an heir," said Miss Marcia, with laughing emphasis, as she recalled by a glance the jest of the morning.

"Oh, yes; and you asked me to bring him home and introduce him to you."

"Now, Ned, you are really too bad," and handsome Marcia, blushing brightly, glanced at Mr. Wetherell, who laughed, and looked delighted.

"Ned will have his jest, whoever he hits," said he.

"The present question is to decide which of us is to marry Jinny McFlinn," said Ned, cracking a walnut with a meditative air.

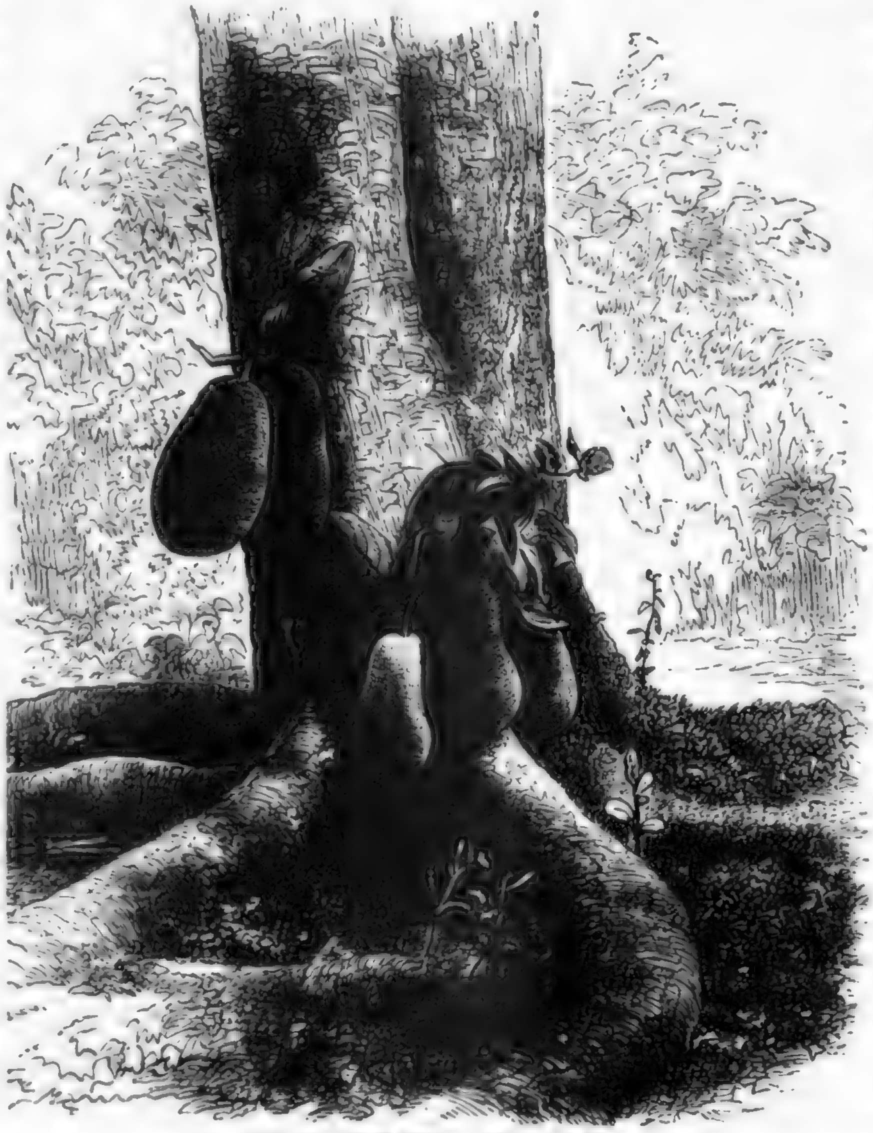
"What! you or I?" asked Wetherell, aghast.

"Certainly. Marcia is counted out of that little game. Is it you or I?"

"You forget that I have not seen the lady," said Wetherell.

"Oh, well, you know how a million of money looks without an introduction," replied his partner.

"Stop, Ned; you sha'n't talk so about this poor girl," interposed Marcia. "I wish I could see her. She must be very droll."



THE JACQUIER TREE.— SEE PAGE 26.

"She is the very prettiest woman I ever saw, or would be, if her face was washed and her hair combed a little—not much—but I think it was even snarlier than the fashion."

"I must see her. Can't you bring her up here, Ned?"

"Why don't you go and call upon her? I shall see that she goes to a respectable house to board."

"I call upon her? Nonsense!" replied Marcia, superbly. "Bring her up here the next time you catch her, and let me have a glimpse before she becomes corrupted by civilization."

"Very well," laughed Chauncey; but Mr. Wetherell looked a little grave, while a question as to the amiability, or even good taste, of his secretly adored Marcia passed through his mind.

But the subject was dropped, and in two minutes forgotten.

Three days later Mr. Chauncey sent a note from the office to his sister, worded thus:

"I have invited the wild Irish girl and Wetherell to dinner to-day. Six, as usual."

Imagine, if you please, Miss Chauncey's dismay!

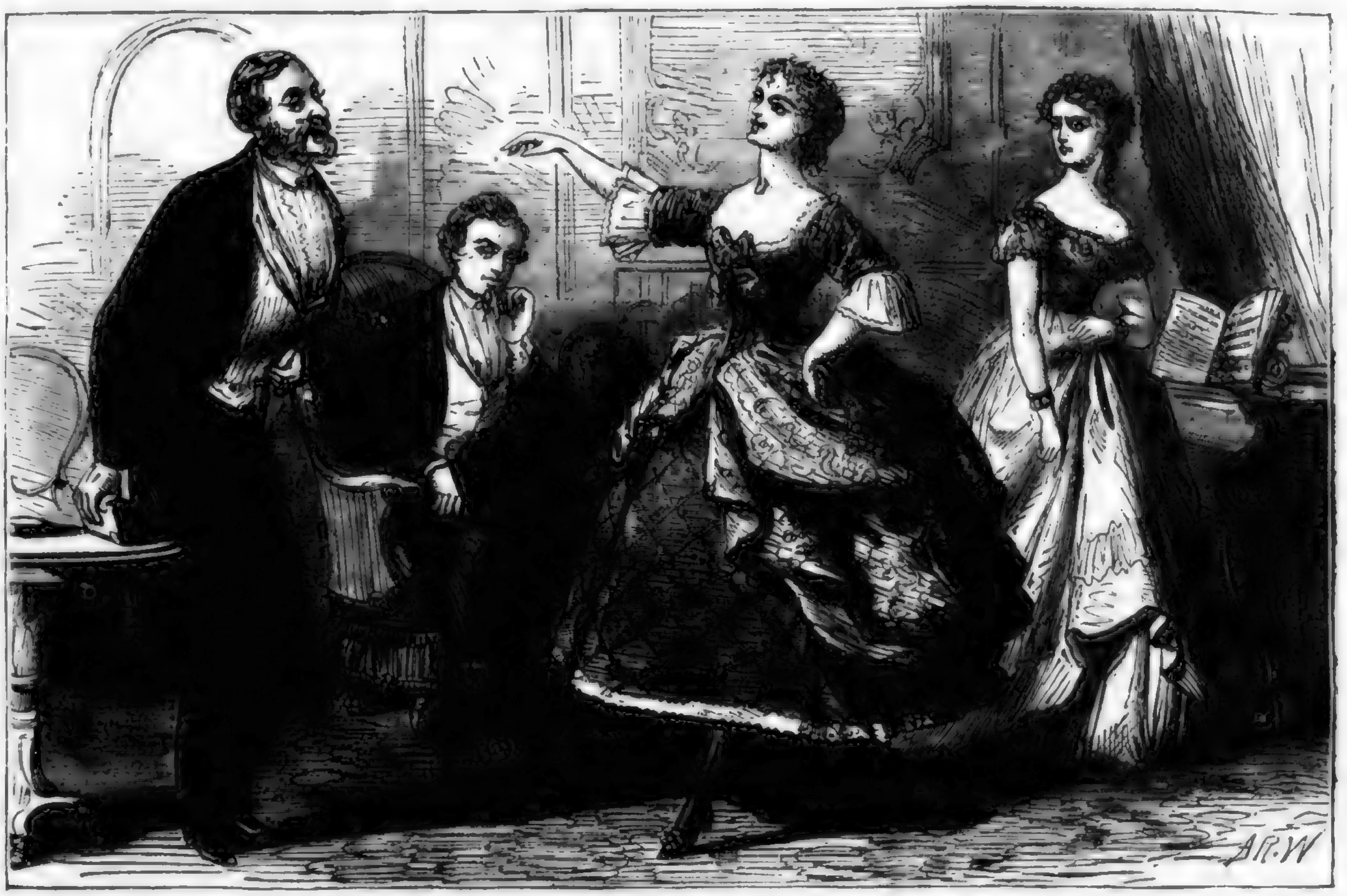
A quarter to six, and a latchkey turned in the lock. Enter Mr. Chauncey, his partner and Miss Jinny McFlinn, whom the master of the house desired should be shown to a dressing-room.

"An' sure an' it's dressed I am intirely a'ready!" exclaimed the guest, in a high, shrill voice, resounding through the house, and reaching even Miss Chauncey's ears. She stared, frowned, rose, and stood facing the door of the drawing-room. It was presently opened by Mr. Chauncey, hospitably exclaiming:

"Walk in, Miss McFlinn. My sister will be charmed. Marcia, this is Miss McFlinn—my sister, Miss McFlinn."

Miss Chauncey mechanically held out her hand and muttered some courteous phrase, while her quick eyes glanced over the person and costume of her guest in uncontrollable dismay.

Miss McFlinn had done honor to the occasion so far as the shortness of the notice would allow. Her dress was a large-flowered chintz, looped up over a thick petticoat of scarlet cloth. Beneath this appeared stockings of green silk, embroidered with white clocks, and finished by black satin slippers with high heels and red rosettes. The dress, cut low, left exposed a pair of white and dimpled shoulders, with arms to match, partially concealed by a little, old-fashioned shawl of embroidered muslin. To finish this toilet, Miss



JINNY M'FLINN.—"THE M'FLINN, IN A RICH, CLEAR VOICE, STRUCK UP 'ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING,' TIMING HERSELF WITH FOOT AND HAND."—SEE PAGE 26.

Jinny had crammed as much of her beautiful brown hair into a net as it could be induced to hold, and the rest escaped in little tendrilly curls upon her neck and forehead. In her ears she wore a pair of large paste earrings, and upon her fingers some corresponding jewels. To finish all, she carried a handkerchief decorated with wide cotton lace, and a paper fan.

"Very happy to meet you," murmured Miss Chauncey, helplessly.

"To mate me, is it! Wasn't you luckin' fer me to come? Shure it was yer brudder axed me."

"Oh, certainly, yes, very happy; won't you take a seat by the fire? It is very cold out, is it not?" stammered Marcia, less at her ease than if she had been receiving Queen Victoria.

"Arrah, thin, it's not so bad. It's in the aarly mornin', whin you come down in your bare feet, an' go pokin' in thim owld ashes and cindhers to kindle the fire, thin is whin you fale the cowld. Mebbe you niver did that same?"

"No, I am afraid I am not so energetic," said Miss Chauncey, regretfully.

"Inirgitic! An' what's that same? Be jabers, but it's a power of foine words I've got to larn, now I'm a rich lady. Say, thin, mavourneen, would it be plazin' to yersilf to tache me a bit now and again of what I'd ought to know. Sorra an iliganter lady thin yersilf I'd care to see, be the other whom she may."

"You do yourself injustice, Miss McFlinn. You need no instruction, from me at least," said Marcia, smoothly; and as she turned to welcome her other guest, she allowed a gleam of satirical meaning to glance across her smile.

Mr. Wetherell did not like it. His ideas of hospitality were Arabian, of truth, Spartan, and to his mind Marcia had failed in both duties.

He seated himself beside Miss McFlinn, and talked to her as he would to any lady, except that he talked of nothing she was not likely to be familiar with, and was rewarded by sundry gems of drollery and naïveté, at which he laughed frankly, in company with Jinny herself.

Dinner was announced, and Mr. Chauncey offered his arm to the guest, while Wetherell approached Marcia, who looked rather icy.

"An' do they go to ate their dinner this fashion always? Every gurrl has a b'y av her own. An' sayin' there's more Jacks thin Gills, or the conthrary—what thin?"

"Why, the fortunate gentlemen secure the ladies, and the rest go alone," explained Chauncey.

"Scramble fer thim, jis like monkeys fer a handful of nuts, or mebbe the ch'ice goes by favor, same as kissin' does," commented Jinny, stopping as she entered the dining-room to exclaim:

"Be the powers, thin, I'm guessin' it's yersilves have come in fer a fortin' instid of me. Who iver saw sich a heap uv silver an' chany an' purty glass. Say, miss, do yer ate this way ivery day?"

"It is not every day we have such a treat as to-day," replied Marcia, with a gesture that might have been of courtesy, but was really of sarcasm.

"Sich a trate! Oh, yer manin' we've got a faste instid of a dinner. Shure an' you needn't have tuck all that throuble fer me, an' all dhrissed up in yer silk gownd and bracelits. Mebbe you kape a gurrl in the kitchen though. Some folks does."

"Please take this chair. Mr. Wetherell will sit here," cried Marcia, hastily, and the *partie carrée* seated themselves without further remark.

But as the dinner proceeded, Miss Jinny's absurd mistakes, ceaseless comments upon everything she saw, and ignorance of the usages of polite tables, entirely overcame the forbearance of her hostess, and the gravity of her host. Mr. Wetherell alone continued grave, polite, and attentive, while Marcia frowned without disguise, and Chauncey excused his incessant laughter by pretenses so varied and so absurd, that Miss McFlinn finally turned upon him with the remark:

"Bedad, thin, an' what's the use av thryin' to make up raysons for yer bein' merry? Don't we all know that whin the wine is in, the wit is out, an' we're all frinds here. Laugh away, my lad, an' niver be ashamed of a dhrop too much. Bud it's a moighty wake head ye have av yer own, to be coom over wid jist the glass or two I've seen yer take. Here's the other jantleman as cool as December, and he's tuck full twice what you have. Maybe, though, he's more used to it."

So saying, Jinny returned with a good-natured smile to her filberts, which she chose to crack between her sound little teeth, like a squirrel. Mr. Chauncey laughed no more, but tried instead to induce a general conversation, in which he actually took pains to shine, and to prove by remarks, at once sagacious and witty, that he was by no means in the condition assigned him by plain-spoken Jinny.

He was rewarded at length by that young lady, who, looking him steadily in the face, remarked:

"An' shure you're gittin' on, my b'y. It's pritty fur along they be when their eyes shines an' their cheeks burns the loike av that. It's a hape safer to be silly, same as you was a while ago. Spake to him, miss, an' tell him to give over thryin' to put a comather on me, for I've seen a b'y at a wake before to-day."

And Miss Jinny, helping herself to a large apple, began eating it *au naturel*, assisting the process by drinking the perfumed water from the finger-bowl, just placed before her.

Miss Chauncey, with a glance of undisguised horror, rose from the table. Jinny didn't stir.

"Shall we leave the gentlemen to their wine, Miss McFlinn?" asked the hostess, loftily.

"Not this one. He's got enough. Come on, my lad. It was mesilf laned upon your arrm coomin' down-stairs, an' now it's you shall lane upon me goin' up, for it's I'm the betther man of the two sence then."

And Jinny, actually insisting upon Mr. Chauncey's accepting her arm, conducted him to the drawing-room, followed by Marcia, muttering remarks concerning her guest to Mr. Wetherell, who received them in utter silence.

"Do you know how to play on the pianner?" inquired Jinny, as Marcia swept by the piano, at which stood her guest, spelling out the titles of the sheet-music scattered upon it.

"Yes, a little," replied Miss Chauncey, curtly.

"Let's hear you, then," rejoined the guest, moving the stool into position.

Marcia seated herself, and without reply, struck a few cords, and sang an Italian *aria* in a somewhat thin, but highly cultivated voice. Then rising, she said, politely:

"We should be very happy to hear something from you, Miss McFlinn."

"Would you, thin! Well, here goes," and the McFlinn, in a rich, clear voice, sweet and strong as Southern wine, struck up "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," timing herself with foot and hand, and gesticulating freely.

"Bravo!" cried Chauncey, applauding as she finished. "Another of the same sort!"

"Thank you, Miss McFlinn. It quite stirs one's blood to hear the national melody so rendered. Won't you sing something more?" asked Wetherell.

"Mebbe it isn't safe. That one seems gettin' wild. What 'ould he be stampin' that way for?" inquired Jinny, looking apprehensively at Chauncey, who was still clapping and laughing.

"Do you know 'Cruiskeen Lawn'?" asked Wetherell, hastily.

"Shure an' I do. Wait till I sing it ye."

And again the clear sweet tones poured forth, this time unaccompanied by motion of hand or foot.

"For mercy's sake, take her away, Ned. I have borne as much as I possibly can," whispered Marcia in her brother's ear; and he laughingly replied:

"You're jealous, Marcia. You're afraid of Wetherell—you know you are."

"Nonsense!"

And Miss Chauncey, taking a book, seated herself at the other end of the room.

Mr. Wetherell presently joined her, but was so coldly received that he retired disconcerted.

Miss McFlinn received him in the rebound.

"An' what's the matther with miss, thin?" inquired she. "Shure an' yer not the b'y I tuck ye for, if ye can't coax a purty gurrl out av the sulks. It's bekase you axed me sing twict, an' her no more than wanst, that she's crass wid ye."

"Truth is not to be spoken at all times," muttered Edward Chauncey, while from the deep armchair came Marcia's clear, cold tones, saying, with cutting emphasis:

"Indeed, my dear Miss McFlinn, you are quite mistaken. No one can wonder at Mr. Wetherell for being charmed with a style of performance so very unusual in a drawing-room. I am nearly exhausted with delight."

"You're right, my lady," replied Jinny, coolly. "It wasn't in a dhrorin'-room I larned to sing. I got all outdoors to practish in, an' so coom by a way av lettin' it all out. Mebbe it's yersilf id be binifited by a coorse av the same thratement."

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I am afraid it is useless for me to attempt to resemble you," replied Miss Chauncey; and without further pretense of politeness, she devoted herself to her novel until nine o'clock, when Miss McFlinn, rising from the sofa where she had sat between the two gentlemen, entertaining both with the greatest ease, approached her, saying:

"I'm a-goin' back to the boordin'-house where I'm shtoppin'. Good-night t'ye; an' I'm hopin' you'll git up in a betther humor the morrow. Good-by!"

"Oh, are you going? Good-evening, Miss McFlinn."

And Marcia rose and stood stiff and stately, regardless of her guest's outstretched hand, until she had left the room. Then, coldly returning Mr. Wetherell's somewhat formal bow, she dropped again into her chair; and so soon as she was alone, gave way to the flood of nervous and mortified tears until then repressed.

Three months passed, and Mrs. Van Ruyter left cards upon the Chaunceys for a party, with a penciled line to Marcia:

"Be sure and come, my dear, for I have a sensation to present."

"Marcia went, and with her Edward and Mr. Wetherell. The sensation was presented under the style of ——

"Miss Flynn, Miss Chauncey."

A lovely little figure, dressed in blue silk and point d'Alençon, with pearls and turquoise upon her white neck and arms, and skillfully adorning, but not formalizing, the bewitching tendrils of her bright hair, turned at the word, looked archly up in Marcia's face, and laughed merrily, but softly.

"We have met before, Miss Chauncey," said she.

Marcia colored as she had not since fifteen.

"Miss McFlinn," stammered she.

"Shure an' no other," murmured the little beauty, roguishly. "If it wasn't for all these people, Miss Chauncey, I should go right down upon my knees; but fancy how they would stare! Do be a Christian and come to see me to-morrow. I'll do it then—trust me but I will."

Marcia balanced herself for quite a moment upon the knife-edge dividing indignation and amusement, and then gracefully stepped down upon the sunny side.

"I shall come to you with the greatest pleasure; but do not believe that I will forgive you such an audacious imposition," said she, laughing in spite of herself.

"And Mr. Chauncey and Mr. Wetherell? They must be present at the penance," said Miss Flynn, glancing about the crowded room.

The two gentlemen were just entering the door, and a little motion of Marcia's hand summoned them. They both glanced at her companion with an expectant smile.

"Miss Jinny McFlinn," said Marcia, a little sarcastically. It was her bit of revenge, and slight enough, we must allow.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Wetherell, calmly; but Edward Chauncey seemed more than surprised; one would have said he was overcome with some powerful emotion.

"Will you promenade a little, Miss McFlinn?" said he, offering his arm.

"They call me Flynn, without the Mc, and Jennie, instead of Jinny, and I thank you ever so much, Mr. Chauncey, but I am engaged for this dance, and every other through the evening, but your sister will tell you that I am hoping to see you all to-morrow. Never mind ceremony, Miss Marcia, but come to dinner. Do now, or I shall not go on my knees, nor shall I believe you really forgive me."

So the trio promised to go to dinner, and although for the rest of the evening Edward Chauncey and Mr. Wetherell devoted themselves to the attempt of speaking to Miss Flynn, neither succeeded by so much as a word.

Mrs. Van Ruyter was charmed at the result of her sensation.

As Marcia waited for her carriage, a servant handed her a card with an address, and the words, "Remember, it is dinner at six o'clock," penciled beneath.

At six o'clock Miss Chauncey's carriage stopped before an elegant house in *the* avenue, and that young lady, followed by her brother and his partner, entered the door obsequiously opened at their approach, all three in a condition of surprise and doubt to be imagined, perhaps, but not described.

A stylish maid brought Marcia to a pretty dressing-room and made her ready for the drawing-room, where she found the gentlemen waiting.

To them entered Jennie Flynn, bewitching in a French dinner-toilet, and just enough embarrassed to heighten the naive grace of her manner.

Fluttering up to Marcia, she took both hands, stood on tiptoe, and kissed her cheek, welcomed the gentlemen graciously, but not so warmly, and then dragged a big chair in front of a sofa.

"Now sit down and let us get it over," said she, laughing, blushing, and flashing fun from her gray eyes and dazzling teeth; and before her guests could comply with the request, she began:

"My father really was Cornelius McFlinn, as I told you at first, Mr. Chauncey, but he came here with his uncle when he was a boy, grew up, made money, and married a nice girl out of a good family. I was the only child, and as poor dear mamma died while I was a baby I was brought up at a boarding-school. My father died just after I was eighteen, and left me all his property and no guardian, so I boarded with a good old lady, whom we had always known, and did just as I liked, and I am afraid—well, never mind, I can't begin my confessions too far back. One morning I saw the advertisement, and I knew in a minute it meant me, for my father often talked of his sister Bridget, and Castlerea and County Roscommon, and the rest, and the idea came into my head that the advertisers, whoever they were, would be looking for a regular Irishman or woman to be heir to a Bridget McFlinn, and then I thought—oh, dear, wasn't it awful!"

And the lovely culprit buried her face in two of the prettiest little dimpled hands imaginable for a moment, then went on, penitently:

"I thought I could just play a little trick on the lawyers, and I borrowed nursey's gown and shawl, and bought a hood and some shoes, and I went. Oh, Mr. Chauncey, wasn't it horrid?"

"What a stupid fool I was!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, somewhat incoherently.

"And then," pursued Miss Jennie, "you asked me to dinner, and I saw that you expected to shock your sister, and I thought I would help you, and so I came, and—oh, dear—there now, Miss Marcia, I am going to do it. See!"

And the little thing actually dropped on both knees, and, hiding her face in Marcia's lap, whimpered like a naughty child.

"Oh, please forgive me, and I'll never do so any more."

And Marcia, a good girl under all her conventionality, put her arms about the child's neck and kissed her lovingly, whispering:

"You naughty darling, how could you do so?"

"And if you will, I won't make eyes at Mr. Wetherell, not a bit, I won't," whispered Jennie, in reply; so when Marcia quickly lifted her head she seemed to have caught the vivid blush from the bright cheek she just had pressed to her own.

Next came a luxurious little dinner, served in the highest style of quiet elegance, with Jennie's pleasant old chaperon at the head of the table, and then a gay evening, with "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" from the hostess; but it was not until he called all alone the next morning that Mr. Edward Chauncey got an opportunity to say the few words that had been so many hours burning upon his lips. They were:

"Miss Flynn, can you ever pardon me?"

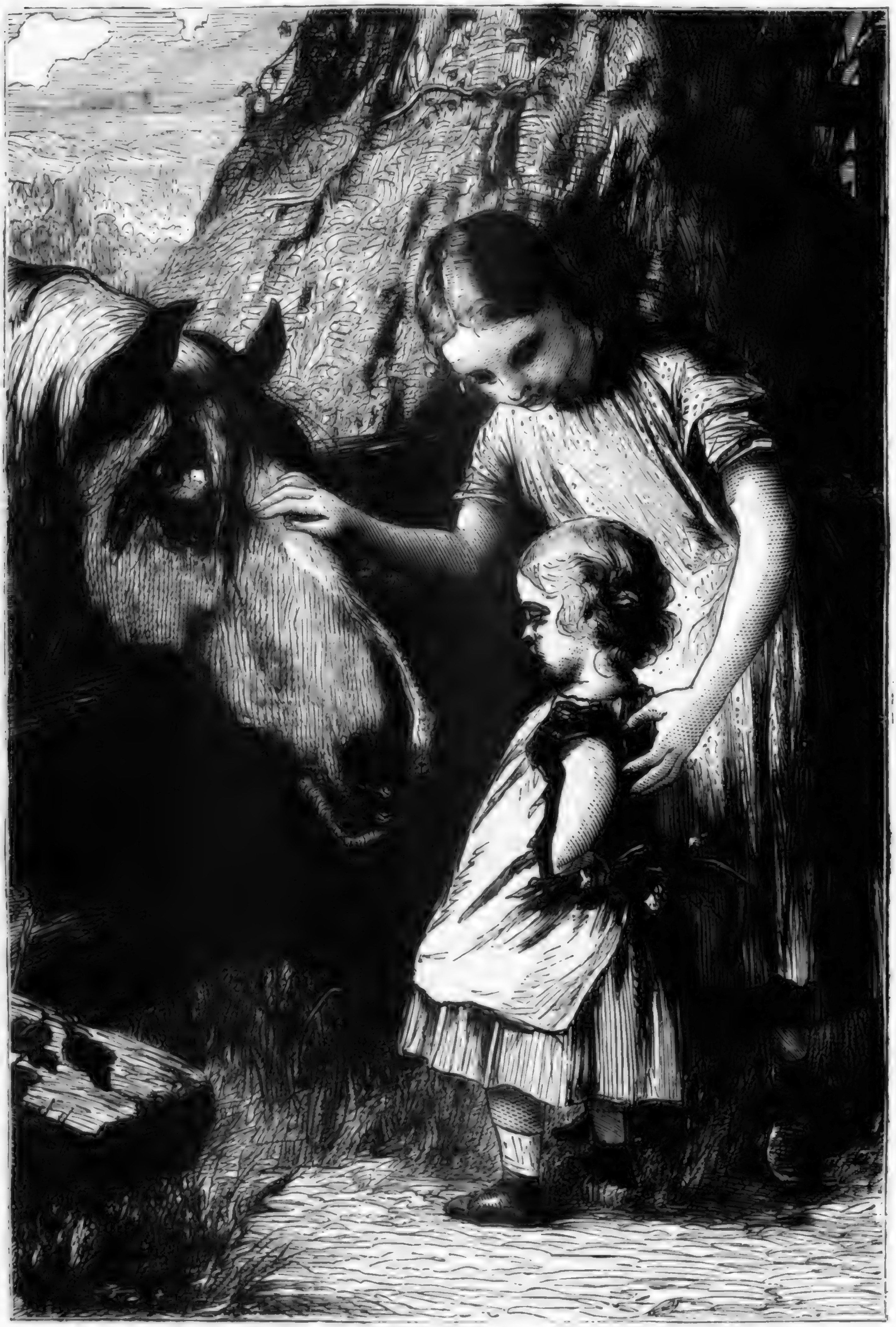
"Why not?" was the reply. "You said if I was only a lady, or even an American, you would marry me. I dropped a courtesy, and said: 'Thank you, sir, but it takes two to make a bargain;' so that was all settled. Where's the harm to either of us?"

## "WANT OF CONFIDENCE."

The artist idealizes a very pretty notion of the mixed curiosity and bashfulness of child-life in this little picture. A little boy has been induced by his elder sister to gather some wild flowers and choice herbs, to feed the old horse in the neighboring field; but when he comes to the act of presenting them his courage almost fails him—he wants confidence to place them in the gaping mouth of the harmless animal who stretches forward to receive them. The sister, by placing her hand on the faithful creature's head, would indicate that there is no ground for alarm, but the little urchin is still deterred by a "want of confidence." The grouping and execution of this little affair are very pleasing.

Exquisite Workmanship.—Modern goldsmiths do not compare favorably with the ancient Roman or Greek jewelers. There was one kind of chain in particular, wrought with such consummate skill, that modern jewelers have in vain attempted to make it. The links are so cunningly shaped and knit together, that when the chain is extended it resembles a plain bar of gold, and yet it is perfectly flexible in all directions. Chains of this sort, manufactured of gold and silver, have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, after being buried nearly two thousand years.

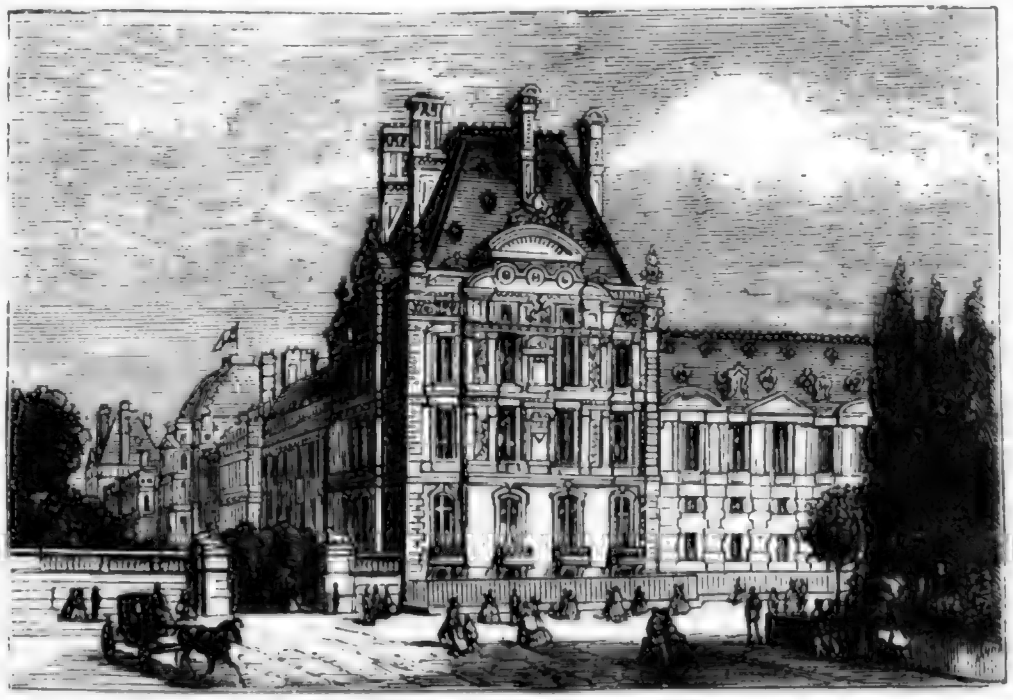
XUM



WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 31

# THE WEST END OF PARIS.

UNQUESTIONABLY, one of the finest decorations of any city in the world is formed by that assemblage of palaces, of open spaces, and of promenades, commencing at the Louvre and extending to the Park of St. Cloud, passing by the Champs Elysées, the triumphal arch de l'Etoile, the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Bois de Boulogne. This magnificently laid out district, the harmony of which has been disturbed, ever since 1871, by the destruction of the Palace of the Tuileries, will once more stand forth in its former splendor when seen by the visitors to the Exhibition of 1878. At this moment the French Senate has under consideration several plans for rebuilding the palace now in ruins. M. Emile de Girardin, in a recent sensational article, proposed the transformation of the grounds of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées into an English park, acting as a connecting link with the Bois de Boulogne in the same way as St. James's Park in London does to Hyde Park. M. de Girardin characterized as ugly that vast range of straight avenues, of highly decorated fountains, of terraces, and of statues. He, it would appear, has a fancy for the winding alleys, the artificial valleys, the simulated rockwork so popular at the present day. Many, however, will consider preferable the grand old style of Louis XIV., and will be of opinion that Paris has quite enough of English squares and parks already, without making any addition thereto.



THE TUILERIES.

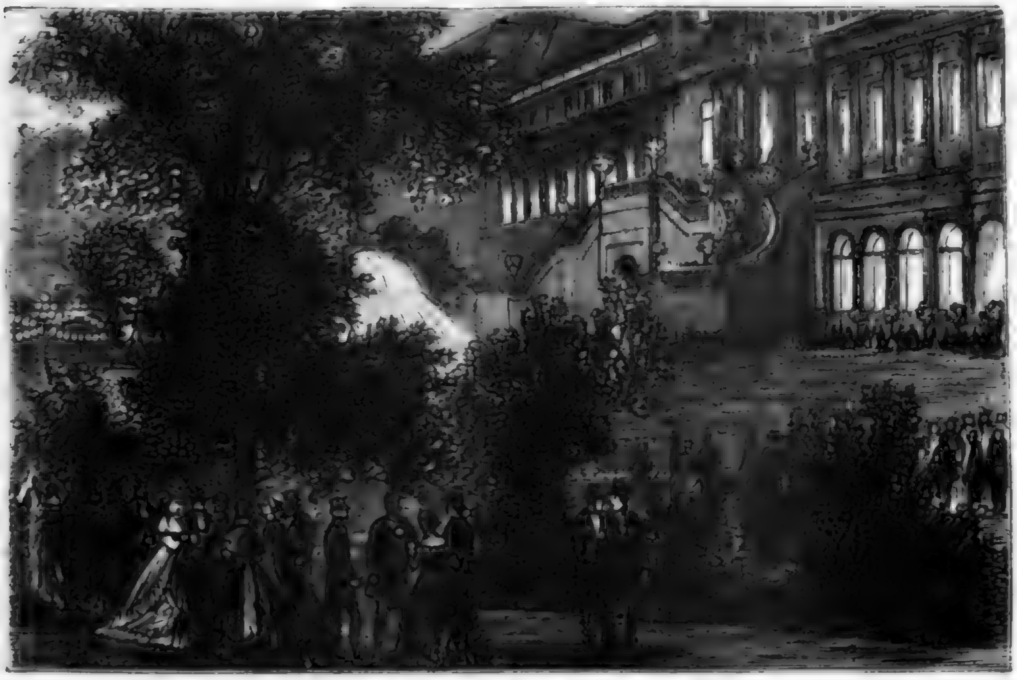
At the time of Louis XIII. the Tuileries grounds were separated from the palace by a street, which, after a lapse of two centuries and a half, has once more just been opened to the public. The spot was at that time a mere wood, visited by but few persons. The King set the woodmen at work to clear the place, simply sparing the finest trees. It then became a fashionable promenade, and under its shady elms might have been seen Marion Delorme, Ninon de l'Enclos, Cinq-Mars, the Marquis de Sévigné, and all those ladies and gentlemen who surrounded the Courts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. It was under Colbert's administration that Le Nôtre was commissioned to change the plan of the grounds. As he laid them out they have substantially remained since. Even the mythological and heroic statues are yet there to remind us of that essentially classic period. The finest among the statues are the two Huntresses and the Hunter, by Coustou; the Faun, the Hamadryad, and the two winged coursers bearing Fame and Mercury, by Coysevox; Lucretia, by Lepautre; Æneas carrying Anchises, Cybele, and a multitude of gods and goddesses, of kings and slaves. The great fountain is surrounded by a marble group of the Nile, the Tiber, the Loire and the Seine. To the left of the grounds, stretching along the Quay of the Seine, is the terrace called "On the Brink of the River" (*Terrasse du bord de l'eau*), which starts from the Pavillon de Flore. Carpeaux's bas-reliefs in this pavilion were saved by the Communists. At the entrance to the terrace—which, under Napoleon III., was set apart for the Prince Imperial to walk in—are the two lions taken at Sebastopol. To the right of the grounds, stretching along the Rue de Rivoli, is the Terrasse des Feuillants, which runs from the Marsan Pavillon, and which, during the Revolution, was the scene of so many bloody encounters.

The Place de la Concorde, originally named Louis Quinze, was opened to the public on the 20th of June, 1763, the equestrian statue of the monarch of that name, in the centre, being uncovered at the same time. Seven years later, on the 30th of May, 1770, commences the tragic history of this place. There had been a display of fireworks to celebrate the marriage of the future Louis XVI. with the Dauphine Marie Antoinette, when the crowd, being seized with a panic, twelve hundred persons were stifled and trampled to death. In 1792, the statue of Louis XV. was demolished, and on the 21st of January, 1793, was erected the scaffold of Louis XVI. Under its new name of Place de la Révolution, this spot was selected for the beheading of Marie Antoinette, Mme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, the Girondins, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, and many other victims of the Royalist or Jacobite party. In 1795, after the Reign of Terror, this spot took its present name of Place de la Concorde, a singular misnomer for the theatre of so much carnage and destruction. In 1835, was raised on this spot the obelisk of Luxor, one of the two needles of Cleopâtra, a present of the Viceroy Mehemet Ali. Theophile Gauthier, the poet, has depicted in charming verse the sorrows of the exiled obelisk,

> "Sunt lachrymæ rerum !"

On the two sides of the obelisk are two splendid fountains, which would appear, as Lamartine has said, placed there to wash away, if possible, for ever the blood of the victims of the Reign of Terror. All around this place are colossal statues of the principal cities of France, mutilated by the artillery in the second siege of Paris, but now restored. The statue of Strasbourg, which, it will be remembered, was adorned with flowers and garlands during the first siege, now remains in memory of the exiled city. Leaving the Garden of the Tuileries, you have, on reaching the Place, on your right two magnificent palaces, one of which belongs to the Minister of Marine. Beyond is the fine perspective

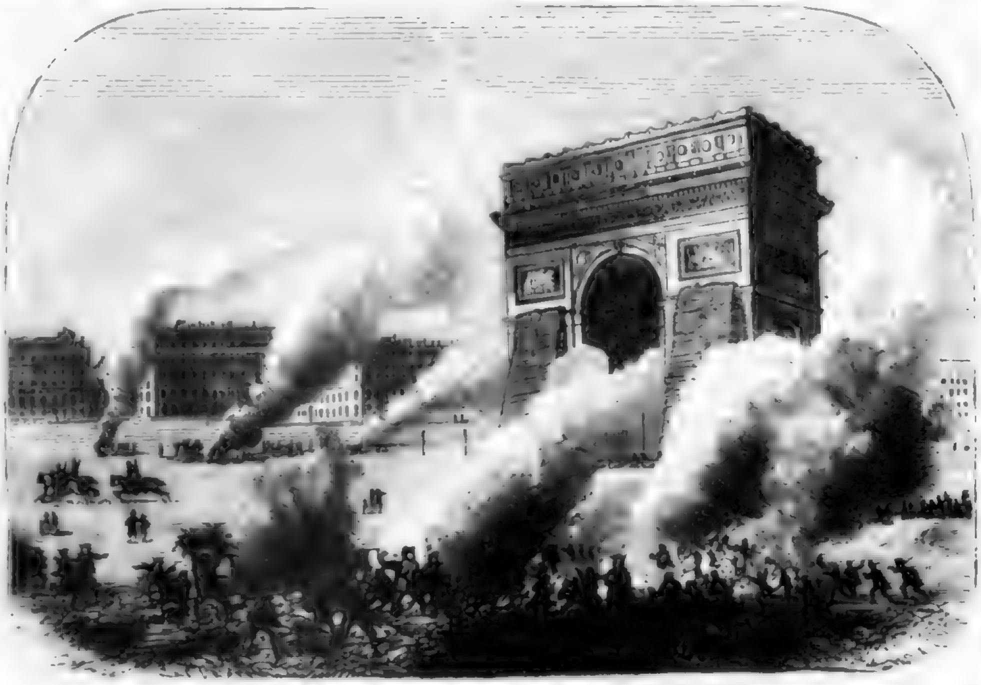
XUM



THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

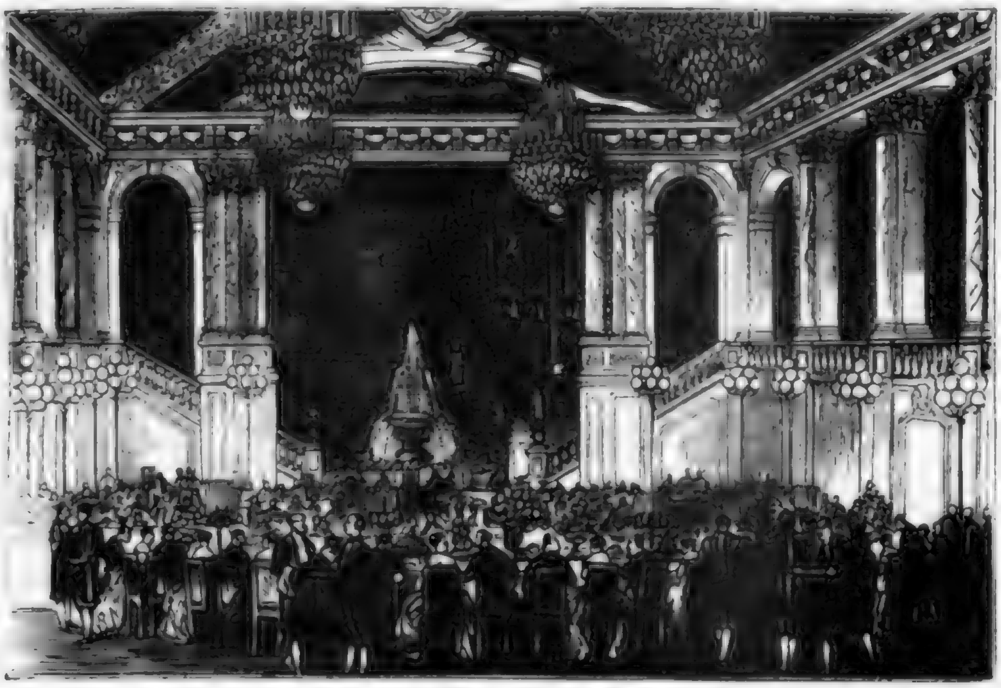
of the Rue Royale, with the Colonnade of the Madeleine in the distance. To the left is the Seine, bordered by the Bourbon Palace, the superb mansion wherein is installed the Agricultural Club, and other palatial edifices with their grounds. Opposite are the celebrated marble horses called *de Marly*, and the immense avenue of the Champs Elysées. In the distance, and towering above all other objects, is the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile.

The Champs Elysées was for a long time the only promenade of the Parisians. Now it is only the pedestrians' promenade. Those who ride on horseback or in carriages only pass through it in order to reach the Bois de Boulogne. It was Marie de Medicis who designed and had laid out the Cours la Reine, namely, that part of the Champs Elysées which extends along the bank of the Seine, and which is now the least frequented.



THE ARC DE L'ETOILE, AFTER GERMAN EVACUATION.

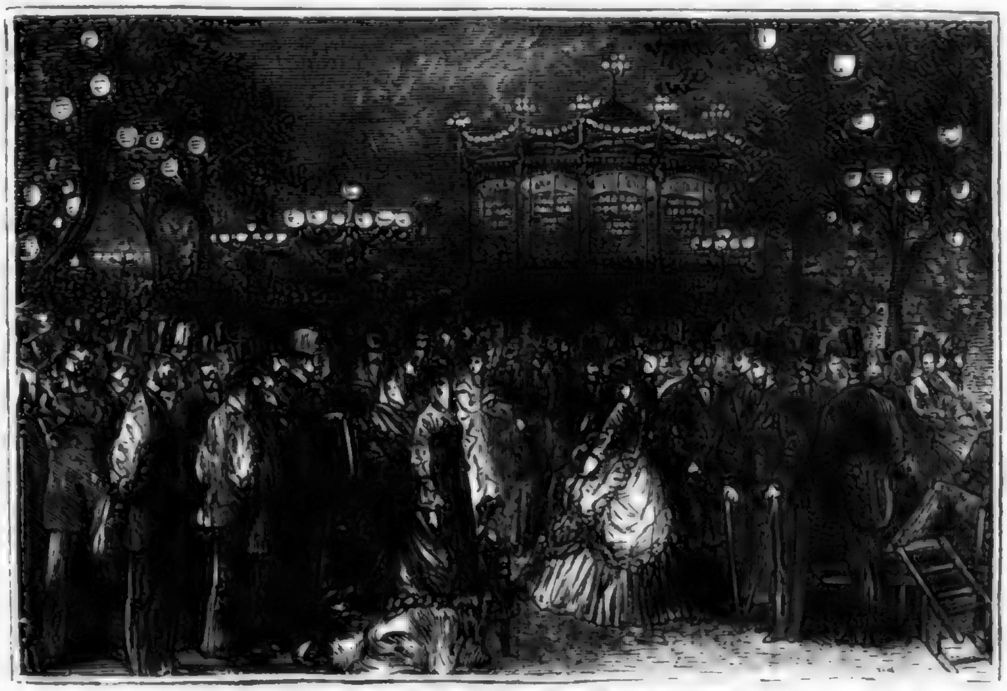
That which is at present the Avenue was then, as its name implies, simply fields, either cultivated or barren. In 1670, Louis XIV. had the present Champs Elysées laid out and planted by Le Nôtre. It at once became the fashionable promenade and the place for holding public *fêtes*. The Cours la Reine simply became an annex thereto. It was, however, only gradually, and by slow and successive changes, that were designed and planted those flower-beds, those grassy knolls, those spaces covered with rhododendrons and azaleas, which break the monotony of the severe lines of Le Nôtre, and reconcile English with French art. It was long before the magnificent mansions which now adorn the spot were erected. The neighborhood appeared too far off, but it is now one of the busiest and most lively of the capital.



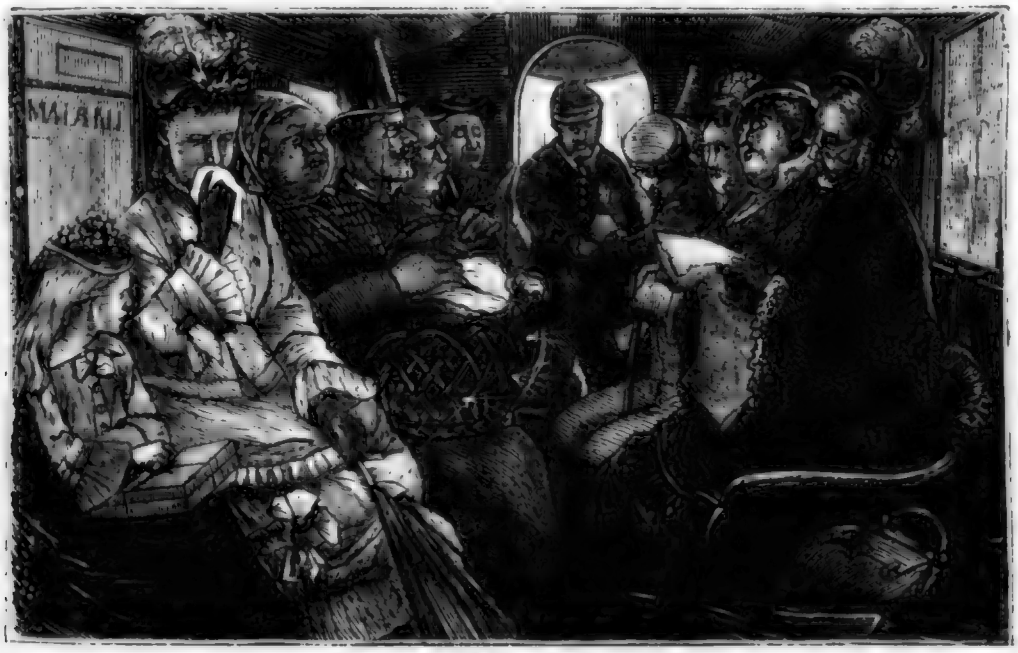
A STATE SUPPER AT THE TUILERIES.

The first part of the Champs Elysées, going from the Place de la Concorde to the Round Point, is lined right and left by a succession of *cafés-concerts* hidden behind the great trees. Their fantastic illumination, and the strains of melody proceeding therefrom, form one of the peculiar charms of Paris on a

Summer night. Here are to be found the theatre of the Folies Marigny, the Summer Circus, the Panorama, the Concert Musard (where it is fashionable to go on Fridays), the celebrated restaurants Laurent and Ledoyen, one on the right and the other on the left, and finally the Palace of Industry, which is simply the Main Building of the Universal Exposition of 1855, and which is now used for the cattle-show in March, for the horse-show in April, as a picture and sculpture gallery in May, and for exhibitions of industrial or other art for the remainder of the year. The Palace of Industry is almost always occupied with one attraction or another. The entrance fee for most of the exhibitions is only twenty cents, and on Sundays it is always free.

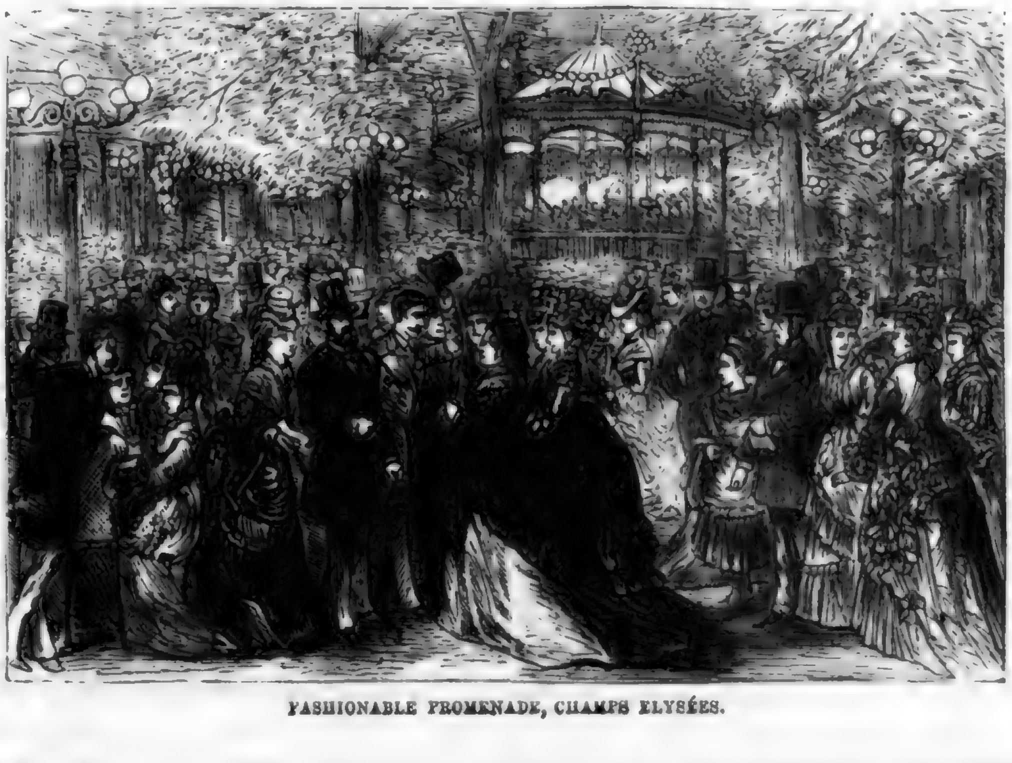


A FRIDAY CONCERT AT THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

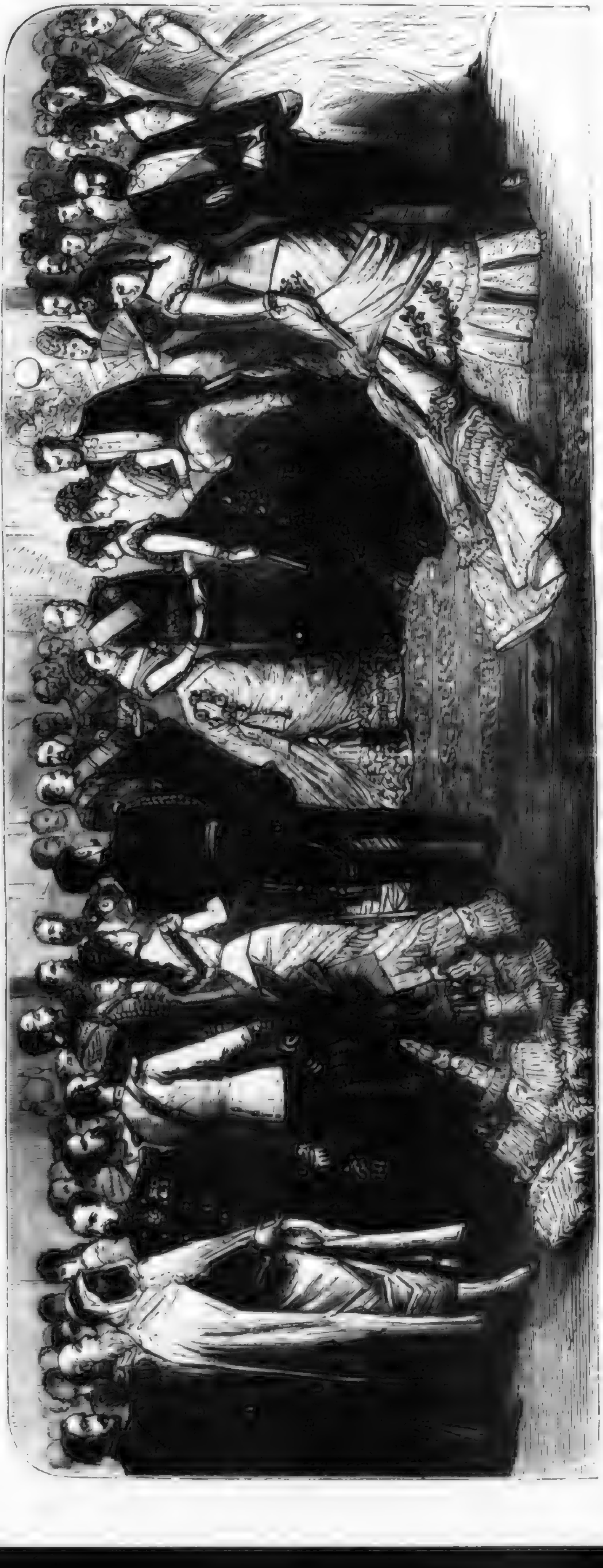


INTERIOR OF A PARISIAN OMNIBUS.

After passing the Round Point the avenue becomes narrower, and you walk between two lofty rows of mansions; but even here the Champs is three times as wide as Broadway. To the right and to the left you pass the magnificent diagonal avenues, the Avenue Matignon, the Avenue Montaigne, where are situated Mabille and the Pompeian Palace, built by Prince Napoleon on the model of an elegant one found in the ruins of the fated city. A stone's throw from here you have the best restaurant on the Champs Elysées, the "Little Red Mill" (Petit Moulin Rouge), famed for its fresco dinners. Then you have a succession of riding-schools, of harness-makers', of carriage-builders', and of horse-sellers' establishments, the owners of which are not unfrequently millionaires. You feel instinctively that you are in that section of Paris chiefly devoted to the study of horse-flesh. In the morning you are sure to meet a succession of grooms walking their horses, followed by the stable-dogs, coachmen trying their new harness and carriages, speculators training their young horses in skeleton carriages, cavaliers and amazons on their way to the *Bois* for their matutinal trot. Octave Feuillet has, in "Monsieur de Camors," given a charming description of this



FASHIONABLE PROMENADE, CHAMPS ELYSÉES.



A STATE BALL AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

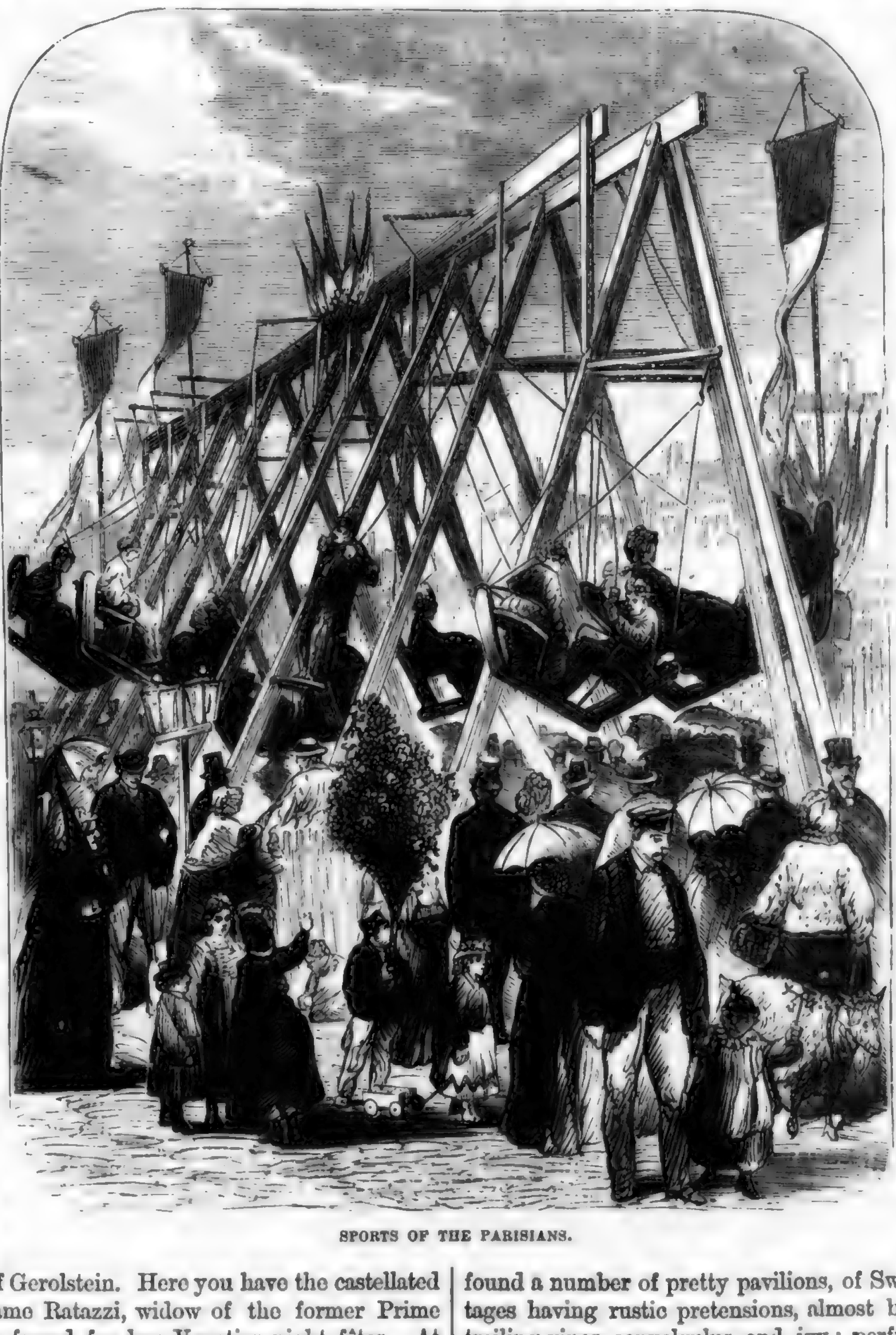
morning hour, in which old Paris seems rejuvenated and painted afresh. Toward midday, the great avenue is deserted. About two o'clock in Winter, and four o'clock in Summer, it is again animated by the long files of carriages filled with fashionables of both sexes. These have their focus at the Place de la Concorde, where converge those routes, one of which conveys the merchant prince from his home in the Chaussée d'Antin, the other the representatives of the aristocracy from their homes in the Faubourg St. Germain. Under the shadow of the trees, seated in armchairs, or on the public benches, are a crowd of persons admiring, contemplating, studying, and criticizing the turnouts *à la Daumont*, the tandems, the four-in-hands, and the other varieties of equipages. The sprinkling arrangements are so good that there is no dust, even on Sunday, in Summer, when the races attract thither thousands of carriages and spectators. From the base of the Arc de Triomphe, adorned by the fine bas-reliefs of Rude, start twelve avenues, all lined by splendid mansions. Here is also the modest dwelling-house of Mr. Washburne, the American Minister. The American colony has a great predilection for this part of Paris. Many Americans have constructed or bought veritable palaces on the chief avenues, or those environing them. There, at every step, you come across American signs—butcher shops, bakeries, American confectioners, where the excellent maize and wheaten flour from the Western States may be found unadulterated, and where buckwheat cakes and pies are at hand to transport the transatlantic visitor back to his "home, sweet home!" Close by the Champs Elysées, in the Rue de Berry, is the American Church. This section of Paris seems made for young America. It can there freely indulge its passion for horses, and in the neighboring Park Monceaux can play at croquet to its heart's content. The Russian colony is also partial to the Arc de Triomphe, and lives there, as everywhere else, on the most excellent terms with the Americans. Behind the trees of the Park Monceaux, the visitor espies the gilded byzantine dome of the Greek Church. The Russian horses run side by side, neck and neck, in the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de l'Impératrice, with the American trotters, and the superiority of the one over the other is the only contested point between the representatives of the two nations.

After passing the Arc de Triomphe, the continuation in straight line of the Champs Elysées is called the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and extends as far as Courbevoie. Carriages, however, rarely take this route. They usually turn to the left, and take the celebrated Avenue de l'Impératrice, now called the Avenue de la Bois de Boulogne, which runs in straight line to one of the entrances of the Central Park of Paris.

The Avenue de l'Impératrice has three

alleys—that on the left for pedestrians, that in the centre for carriages, that on the right for horse-riders. Like all alleys reserved for equestrians in Paris, this alley is carefully strewn with a mixture of wood chips and sand, which yields under the horses' feet, and which is apt to become disagreeably softened after heavy rains.

While giving all due praise to the Parisian authorities for their solicitude on behalf of equestrians, it must be acknowledged that Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, is far better adapted for this especial purpose than is the Avenue de l'Impératrice. The fact of the trees on the avenue having been cut down in the Winter of 1871, has made it a somewhat less shady walk than might be desired; but the eye rests with pleasure on the greensward, the clusters of geraniums, the pelargoniums, the plants which are exchanged for others as soon as they have ceased to bloom, and the fine private gardens which surround, on either side, the elegant mansions. You cannot call this the city, for the houses are too wide apart for this; but neither are you in the country, for everything leaves the impress of comfort, of luxury, and of lavish expenditure. Here is the Turkish Embassy, there the dwelling of Hortense Schneider, the Diva of "Opera Bouffe," the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Here you have the castellated mansion of Madame Ratazzi, widow of the former Prime Minister of Italy, famed for her Venetian-night fêtes. At the end of the avenue are the fortifications, masked under the clusters of rare plants and flowers. You cross them as you go over the broad bridge, then enter, by the magnificent gateway of the Dauphine Gate, the Bois de Boulogne.



SPORTS OF THE PARISIANS.

London has its Hyde Park, Madrid its Prado, Florence its Cascine, Vienna its Prater, New York its Central Park, Philadelphia its Fairmount, Paris its Bois de Boulogne. At the time of Charlemagne it was a marshy forest, infested by bandits and filled with wolves, with scarcely a path traced across. It was then called the forest of Rouvray, and formed simply a corner of that vast array of forests which covered almost the entire Isle of France, and which formed part of the royal domain.

Thanks to Monsieur Haussmann, the Bois de Boulogne is now a magnificent English park, with winding alleys, affording glimpses of the elevated ground, glistening with light, on which stand Sèvres and Meudon, its clear lakes sparkling in the sun, its wide expanse of greensward, and its grand old masses of brushwood.

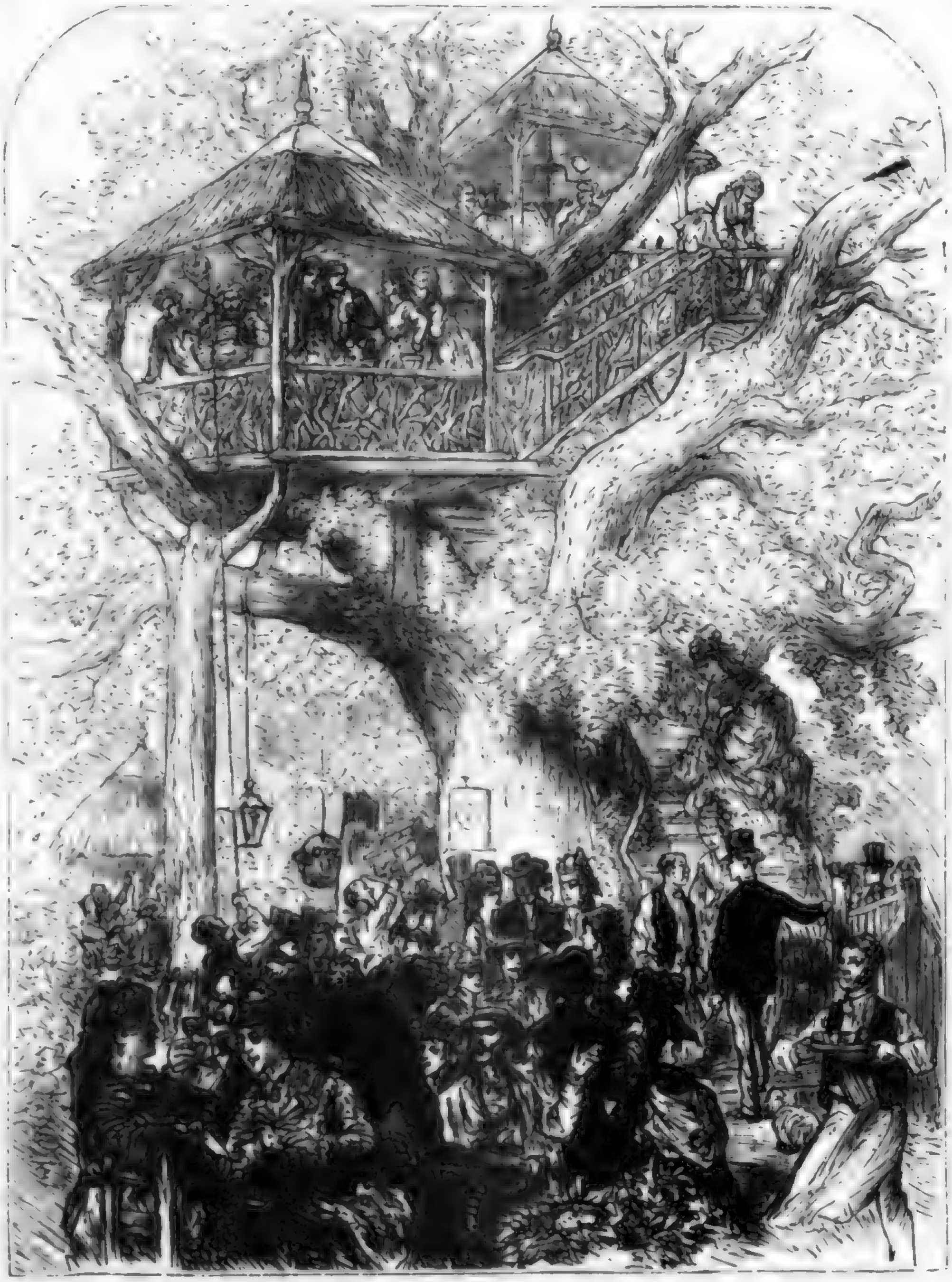
Boulogne, Passy and Auteuil, which lie on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne to the left, and which were once villages, are now pretty little towns, clean and neat, made up, not of vulgar houses, but rather of charming villas, hidden by their grounds, and inhabited by the most renowned among Parisian artists, actors and men of letters. It was at Passy that Rossini, Beranger and Jules Janin died; and Passy is the chosen abode of Cuvillier Fleury, the critic of the *Journal des Débats;* of M. Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase Theatre; of Got, Delaunay, Bressant; of the Theatre Français, and a dozen or more of the best known painters.

Auteuil is more countrified than Passy. There may be found a number of pretty pavilions, of Swiss chalets, of cottages having rustic pretensions, almost buried beneath the trailing vines, convolvulus and ivy; perfumed by the rose and lilac-trees so thoroughly that these little bandboxes seem built on purpose for the delectation of happy couples on their honeymoon. Auteuil is full of memories of Boileau and his friend Molière.

On entering the Bois de Boulogne by the gate of Auteuil, you have to the right the handsome château and park of La Muette, the property of Madame Erard, widow of the celebrated piano manufacturer. To the left is the Prince's Park, adorned with handsome villas, and in the midst of which rises the magnificent palace of the Count Chauveau, one of the curiosities of Paris. Auteuil was formerly a great place for duelists; but they now prefer the forest of Vésinet.

Hard-by is the Auteuil race-course, established in 1873 by the little club of the Rue Royale, and its president, Prince Talleyrand Sagan, in order to revive steeple-chasing in France. Everything about the race-course is elegant and in good taste. The members of the Petit Club would certainly appear to have been desirous of imitating in every respect the model of an English race-course; for even while the race is going on, the cattle in the fields adjoining graze peacefully and undisturbed by the tumult around them.

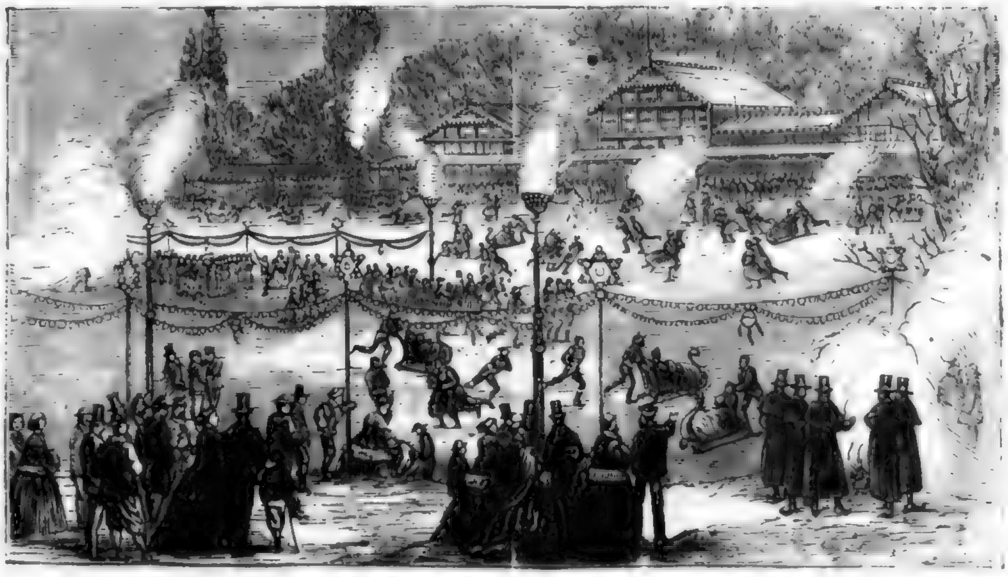
The fashionable world of Paris has enthusiastically adopted the Auteuil race-course, which has thus proved a great success. Every year, in the month of May, the grand international prize of $6,000 is here contested—a race won alternately by Baron Finot and Count Saint-Sauveur, the two great steeple-chase runners of France. A mile further on, but still in the Bois de Boulogne, stretches out on the banks of the Seine the Longchamps race-course, set apart for flat races, and where, among others, is annually run the grand prize of $20,000, which generally, with the entry money added, mounts up to $35,000. Every Sunday, during the three racing seasons, the grand stand at Longchamps is filled to its utmost capacity. The spectacle is charming. Opposite lies the Bois de Boulogne; to the right, the pretty villa of the Prefect of the Seine, and the picturesque, ivied windmill. To the left, the vast blue horizon, with the hills of Meudon, Sevres, Bellevue, St. Cloud and the Seine. The river is dotted with verdant islets and bordered by villas. It describes a vast semi-circle round the course. The plain of Longchamps is also the favorite spot for mustering vast bodies of troops; and every Summer it is here that Marshal MacMahon reviews the army of Paris, which is composed of some 40,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery.



DINING IN A TREE.

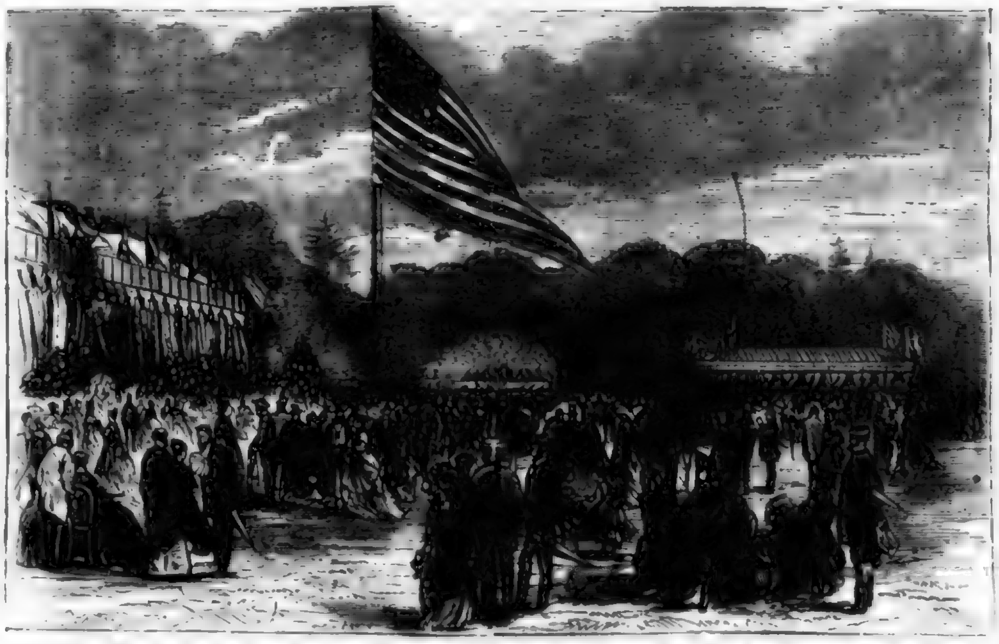
Leaving Longchamps to return toward Paris, and penetrating further into the Bois de Boulogne, the first object that meets the eye is the great waterfall, from the base of which the Pole Berezowski, in 1867, shot at the Emperor of Russia, who was returning with Napoleon III. from the review. The excellent restaurant at this spot, called the Cascade, is the most moderate in its charges of any in the Bois. At the waterfall commences the broad avenue of the Acacias, which is the favorite place of resort of many aristocratic ladies, who prefer this spot to the fashionable but noisy promenade along the border of the lake. It is, however, to this promenade that the Bois de Boulogne owes its worldwide fame. Let us here state that the expression "Le tour du lac" is a misnomer. The promenade extends along the larger of the two lakes, and instead of forming a circle, stretches out on one side, namely, that nearest to Paris.

The long string of equipages, after having gone from one end of the lake to the other, describe a large semi-circle and return to their starting-point. As the horses are always at a walking pace, and are often compelled to stand still for several minutes, the occupants of the carriages, as well as pedestrians, have ample opportunities for looking at and studying one another. Of course, the chief attraction of the promenade, its supreme delight, is the mutual inspection of toilets, carriages and horses. Most of the participants in the scene know each other, at least by sight, having met for years every day at the same hour. Many of the most distinct types have received nicknames, not always of the most pleasing character, and newcomers who are not known to the habitués are sure after a few days to receive some appellation more or less flattering. In the Bois are regularly to be seen the stately equipage of the British Ambassador, the owner

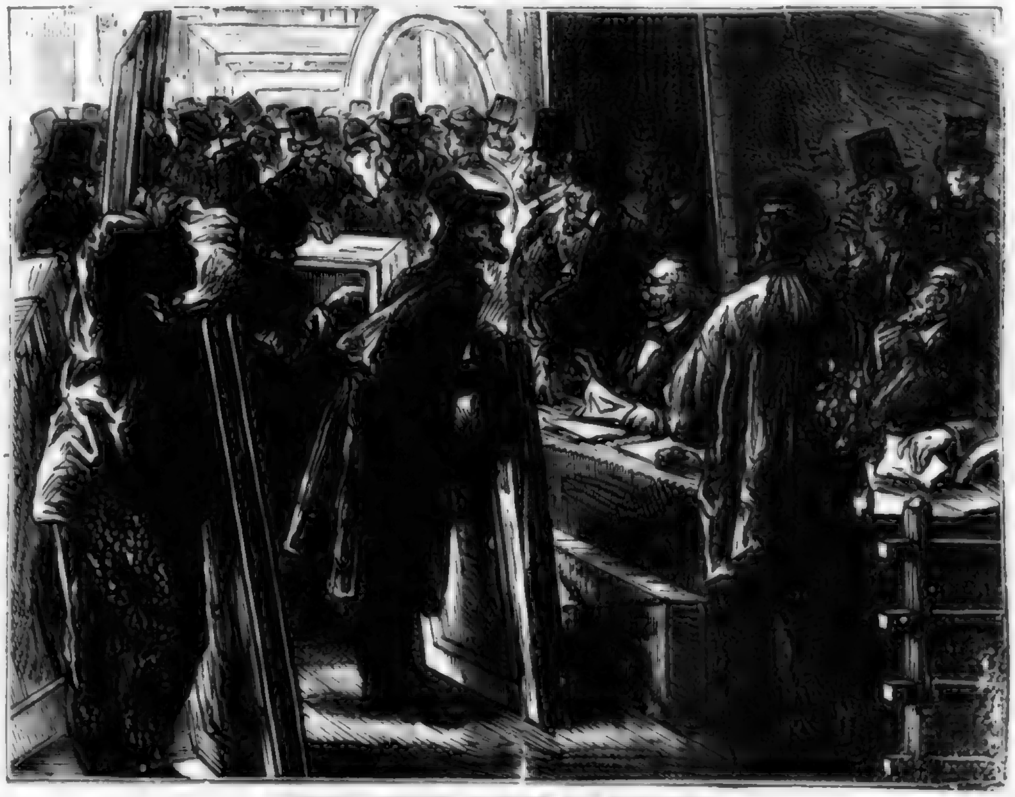


SKATING AT NIGHT AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

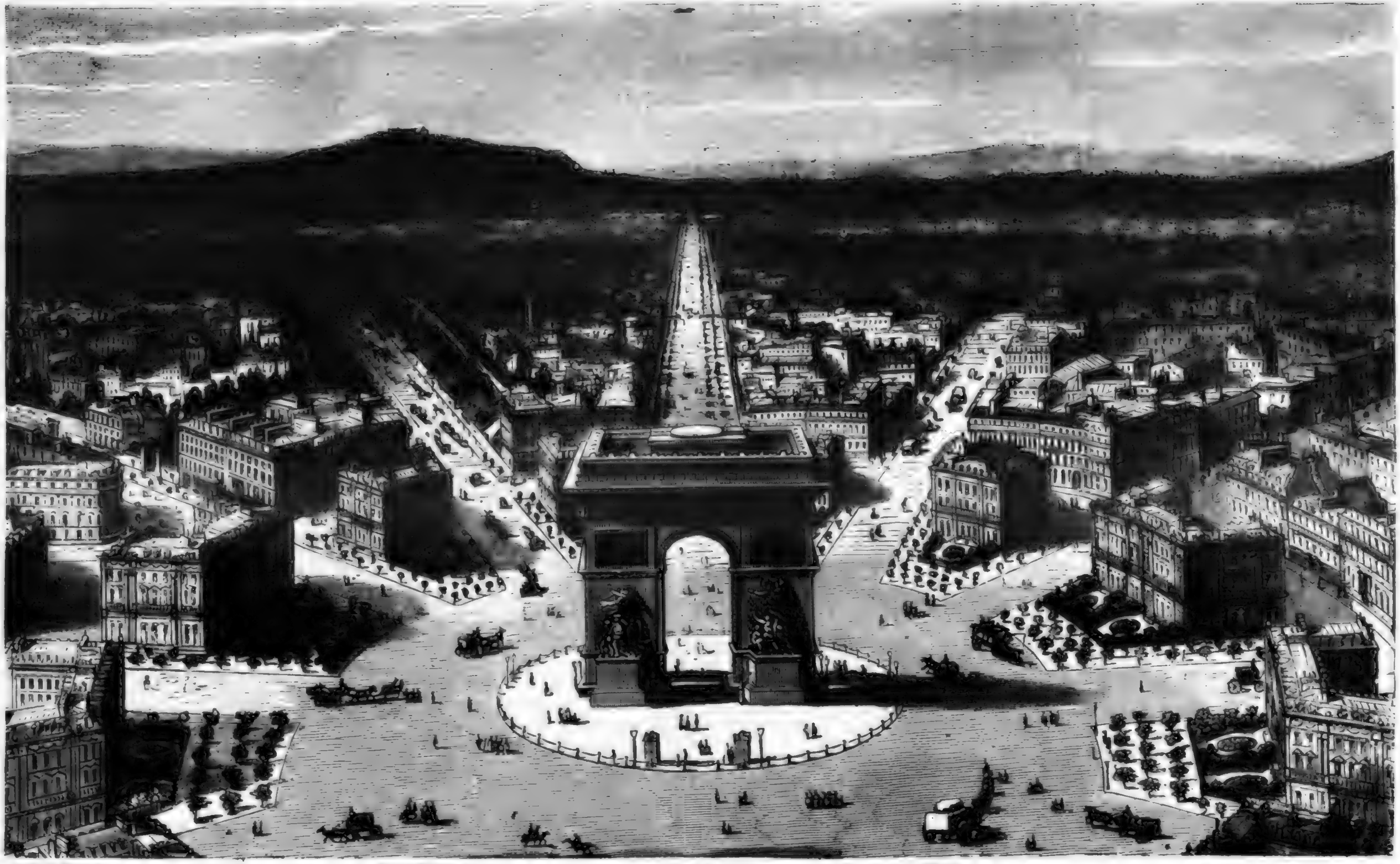
wearing a weary, almost a sad look; the yellow calèche of Princess Metternich, who, although no longer the wife of an ambassador, is yet, what some would consider a still higher dignity, a true Parisienne. Here, too, are the elegant carriages of the Comte de Mercy, of the Prince Troubetzkoï, of the Marquis of Sabran, of James Gordon Bennett; the admirable steppers of an American named Wilkinson, celebrated for his magnificent turnouts. There you perceive the superb phaetons of Messrs. Cahen, of Antwerp, Aguado, Camondo, and other well-known bankers. Here, also, you may see the *daumont* of Madame Musard, and, alas! far too many victorias and coupés of the demi-monde. Running parallel with the drive is the Persil, the Rotten Row of Paris. Here are to be found, displaying their horsemanship, the Duc d'Aumale, Duc de Nemours, Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris, Mr. Mackenzie Greeves, the most celebrated horseman in the Bois de Boulogne; the Duke and Duchess de la Trémouille, Mlle. Croizette, of the Theatre Français, and many others. Most riders, however, look upon this afternoon promenade with disdain, owing to its closely resembling a parade held for the benefit of the spectators, and hold tenaciously to their morning promenade in the shady Allée des Poteaux, a place especially reserved for equestrians. Going there between ten and eleven in the morning, the visitor has the most favorable opportunity for seeing the best saddle-horses to be found on the Continent of Europe. In fine weather, when their canter is over, many of the riders, attracted by the beauties of the Bois, lunch or dine in some one of the gay restaurants to be found there, such as the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, or at the Madrid, so named from its being on the site of the old Château of Madrid, built by Francis I. on his return from captivity in Spain. Madrid is a good restaurant, but one of the dearest in Paris, that is to say, in the world. Close by Madrid, and within the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, is



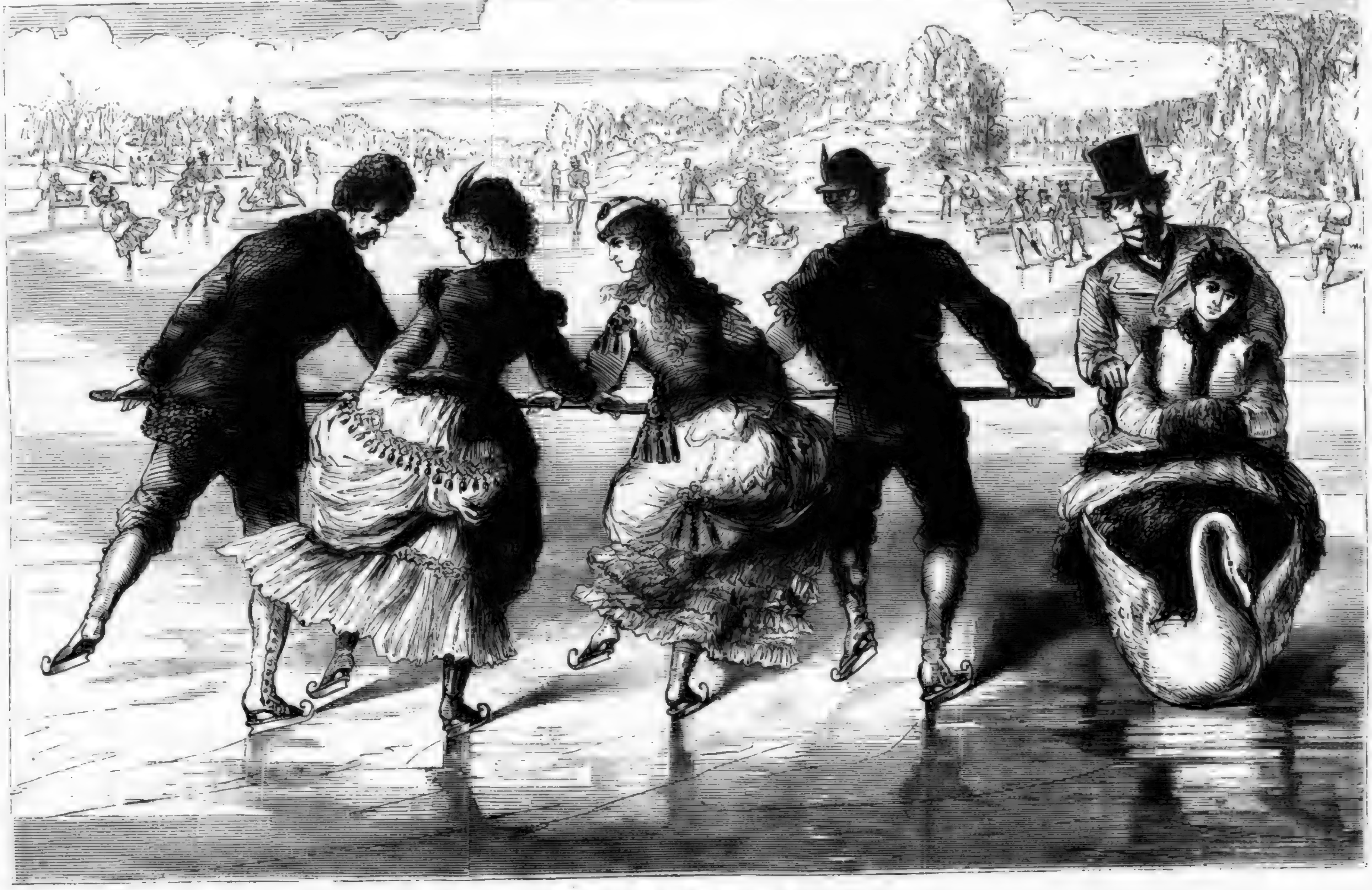
CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY BY AMERICANS, AT THE PRÉ CATELAN, PARIS.



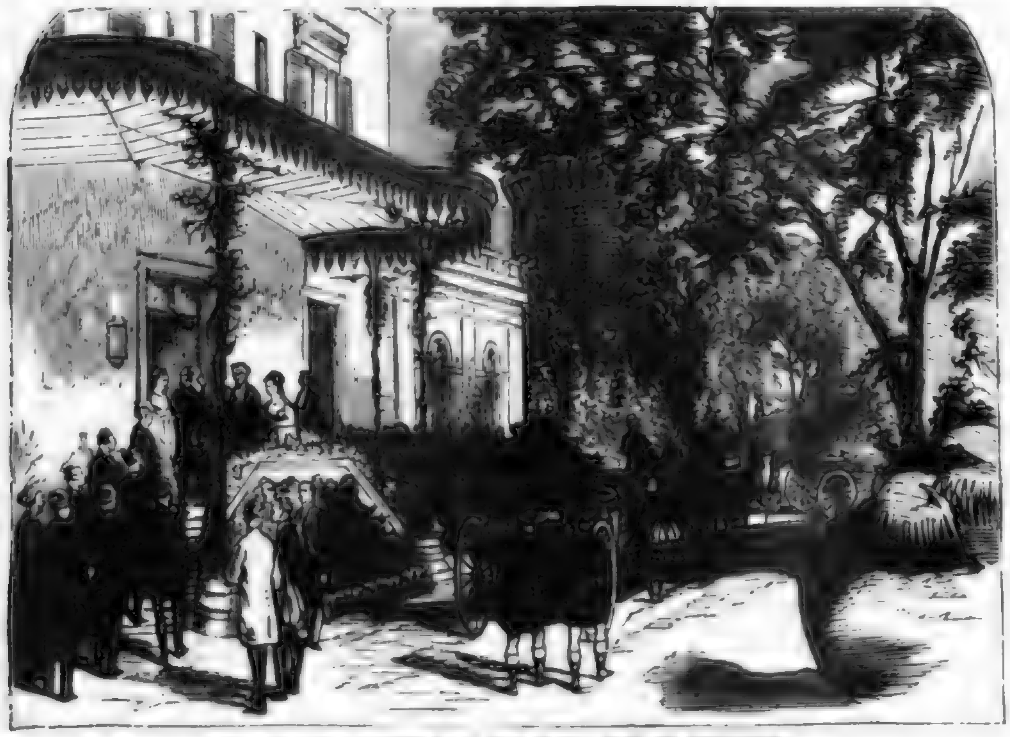
ARTISTS OFFERING PICTURES FOR EXHIBITION.


Bois de Boulogne
Avenue de St. Cloud.
Mount Valérien.
Avenue de l'Impératrice.
Avenue de Neuilly.
Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.
Boulevard de l'Etoile.

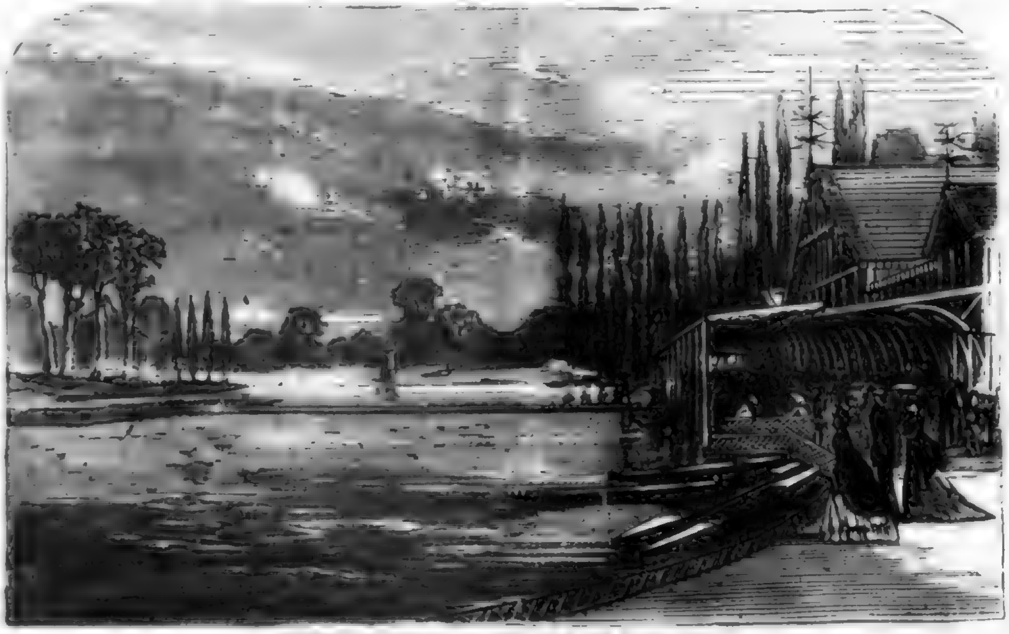
VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



SKATING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

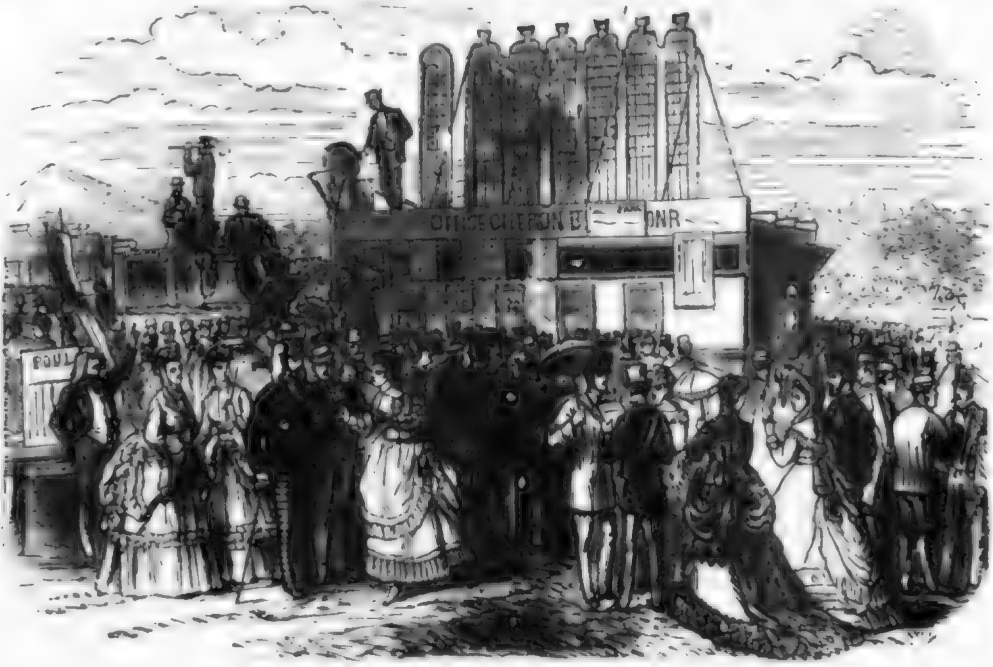


VILLA OF THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



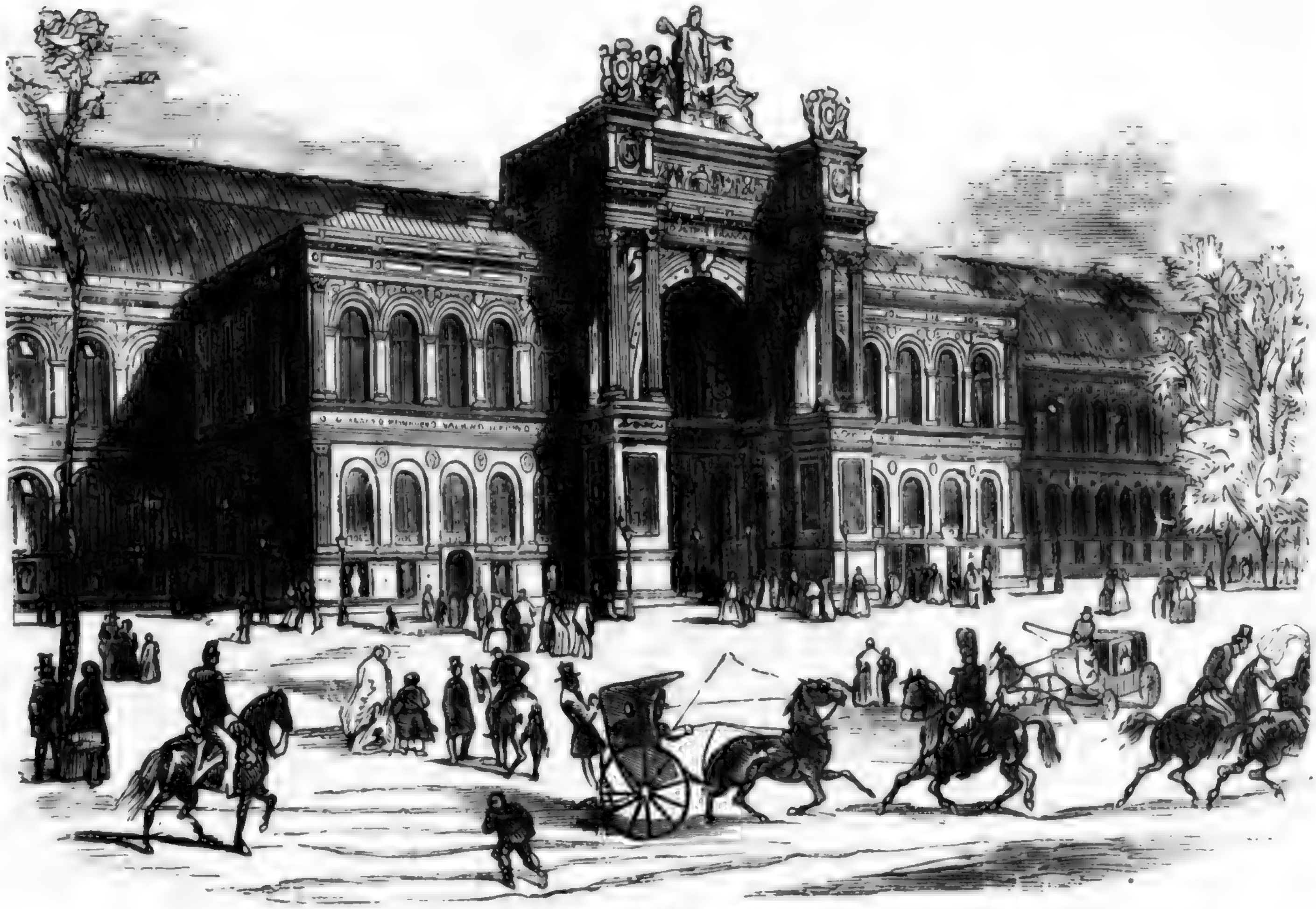
PIGEON-SHOOTING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

the inclosure of the Pigeon-shooting Club, which in Winter becomes the Skating Club. The central space is then inundated with a light sheet of water, the frozen surface of which is constantly swept and kept in condition by the jets of steam ingeniously brought to play upon it. Close by this spot is an exercise ground, open gratuitously to all lovers of the steeplechase. Here horses are trained to leap hedges, walls, and streams. On the same side of the Bois de Boulogne is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which we should call the Zoological Garden, and which may be considered an annex of the Jardin des Plantes, situated at the other end of Paris. The Jardin d'Acclimatation, managed by Monsieur Geoffroi St. Hilaire, son of the great naturalist, belongs to a private society. Although ruined during the two sieges of Paris, it has now been thoroughly restored, and is for the children the most attractive part of the Bois. They are driven about there in carriages drawn by ostriches, like so many little Swiss Robinson Crusoes. They, for a few sous, get on the elephant's or camel's back, and have a pleasant ride. They get fresh milk, as well as something to eat, and have an opportunity of listening to an excellent band of music. Good milk is also drank at the Pré Catelan, another inclosure in the Bois de Boulogne, with a model dairy. All Americans who have been in Paris know the Pré Catelan, for it is there that often they meet to celebrate the 4th of July, which, out of America, is nowhere more thoroughly observed than at Paris. Before quitting the Bois, let us mention one or two of the châteaux which surround it, going toward Neuilly and the Seine. Here is the whimsically constructed mansion of the Comte d'Osmond, the interior of which is on the model of a theatre, where the dinner proceeds from the parquet. Here, too, is the Folio St. James, belonging to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, built in the last century by Beaudard, the financier, who spent no less than three hundred thousand dollars in order to have some



AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

artificial rock-work placed there. Here you have "Bagatelle," belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, the English philanthropist and patron of art. There the Château of Suresnés, belonging to another member of the Rothschild family. In the Bois de Boulogne are immense quantities of rabbits. The wardens do their best to get rid of them by granting licenses for shooting them at certain seasons. There are also stags and deer in the inclosures, in the vicinity of the lakes. The most enjoyable months in the Bois are May and June, when gay and brilliant Paris disports itself under a generally blue sky, amid the bright Spring flowers and the newly laid-out *parterres*. By that time the Americans and the Russians have returned from Nice, Mentone, Pau and Arcachon. The Parisian ladies are no longer afraid of having their fresh and delicate toilets spoiled. They are there in full force, inhaling the fragrant atmosphere, listening to the sweet song of the birds, and wandering among those shady and picturesque nooks which give an additional charm to the far-famed promenade we have attempted to describe.



PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

## THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

One of the most important questions that a municipal body can be called on to decide is incontestably that appertaining to the disposal of the sewage of any great city. It is a thing that has to be got rid of at any cost.

How different, in its dirty, filthy, unwholesome condition, is that slimy, sluggish liquid, exhaling pestilential vapors, from the pure, limpid water so indispensable for the health and nourishment of towns, which, in the case of large cities, has frequently to be brought, at enormous expense, from afar off; which the Romans so prized as to construct those splendid aqueducts we are still able to admire—for which New York has established its fine reservoirs, and for which Paris has undertaken those gigantic works of the Dhuys and the Vanne. The larger the town the more closely is its population packed together, and the greater the responsibility upon its town council for adopting efficient means for disposing of the sewage. Money thus spent can never be accounted misspent.

Paris is, in this respect, a model. Its system of drainage, and the manner in which it is carried out, merit careful study, not only on the part of those aspiring to municipal offices, but also on the part of all those who have to pay taxes. When the great bulk of the electors are versed on subjects of this nature, they do not allow themselves to be deceived by pompous platforms, but they vote for men who will work, and against those candidates who promise costly parks and stately, but not seldom ruinous, thoroughfares of the city.

From the time of Julian the Apostate to the days of King Charles the Fifth, there were no drains in Paris. The sewage made its way as best it could into the Seine through the sloping streets and the kennels. Where this was not the case, the filth congregated in masses, disseminating around them the germs of those contagious diseases which devastated whole districts of the city during the Middle Ages. What wonder that leprosy and other terrible disorders should have spread under such circumstances. Even in our own time, there are cities in Turkey and in China that will enable men to realize to some extent the state of things then prevailing.

King Charles V. found his sojourn at the Hotel St. Paul, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, rendered so intolerable by the

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LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

GATHERING ICE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

effluvia emitted, that he had the first covered drain constructed in Paris. Francis the First was, in his turn, infested at the Palace of Tournelles, and had to flee with his court to a more salubrious district. Hence the origin of the Tuileries. Under Henry IV. there were six miles of drain-pipes in Paris, and most of these were stopped up with slime, and thus practically useless. Though Louis XIV. was prodigal enough with the people's money in building magnificent castles, and in laying out parks, yet he cared very little for the health of his Parisian subjects. At his splendid residence at Versailles, the great monarch was subject to none of the exhalations of the capital. The Regent Duke of Orleans, living as he did in Paris, paid some little attention to the subject, and the father of the eminent Turgot, then provost of the merchants, had the drains laid down from the east to the west end of the capital, from Belleville to Chaillot; unfortunately, the drains were open. King Louis XV. lived at Versailles, so that Paris was again forgotten.

Under the Republic, men were too busy to think of such trifling matters as the public health, nor did Napoleon I. greatly improve the condition of things, although at the close of his reign Paris certainly had some fifteen miles of covered drains. Of course, this was utterly insufficient for a great city like Paris, the streets of which in rainy weather were as difficult to traverse as the streets of New York during the snow-blocks of December and January last. In every street was a small kennel, which became a swollen torrent after heavy rains, and flooded the entire neighborhood. Passengers crossed over on planks. After the Restoration, the cleaning out of one of these drain-pipes occupied no less than seven months, more than 6,000 cartloads of filth being extracted from it.

THE CASCADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The stench forced the entire population to evacuate the neighborhood. King Louis Philippe did much for Paris; to him are due the sidewalks and some fifty miles of covered drain-pipes.

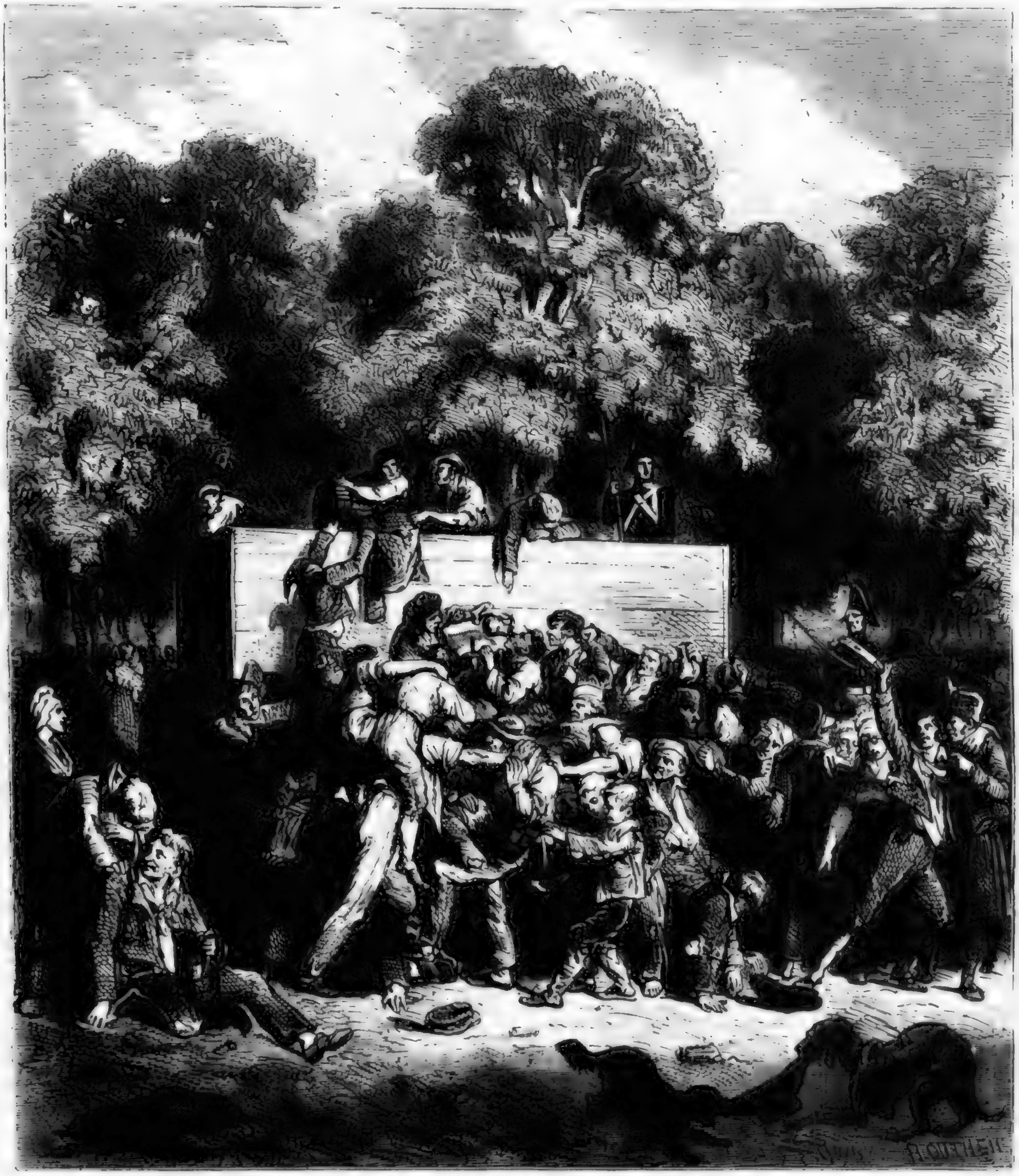
Napoleon III. undertook, not

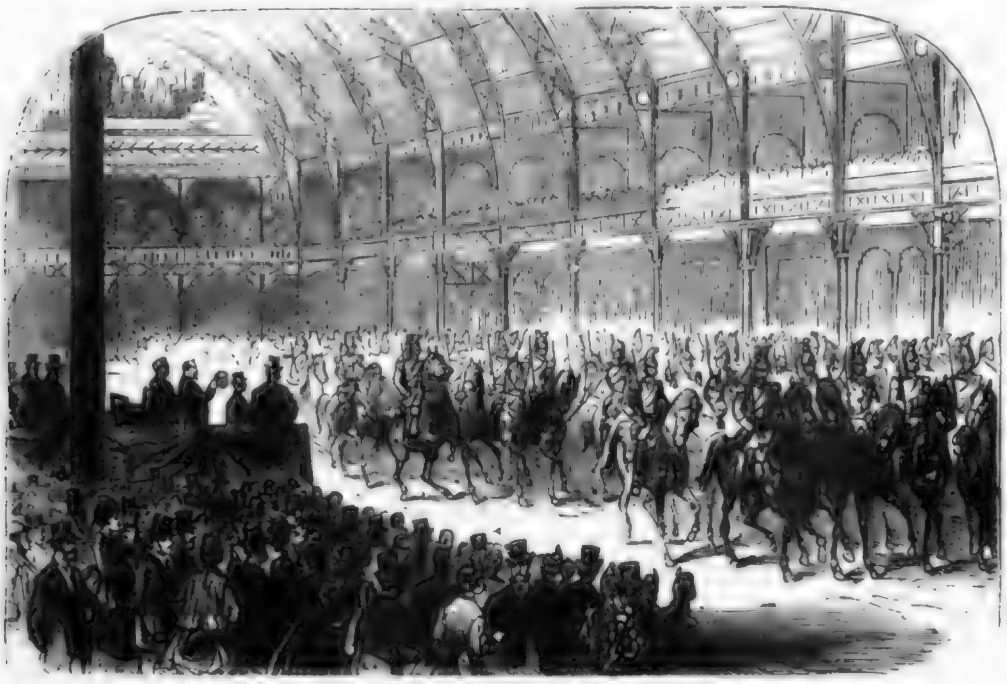
only to beautify Paris, but also to work a radical transformation; and this work, which he left incomplete, has been vigorously taken up by the third Republic. The progress made in recent years may be gathered from the fact that there were only 260 miles of streets and 70 miles of drainage in Paris when M. Belgrand, chief engineer of bridges and roads, M. Emile Vaudray, and their intelligent staff of young men from the Polytechnic School, had their plans and their system of drainage accepted. Now there are 450 miles of streets and over 400 miles of drain-pipes, of which 73 miles are specially for private houses. It will thus be seen that almost every foot of the public highway has a corresponding space of covered drain-pipe.

Paris is the only city in the world which has made such rapid progress as this. Considerably over 300 miles of drain-pipes were thus laid down in ten years. Their 6760 mouths are concealed under the curb of the sidewalk, and into these are poured daily nearly 1,000,000 cubic feet of water, from which must be deducted one-fifth for absorption or evaporation. There are twelve models of drain-pipes, which differ so as to be adaptable to every kind of service they may be called on to perform.

Besides the drain-pipes, properly so-called, are the collectors or feeders, which receive the waters, and which carry them in one mass down to the Seine. The collectors, following the course of the valleys, receive the waters from the drains, which flow down by gravity from the heights above. One of these collectors starts from Ménilmontant and runs in the direction of St. Denis. It empties into the Seine, near St. Ouen, the refuse of the most infected part of Paris; for there are to be found the cattle market of the Villette, the slaughter-houses, the gasworks and the depôts of the night-carts of Bondy.

"The great collector," as it is called, "of the right bank


DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD AND WINE AT THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES, PARIS.



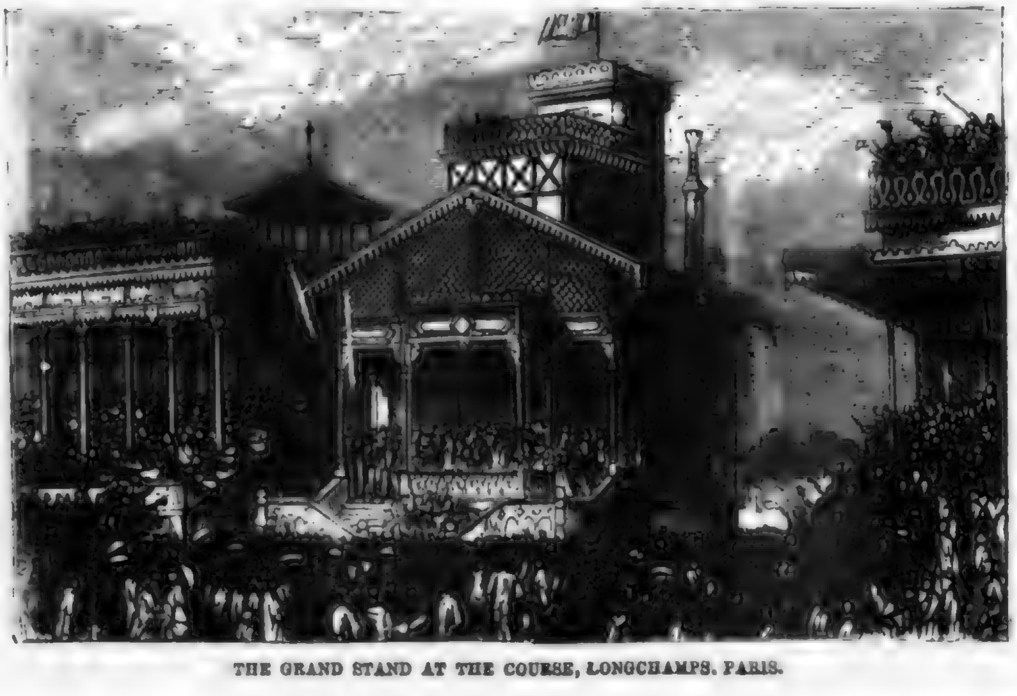
MILITARY REVIEW IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, PARIS.

of the Seine," leaves the Bastille, follows the line of Boulevards, crosses the Malesherbes district, and empties itself into the Seine near Asnières, after having received, but half a mile from its mouth, the waters of the great collector of the left bank. The latter brings its share of all the drain-pipes on this side of Paris, and, besides that, the river of Bièvre in its entirety, after having crossed the Seine near the Alma Bridge.

Most travelers visiting Paris have passed through a portion of the great collector of the right bank. Permission is readily accorded by the Government to visit the section between the Châtelet and the Madeleine. You descend by an iron, winding staircase, and are soon in an immense crossway the arch and walls of which, covered with Roman cement, have the appearance of extraordinary cleanliness. There is no bad smell, and it is only at times that the wind blows in a whiff of ammonia, which is by no means so very disagreeable.

Visitors to the sewers are taken on their trip, first in a car, then in a boat. The cars, gliding rapidly along the rails, are drawn at a regular trot by workmen, who relieve each other at intervals and in perfect order. When beneath the Place de la Concorde, visitors get out and take the boat to the Place de la Madeleine. This is the official excursion, to which are invited all the sovereigns, ambassadors and men of note visiting Paris.

LONGCHAMPS.



THE GRAND STAND AT THE COURSE, LONGCHAMPS. PARIS.

The drinking water of the city is carried through great metal pipes, which thus convey the waters of the Dhuys and the Vanne, those two rivers brought at so heavy an expenditure from Burgundy and the borders of the Ardennes, in order that Paris may not have to drink the somewhat unpalatable water of the Seine.

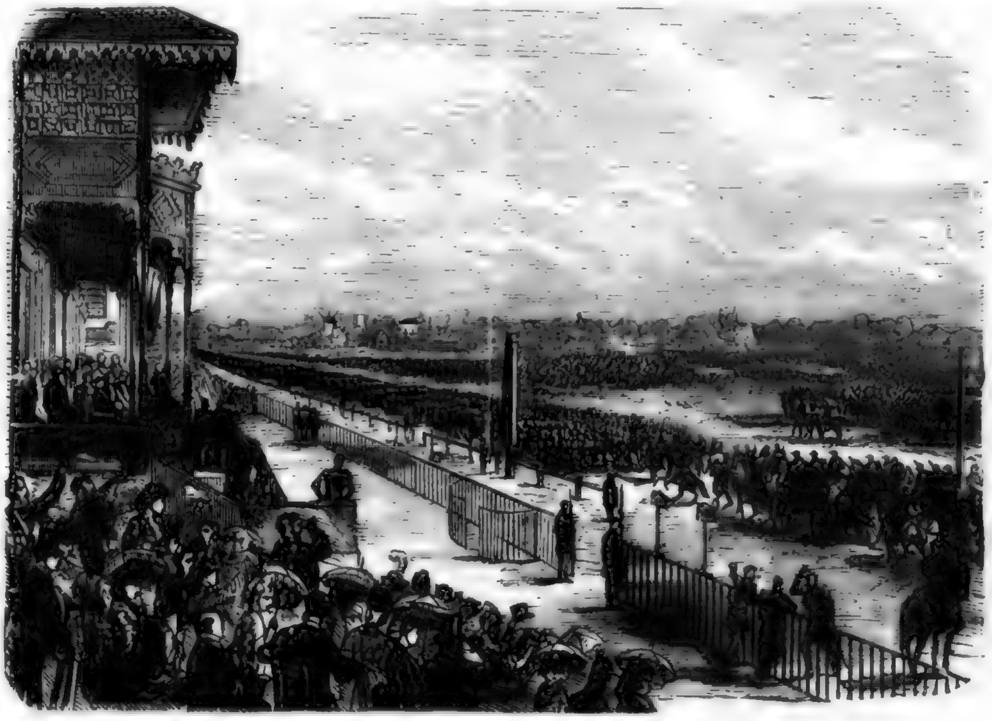
The American traveler, accustomed to see the telegraphic wires passing over the streets of his chief cities, is surprised, on reaching Paris, to find nothing of the kind; but when he makes his subterranean visit to the sewers of Paris, he there finds the electric wires enveloped in gutta-percha. It is by the same underground route that letters are conveyed in pneumatic tubes, gliding along impelled by the force of the air from behind.

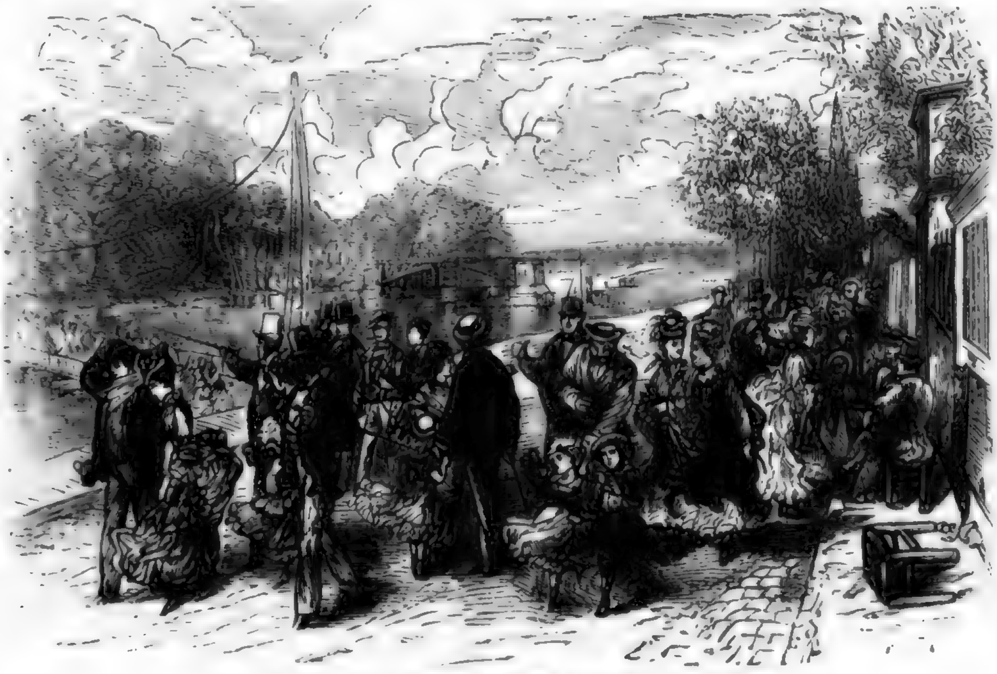
At distances of about one hundred yards apart are safety stairways, in order to enable workmen to escape when overtaken by a storm, which swells the waters in the sewers, and renders them dangerous. Although a fight between the dogs and the rats in the sewers does still occasionally take place, still the number of rats to be found in the sewers is, in fact, daily on the decrease. The smooth and glassy surface of the coating of cement, which lines the inside of all the new sewers, effectually prevents the rats from burrowing holes in which to nestle. Who would believe that from these unsavory sewers the fashionable world of Paris should obtain more than one of those articles of luxury which have, at the present day, become a necessity. Yet such is the case.

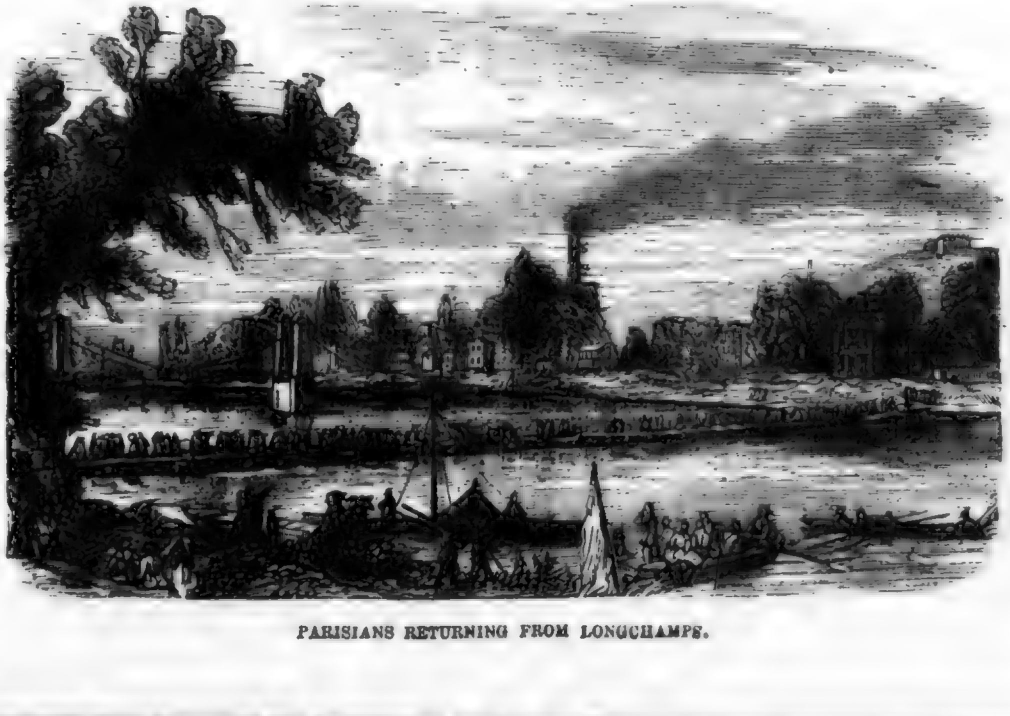
First, the innumerable corks which float down the sewers, thanks to the prodigious quantity of bottles of wine daily emptied by Paris, are carefully collected at their exit, recut and transformed into small corks for the *flacons* of essences and of perfume which the *grandes dames* apply to their nostrils.

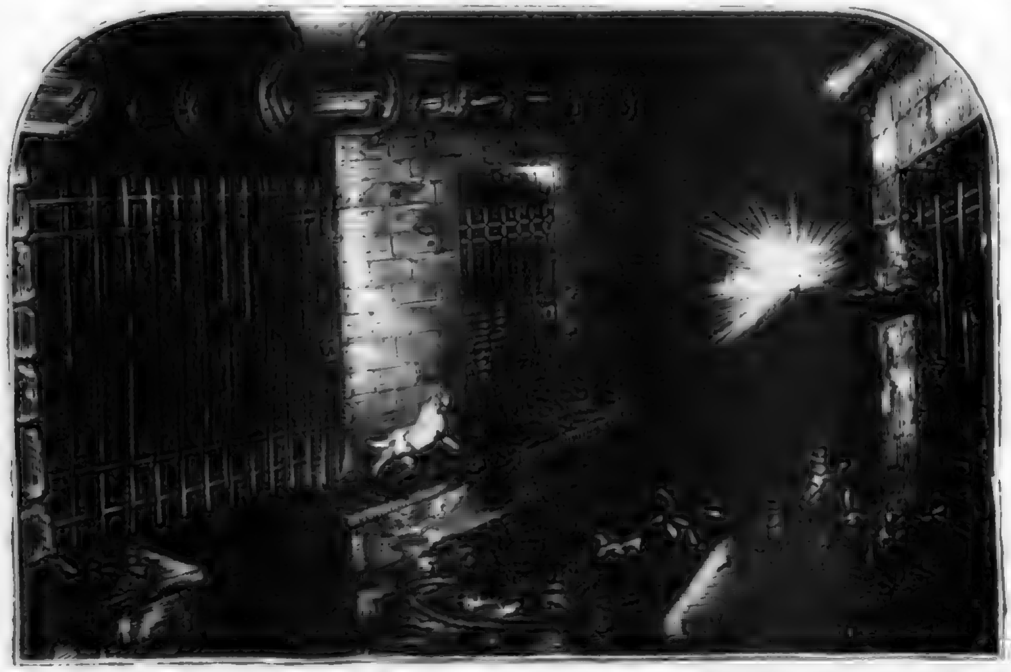
It is from the sewage that is obtained that admirable fertilizer, which, applied to the plain of Genevilliers—formerly utterly barren—has been the means of its producing roses, violets, and a hundred other sweet smelling flowers, which are not only sold by the flower-girls, but also employed in the manufacture of scents. Until this fertilizer was adopted, Paris imported its peppermint from England, and hence on this one article alone the product of the sewage has been a most valuable acquisition to the nation.

Then the Government provides its 630 workmen in the sewers with great heavy boots of solid leather, giving them a new pair twice a year. At the end of the six months, the old pairs are sold to a manufacturer, who, after cutting them


REVIEW OF THE TROOPS AT LONGCHAMPS.


AT THE SURESNES BRIDGE, ON THE WAY TO LONGCHAMPS.


PARISIANS RETURNING FROM LONGCHAMPS.

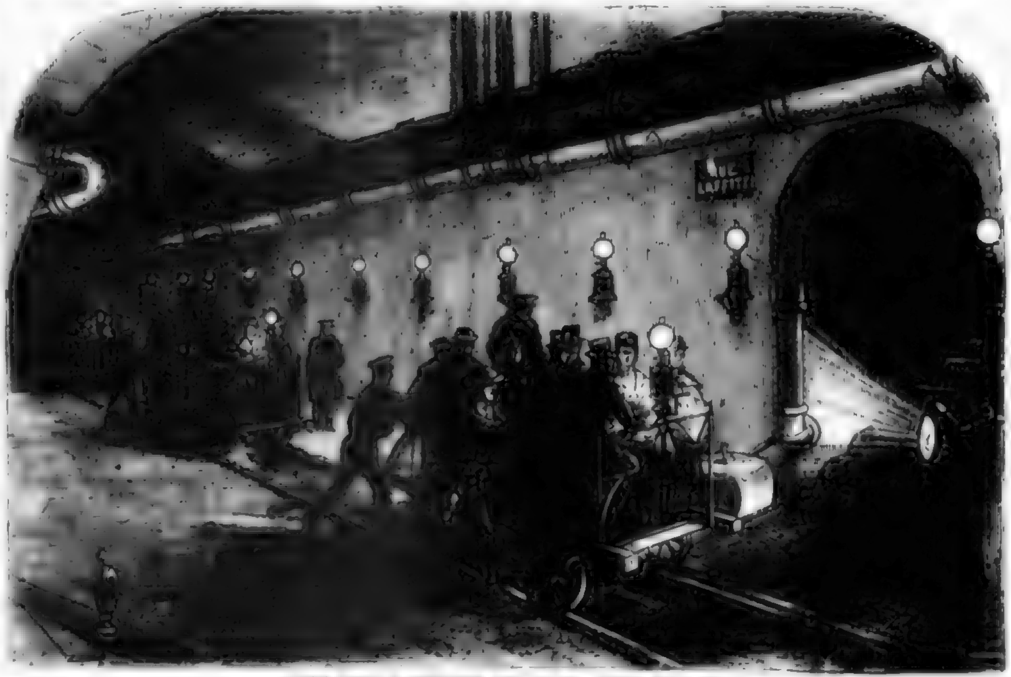


A RAT HUNT IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

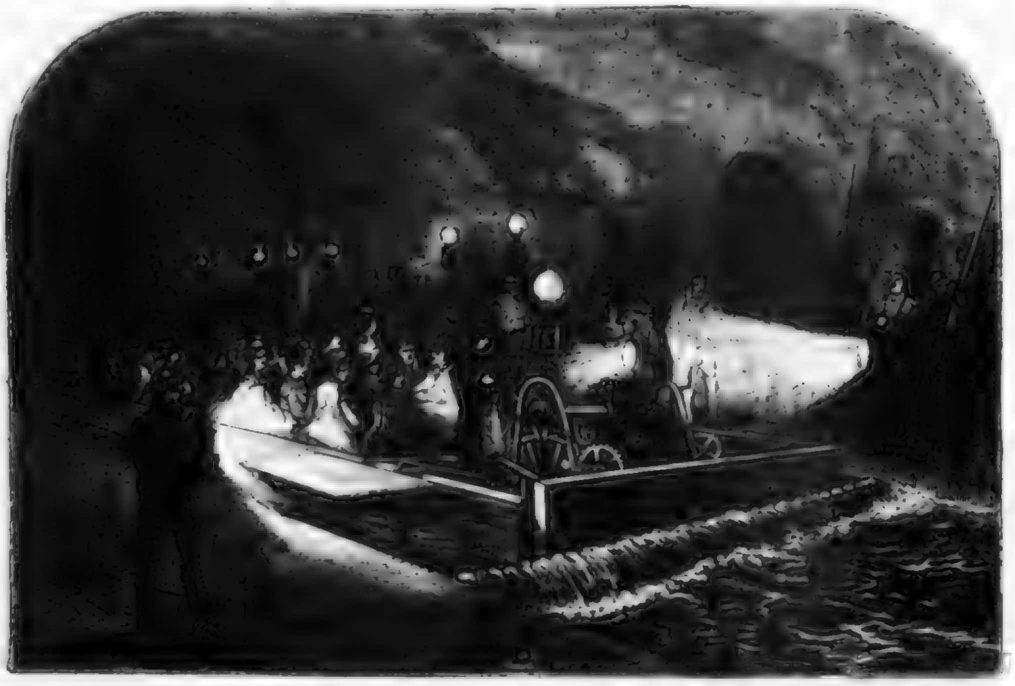
down, makes them undergo a certain process, and produces therefrom the softest and most pliant leather possible to find. This leather is then only employed for fine work, such as boots for ladies of the upper classes, for which the six months' tramp in the sewers has most admirably fitted the material.

It may here be remarked that, as new streets are opened up in Paris, fresh sewers beneath them are at once connected with the main arteries. At this moment workmen are busy on a great sewer in the new Avenue of the Opera, while other workmen are busy, a few yards from them, in opening up the new street.

Formerly, the waters of the Seine received the contents of the sewers, and were thus rendered filthy in the highest degree. The dredging machines had to be constantly at work to prevent the bed of the river being clogged up, and the admirable fertilizer was completely wasted. Now, thanks to the well-known chemist, M. Durand Claye, the water from the sewers is completely purified, deodorized, and separated from all foreign matter before being emptied into the Seine. By employing a chemically prepared substance in the proportion of one gallon to two thousand gallons of sewage, this result is obtained. The impure matter, which sinks, is placed in heaps, dried, and sold for fertilizing purposes, at about $7 a ton.

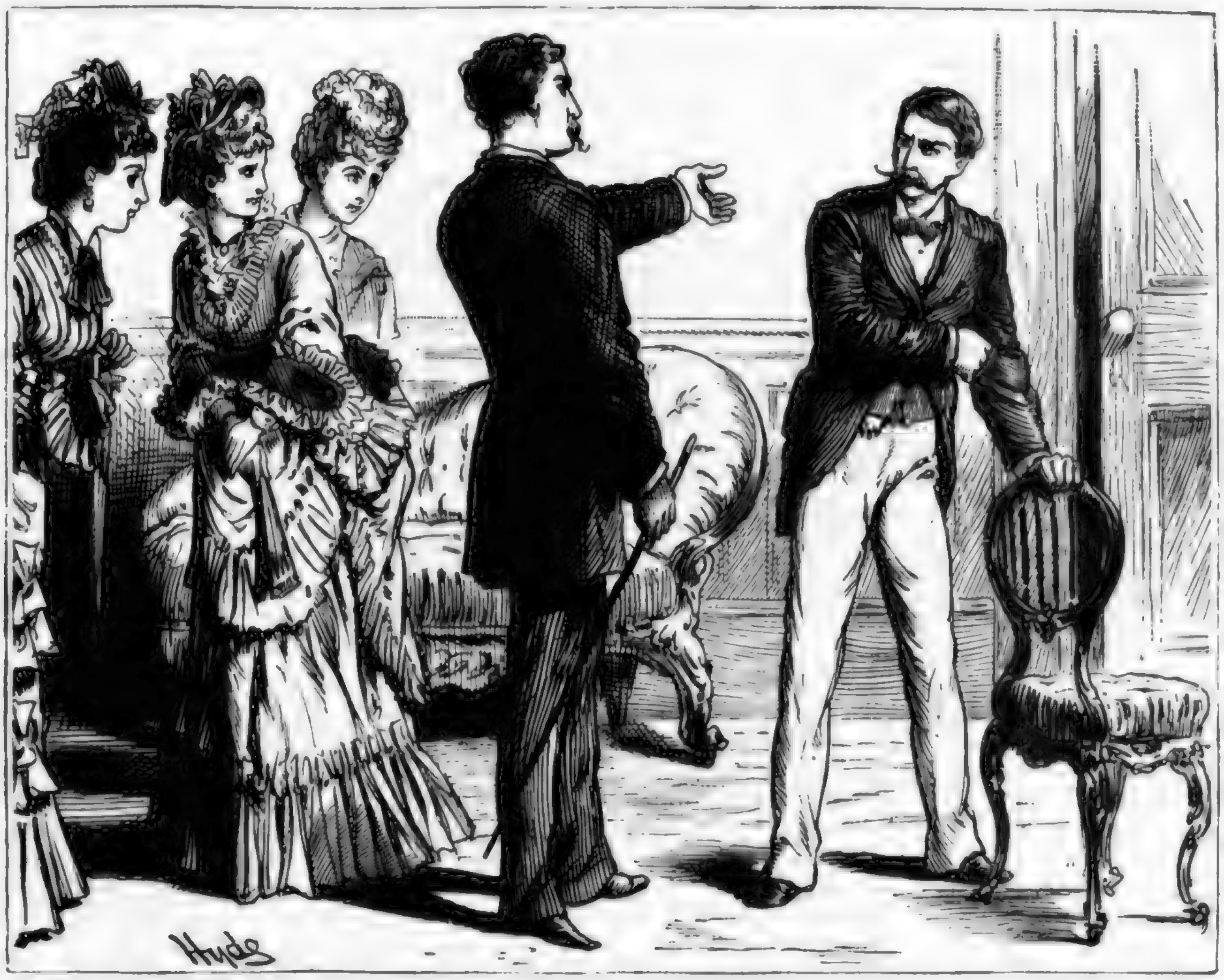


THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.



THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

**Benevolence for Effect.**—Generosity and benevolence are sadly abused terms, their application often being mistaken for the very refinement of selfishness and the quintessence of meanness. Not very long ago, a rich old gentleman of London became so possessed with a desire to act the benefactor, that he impatiently advertised in a journal for some indigent and worthy family to apply to him for help. That sounded like the perfection of benevolence. But mark the sequel. The advertisement was answered, an interview was appointed; and, at that interview, the generous old gentleman found the accepted applicant to be his own aged sister, whom he had permitted to lack the necessaries of life for several years.



THE TWO BRACELETS.—"MR. ALDRICH THEN STEPPED FORWARD TO THE FEAR-STRICKEN CREATURE, AND SAID, 'FOR THE SAKE OF THESE LADIES I WILL NOT EXPOSE YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES IF YOU IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO THEM THEIR JEWELS AND MONEY. BUT REFUSE, AND BY RINGING THE BELL I CAN SUMMON THE POLICE.'"

# THE TWO BRACELETS.

I WAS poor, and taught in a French boarding-school.

My father and mother were dead, so I spent my Summer vacations with a rich aunt and her daughter Nettie.

Mrs. Renton — that is my aunt's name — had always a hearty welcome for me, and begged me to make my home with her. But she was not a woman whom I could admire. Her idol was the world of fashion. To it she devoted her brilliant powers of mind, her attractive person, and her earthly possessions; whilst she totally neglected her daughter, who, of all girls, needed protection and watching.

She was pretty, young, and without worldly knowledge, though, through reading French romances, she had contracted a taste for adventure which I had often told her would lead her to harm. Therefore, though we were of the same age, twenty—I don't mind telling in a story—I took the older sister's part, won her confidence, and tried to be her mentor.

The Summer of 186– came, and with it the usual cordial invitation to spend my holidays with the Rentons. But I had just recovered from a fever brought on by overwork, and the "extra gay times" which Nettie promised seemed anything but refreshing. Therefore, I went, with the old maid who kept our school, to a farmhouse near the village, on the borders of which was my aunt's Summer residence.

It was just such an evening as you read of in poetry—moonshine, breezes, sweet perfumes and all that, so I will not tell you of it here. But it was what I liked, and I was determined to enjoy it, so I seated myself upon the veranda.

The farmer sat there smoking, and his wife by his side was hushing their baby to sleep. Miss Griffin joined us, and immediately began a discourse on the geography of the heavens.

The rustic part of her audience dozed, and I built castles in the air.

What was it to me whether Venus was in right or wrong ascension? All I cared for was that some star would make my life a little less dull.

"The altitude of a star is the number of——" and the lecturer suddenly ceased.

The attention of all was drawn to a gentleman riding up the path.

"I am a stranger in these parts; can you tell me how far I am from Eagleside, and which is the right road?" he asked, when his horse was quite up to the porch-steps.

"Wall," said the farmer, first indulging in a yawn, "I guess it's about five miles and a half, and you must take the road that turns to the left."

"Thank you," said the stranger, dismounting. "Now will you oblige me by watering my horse? he has come a long way. And, my good woman," continued he, addressing the farmer's wife, "will you quench my thirst in a glass of the excellent milk I know is in your dairy?"

The farmer went with the horse to the trough, and the woman entered the house.

Then the gentleman, after gazing at the Griffin for a moment, said to her:

"Beg pardon, madam, but as I came up I overheard you giving some useful information about the stars. Perhaps you could favor me with the name of that very brilliant one which has lighted me on my lonely way?"

Miss Griffin was transported. In the first place, he had

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called her "madam," and, in the second place, he had appealed to her astronomical knowledge.

She stood up, to be more impressive, perhaps to be nearer the stars, and recommenced her harangue.

He came up the steps and stood by her side. Their backs were turned toward me.

He listened and looked, while she pointed and talked.

Presently his hand was stretched behind Miss Griffin, and a note was dropped in my lap.

The farmer and his wife returned. The stranger thanked them and Miss Griffin, and took his departure.

I now expressed myself very much in want of repose, and retired to my room, where I hastily examined the note, and found it to be from Nettie.

> "DEAREST FLORA: Meet me to-morrow at the S——field Depôt, in time to take the 11.30 train for the city. Please do not disappoint me. Get off from that virago, Griffin, without telling her more than that I have sent for you. Let her think you are coming to our house. Much discretion is required. Word by mail could not reach you in time, so that Mr. Aldrich has kindly consented to deliver this note. Yours, in anxiety, NETTIE."

"What could it mean?" thought I. "The world must be coming to an end when Nettie talks of discretion!"

I packed a few things in my satchel, and made other arrangements for leaving. Mr. Waters, the farmer, brought our letters from town daily, in the morning, so that when at the breakfast-table I announced my intention of taking the 10.15 train, on account of news from Nettie, my cousin, no one questioned me, or connected in any way the stranger's visit with my departure.

For the sake of rarity, the train was on time. Nettie was at the depôt, and, to my great astonishment, by her side stood Mr. Aldrich. This threw some light upon the mystery. I was to witness a runaway match between my cousin and this gentleman. It seemed strange to me that he would be a party in any clandestine affair; he looked so noble. As for Nettie—I was not much surprised.

"I will explain all in the cars; we must hurry—see, they are about to start," said Nettie, following Mr. Aldrich, and dragging me into the New York train.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked I, as soon as we were seated.

"Well, it is a long story," said Nettie. "Let us get comfortably fixed before I begin. Allow me to introduce Mr. Aldrich to you—my cousin, Miss Flora Dean."

I bowed, and the handsome gentleman made some pleasant remark about our rencontre of the previous evening.

"Now, Flora, I have done what you will call a very dreadful thing. You know I wrote about Mr. Berini, and sent you his picture——"

"Yes," interrupted I, "and I wrote back that I was surprised you would encourage the attentions of such a looking man."

"Well, hear me out before you scold. He proposed, oh, *so* sweetly! and made such handsome presents, that I consented to become engaged, for you know all the girls in my set are getting married. But he said it must be kept a secret from ma until he could go to Italy, and arrange some law business concerning his estates there. Then he would return and make me mistress of his wealth, and take me to his lovely château on the Arno. So he bade me farewell yesterday morning. But Mr. Aldrich, who has been at our house a great deal lately, guessed at half my secret, and made me tell him the rest, and he says he feels certain Alphonso does not intend to go abroad."

"You may be surprised," said Mr. Aldrich, addressing me, "that I should interfere in Miss Renton's affairs. But I will speak plainly. This man who calls himself Alphonso Berini —I beg your pardon, Miss Renton—has to me the face of a rascal. It is also rather to his disfavor that he has carried away a large portion of Miss Renton's jewelry. Therefore, as I am an old friend of the family, I have taken the liberty of disclosing my suspicions."

"But why not tell your mother?" I asked of Nettie.

"Oh, that would never do. You know Alphonso would be angry with me if I told her. And if it *should* turn out as Mr. Aldrich fears, she would make matters worse, and we would have less chance of recovering my diamonds. I am just the least little bit frightened, and intend, with Mr. Aldrich's assistance, to find out the truth. Therefore I wrote to you to come, for I want you to stay with me. I made the 'Jerome Races' the excuse for coming to the city at this time. I am going to open our town-house, and aunt Betsey will play *chaperon*."

"But, Nettie," said I, "what about your diamonds? How did he get them?"

"Oh, I gave them to him. He gave me three beautiful sets—pearl, turquoise and emerald; and that he might not think that I was entirely without jewelry I showed him that diamond necklace that grandma left me, and which ma would never let me wear. He said the stones were exquisite, but oh! how he laughed at the old-fashioned setting! And then he offered to take them to Paris, and have them done in the latest style, *au jour*. And when he is in Florence he is to get me some beautiful cameos."

Poor, foolish Nettie spoke with enthusiasm.

"And do you believe in him yet?" asked I.

"Yes; I have perfect faith in my Alphonso. He would not deceive me. But I wanted to come to the races any how, and at the same time I may as well convince this Mr. Prudence that I am right and he is wrong."

"I should think that the jewels he gave you were sufficient to guarantee his return."

At this remark of mine a comical expression overspread Mr. Aldrich's face.

"Why, the fact is, Miss Dean," said he, "*they* have gone along with the diamonds to be reset in Paris."

Nettie looked rather chagrined at this, but, brightening up a little, said:

"But he left me one of the two turquoise bracelets for a keepsake; the set is an heirloom in his family. See here!"

She pushed up the sleeve of her traveling-dress, and displayed her snow-white arm clasped by a handsome band of gold, set with a double row of the stones.

It must have been of great price, but could not be compared with the value of the diamonds.

We reached the city, and Mrs. Renton's house, about three in the afternoon.

Mr. Aldrich then went to see whether any one having the name "Alphonso Berini" had sailed for Europe.

Nettie lay down to rest, and I went to see how things were going on at the school.

Some of the teachers remained there during the Summer, and took charge of such pupils as chose to stay rather than go to their very distant homes.

To my surprise, I was told that Isabella Drake, our prettiest parlor-boarder, had already returned, and wished to see me; but she was out then.

I would have waited to see her had not something occurred which made me wish to hasten back to Nettie and Mr. Aldrich.

As I passed one of the up-town theatres, on my way to the school, I saw, standing at the ticket-office, the man whose picture Nettie had sent me as that of "her Alphonso."

I immediately stepped up, glanced at the numbers on the two tickets he had bought. They were orchestra chairs, "B 2" and "B 4."

He had no sooner turned away than I purchased seats "6" and "8."

Therefore it was that I hurried home, and, finding Nettie and Mr. Aldrich together, I told them of the circumstance.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Aldrich can take me to the theatre; we will sit next to him, and he knowing neither of us by sight, we will be able to trace him."

"No," cried Nettie, vehemently; "you must have been mistaken. It was not he whom you saw; and although Mr. Aldrich says he cannot find that any Alphonso Berini has gone to Europe, I know there *has*, for he told me he would sail this morning in the *Trinacria*. I *myself* will go, instead of you, to the theatre. If he is there I will see him with my own eyes."

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie, your faith is worthier of a better cause!" exclaimed I, seeing this wayward child in tears for the sake of the man I supposed to be a rascal.

When we had finished dinner, Nettie started to prepare for the theatre, and I joined her, saying:

"You may take me to the school. I will spend the evening with a young lady there, and you may call for me when the play is finished, unless Mr. Berini detains you. Then I shall stay all night."

But, upon reaching the school, I found Isabella out a second time.

"Miss Drake has gone to the theatre with her brother," was the word I received.

"With her *brother!*" thought I. "I never heard she had a brother. Here I have to stay in this poky old school alone all evening."

But I had barely seated myself to a book in Isabella's room, when the door opened, and in walked the young lady herself."

"Oh, Miss Dean," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to find you here. You must help me out of my troubles."

She then threw herself down weariedly upon the sofa, and I noticed she looked worn and pale.

"I thought you were gone to the theatre with your brother?" said I.

"I went to the theatre with a man I called my brother, to elude the vigilance of the teachers. But he is not, and, what is worse, he is a rascal, and I am his dupe."

Again I listened to the story of a girl's folly, and I asked myself why women would allow themselves to be deceived.

The carriage sounded upon the pavement just as Isabella had finished.

"You ask me to help you. Come home with me and I will," said I.

I merely introduced her to Nettie and Mr. Aldrich, and not till we reached home did I explain.

"What happened at the theatre?" I asked of Nettie, as soon as we entered the parlor.

She looked toward Isabella, and I said:

"You need not hesitate to speak before Miss Drake, for she is here to prove how faithful is your Alphonso."

"Well, then, he was not there at all, and another gentleman with a lady took the seats you supposed he would have. So you see, miss, you were mistaken, after all."

"Very well," said I. "Now listen to me for a minute. A certain man, calling himself James Carson, corresponded with Miss Drake, and, with numerous presents and protestations of love, induced her to lend him large sums of money, and leave her home with the intention of marrying her. By appointment he took her to the theatre to-night, and on the way she promised to meet him to-morrow at his hotel, with sufficient money to defray the expenses of their passage to England. Upon nearly reaching their seats at the theatre, he stopped suddenly, told the usher that he objected to sitting so near the stage, and asked him if he would get some one else to take his seats—orchestra chairs, 'B 2' and 'B 4.' With this request the usher complied; but instead of taking the two seats vacated for him, Mr. Carson, after hesitating for a moment, suggested that he should take Miss Drake to some other place of amusement, as he did not like the character of the play at that one. She felt this to be a ruse. She began now to see through him, and, feigning a headache, she said she preferred to go home. She knew that this man had seen some one whom he feared, and she did not wish to be with a man afraid or ashamed to show his face. She was completely disenchanted; but lest she should lose all chance of recovering her money, she concealed from him that any change had taken place in her feelings. Now, Nettie, look at this bracelet, which was one of Mr. Carson's presents to Miss Drake."

Isabella took from her pocket a turquoise bracelet.

"It is the mate to mine!" exclaimed Nettie."

"Yes," said I; "and probably came from the same man. At any rate, we'll see."

Then I proposed a plan, and it was unanimously agreed that it should be carried out.

On the following morning, Miss Drake kept her appointment with Mr. James Carson.

The hour was eleven, and the place, the ladies' parlor of the —— Hotel.

Five minutes later we—Nettie, Mr. Aldrich and myself—entered the room, and found Isabella conversing with a gentleman—at least, I will call him one.

"Alphonso!" cried Nettie.

And the man sprang to his feet, and gave vent to a horrid oath.

Mr. Aldrich then stepped forward to the fear-stricken creature, and said:

"For the sake of these ladies I will not expose you to the authorities if you immediately return to them their jewels and money. But refuse, and by ringing the bell I can summon the police."

The wretch was deadly pale, and trembled fearfully.

"Say nothing," he said, "and I will get them directly; they are in my room;" and he moved toward the door.

"I will go with you," said Mr. Aldrich.

And they left the room together.

I had no fear that this James Carson, *alias* Alphonso Berini, would make any resistance, for, in comparison to his puny frame, Mr. Aldrich looked like a giant.

I now turned to the two girls.

Their looks betrayed their disgust; but we did not exchange words upon the subject, for a stranger had entered the room.

In a few minutes Mr. Aldrich returned with James Carson, *alias* Alphonso Berini.

The stranger looked up from his newspaper, and had the delicacy to remove to the door, where he was out of hearing, and again buried himself in the paper.

The girls found the money and jewels all right, and they returned the turquoise bracelets.

Then, anxious to be out of the scoundrel's presence, we hastened to depart.

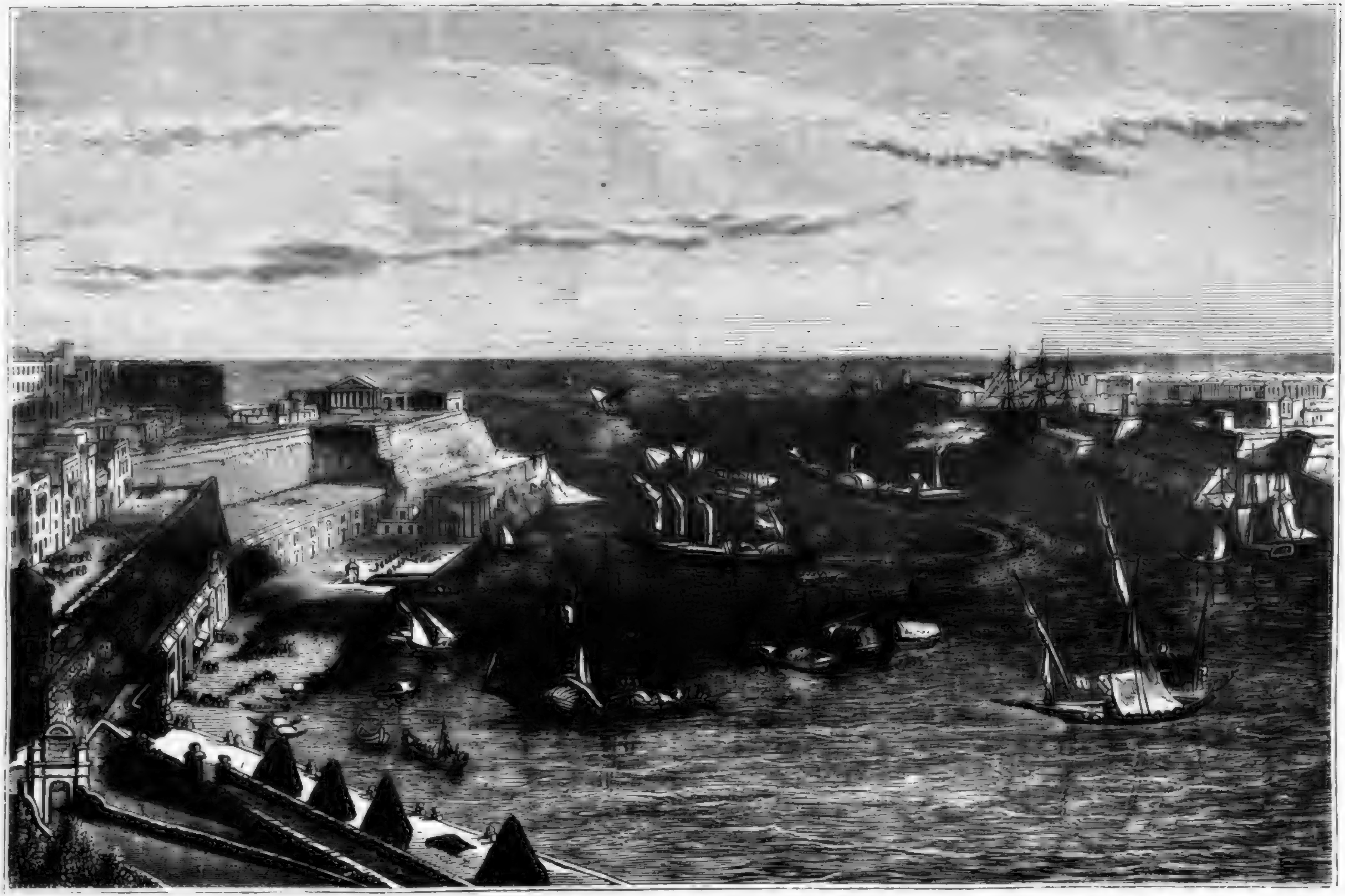
But before we could leave the room, the man of the newspaper came up, and, laying his hand on Alphonso's shoulder, said:

"I am a detective, and I arrest you for robbery. I will take charge of these bracelets, as they are among the articles you have stolen."

We waited to hear no more. Nettie and Isabella had learned a lesson, and were wiser women.

We are all three happily married now, and my name is Mrs. Aldrich.

XUM



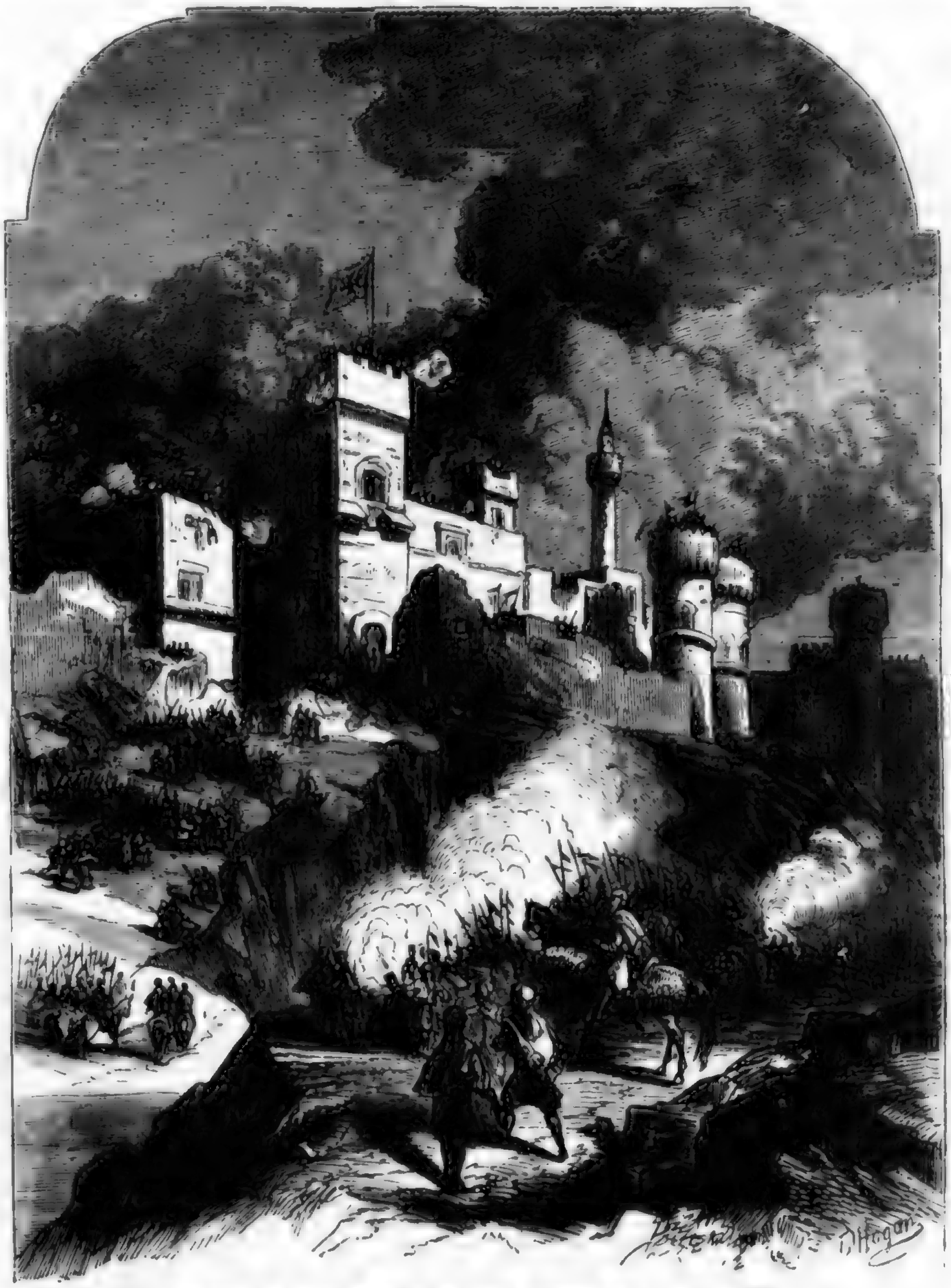
HARBOR OF VALLETTA, MALTA.

# A GLANCE AT MALTA

By Francis Davenant.

There are three ways of getting to Malta from the Riviera. If you do not object to the probability of delay in the departure of the steamer; and further, if you do not object to long-since painted quarters, to a gritty, coal-dusty feeling about the bed-linen, and to a peculiar odor suggestive of many previous passengers of all nations, which pervades the cabin accommodation generally, you can go, for the price of two hundred francs, by *La Junon*, or some of her sisters of the deep, from the port of Marseilles.

If you do, you will be very fairly fed and civilly waited on, and you will find amusing and intelligent companions in the officers of the ship, especially in the doctor, who is always prepared to cry, "*A bas la tisane!*" in the same breath that he extols the virtues of good Médoc wine as a certain cure for all the ills that traveling flesh is heir to. You will be pretty well rocked in your bed at night, for the passage is not often a smooth one; but you will be rewarded for some endurance by seeing, in the day-time of the seventy-two hours' passage, some very charming bits of Mediterranean scenery.



DEFENSE OF FORT ST. ELMO BY THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA, IN 1565.

Out of the port of Marseilles, past Monte Christo's Château d'If, and along the coast by Toulon and Hyères, one enjoys a fine panorama. As the grand rock from which Nôtre Dame de la Garde looks over Marseilles recedes from view, one catches sight of those lofty hills above Toulon, where a young officer of artillery planted the battery with which he promised to answer with his head for compelling the evacuation of the town by the French Royalists and their English allies. He was as good as his word, and lived to conquer at Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena; and to find an overmatch for that brilliant battery of his at Moscow, at Leipsic, and at Waterloo.

If the Straits be made in the daytime, *La Junon* passes near Ajaccio, the birthplace of this same artillery officer, and further on it sights the island home of Garibaldi, with the port of Maddalena. From the Straits of Bonifacio to the lovely island of Maritimo, the easternmost sentinel of Sardinia, is an hour's run; and from Maritimo *La Junon* bruises the water for eighteen hours more ere she casts anchor in Valletta.

There is another way, the *ferrovia*, from Genoa to Leghorn and Rome, or from Genoa to Florence and Rome, and thence to Naples, or, for those who wish to minimize the discomforts of the sea-passage, to Reggio. At Naples and at Reggio will be found a steamer, one of the Florio Line, to convey the traveler to Messina. At Messina he can choose between a transhipment, which will put him in the direct route by sea to Malta, or he can go by railway to Syracuse, there committing himself to the sea.

For those who really suffer from sea-sickness the railway route from Genoa to Reggio, and from Messina to Syracuse, is undoubtedly the best. It is also undoubtedly by far the most costly, and inexpressibly the most tedious; for there is no "Flying Dutchman" in the Italian peninsula, and *grande vitesse* is a property which is confined to French railways, and to a few trains thereon. For him, however, who does not mind the weariness of the journey, nor the expensiveness of it, this method entails sea-traveling of less than a hundred miles. From Reggio to Messina is five miles; from Syracuse to Malta ninety more. But such a traveler loses an immensity of fine scenery. By far the most enjoyable method for the genuine traveler, distinguishing under that name a man who has a soul above his stomach, is to go by

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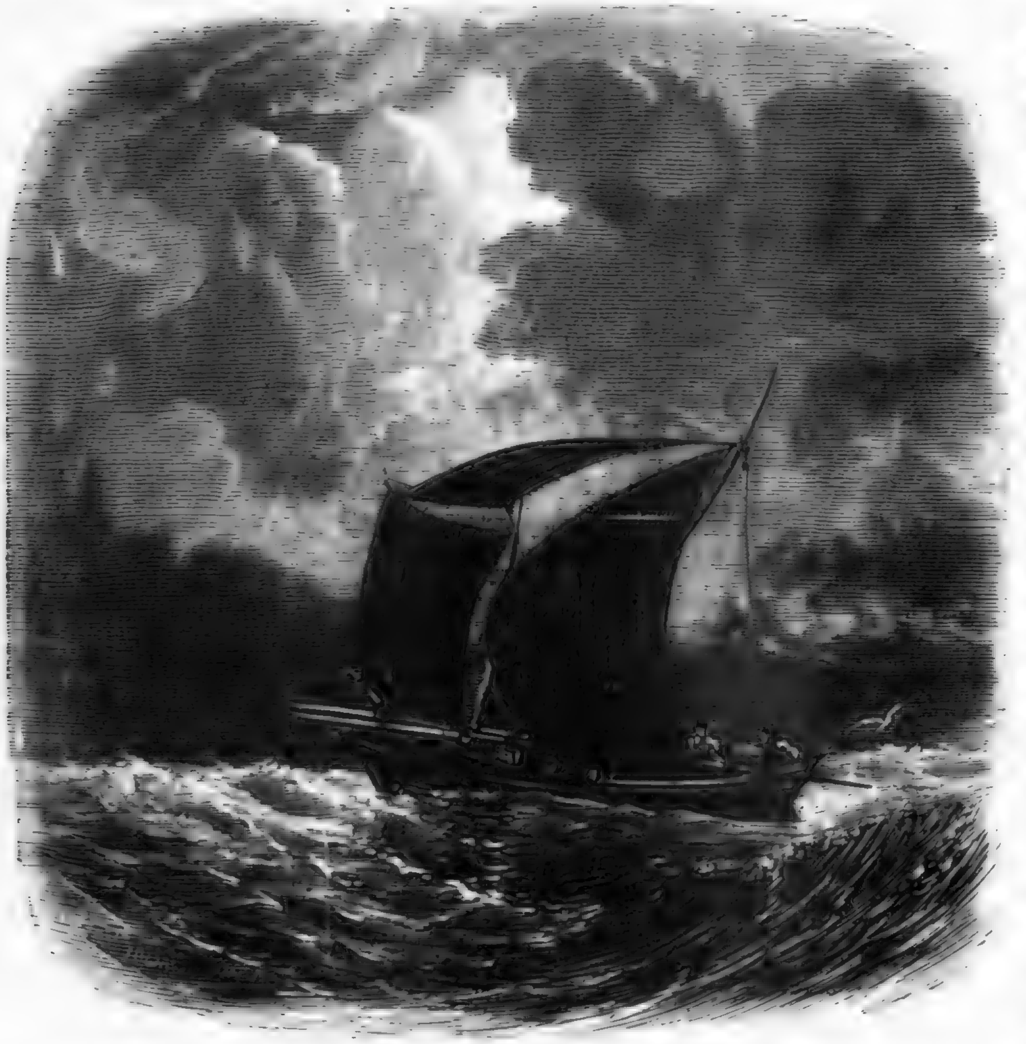


MALTESE FISHING-BOAT.

sea from Genoa to Malta. If fortunate enough to secure a passage in the *Mediterraneo* or the *Scylla*, large and excellent sea-boats, and admirably commanded, and further, if favored with decently clear weather, he will find that he is embarked for a kind of yacht voyage, in which he will see much fine coast scenery and visit many places of great interest, and that for a sum which will leave him a gainer, if it be compared with his necessary daily expenditure while traveling on shore. For one hundred and seventy *lire* one gets transported in a capital ship from Genoa to Malta, and is fed in hospitable wise—after the Italian method of cookery—for a whole week besides. By the way he also gets a sight of some of the most charming spots in the beautiful Mediterranean.

Before starting for the steamboat office, I confer with mine host of the Grande Albergo, and take him into my confidence. I have several passages to pay for besides my own, and the "tottle of the whole," as some of our Scotch friends would say, after studying the fares in the *indicateur*, stands at 525f.

"Are the passages paid in gold or in *lire?*"

"*In lire, signor.*"

These two words made music to the ear. Warned by a friendly French banker, I had armed myself with gold before quitting the territory of the Republic, one and indivisible, and on hearing the landlord's answer I sallied forth to reap my advantage.

Not to the steamboat office till after a previous call on the proprietor of one of those many offices for "cambio valute" which abound in the neighborhood of the port. The exchange is eight and something tiny per cent. I put twenty-five napoleons (*pièces de vingt francs*, as my French banker friend, correcting me, told me these pretty coins are now called) on the counter, and received in exchange a collection of garlic-scented bank-notes, representing five hundred and forty-three lire, and capable of buying value to that amount *within the kingdom of Italy*. There is meaning, there is force in these italics. Outside the kingdom these notes lack power to conjure with; the foreigner will have none of them, and indeed has so poor an opinion of their value that he will not accept them in a mixed payment, even for so small a matter as a railway fare. Within the regions that own the sway of Vittorio Emanuele, however, they are motors of all kinds of activity; and though the subjects of that talented King will assuredly not refuse metallic payments—indeed they are loyally delighted whenever the unwary traveler gives them the opportunity of seeing their Cæsar's image and superscription—they are nevertheless bound to give and take on the faith of paper money stamped for as low a value as fifty centimes.

From the Cambio Valute to the office of the Servizio Postale of Messrs. Florio is but a step. The short delay caused by the call on the moneychanger turns out to be worth precisely forty-three lire. The complaisant look of Signor Florio's manager undergoes modification when he finds that he gets paper for paper, notes instead of coin for tickets. But he cannot demand gold, and, his benignity or otherwise being to me a matter of minor importance, I walk forth from his office the holder of tickets ostensibly worth 525 francs, but which have cost me 18 francs less than 500 francs. Had I paid him in gold, as but for an accident I should have done, my manager would have consented freely, and, without fraud upon his employers, he would have found himself on the transaction a happy gainer of some forty-eight francs—not a bad day's work for the Italian clerk. "Cambio Valute" is a great institution.

The *Mediterraneo* is a fine *piroscafo*. Once she was the *City of Cork*, and did transatlantic work, and was known at Sandy Hook and New York. This was in her maiden days. She married the Mediterranean and changed her name, and now, to the great benefit of travelers, pursues the even tenor of her way between Genoa and Sicily. Spacious are her sleeping-cabins, airy is her saloon; the Italian commandante is instructive and obliging, and Giovannini, the second steward, is a gem of his profession.

Who so knowing in remedies against seasickness, who so tender and careful for those who are down, who so willing and intelligent in his waiting upon the hearty, as our friend Giovannini? He has been in the Italian navy; he fought at the battle of Lissa; he was commended "for valor." Giovannini is simply invaluable. His employers should be proud of him. We, in the *Mediterraneo*, look upon him as the "be-all and end-all" of our comfort. Without him, to borrow a metaphor from the circumstances of the voyage, we should fall on Scylla or fall into Charybdis, and come to a doleful end on board. We vote him prince of stewards. Let us hope he as well liked us for his passengers.

From Genoa past Spezzia and the home of the Duilio and the 100-ton gun, to Leghorn, and to the fine harbor which owes so much to the last Grand Duke of Tuscany. Under the auspices of Giovannini we take advantage of the ten hours' stoppage to run up to Pisa, see the Leaning Tower, the Campo Santo, and the wonders of the church carving, and are again on board in plenty of time to get to sleep before starting again.

At Cività Vecchia, that ancient gateway of Rome, we stop two hours, and are shown the place where the French frigate Orénoque used to lie, that now vacant place bemourned of Cività Vecchians since the good sense and the good feeling of the French Republican Government recalled the useless menace to Italian unity. Besides this there is next to nothing to see at Cività Vecchia, even the old-world fort, which is but a standing monument of the difference between past and present, scarcely repaying the trouble of a visit. Giovannini was right when he begged us not to weary ourselves with visiting the place. It is only a vexation to the spirit, allowing you to see the train which might take you to Rome, while the steamer declines to stop long enough in the port to allow of the return journey.

The *Mediterraneo* quits Cività Vecchia, and in twelve hours is closing upon Ustica, that rocky northwest corner of Sicily whereon stand a few farms, and whereon the Sicilian Norvals feed their flocks. It is a grand, noble piece of coast that stretches its veritable highlands from Ustica to Monte Pellegrino. The latter, towering high and sheer from the water, forms the southern horn of Palermo Bay, and is the rock whence springs that handsome mole which is at once the main harbor and the landing quay.

Rounding the point of the mole one sees an immediate alteration, not to say improvement, in the appearance of those many passengers who will insist on enjoying their prerogative of seasickness up to the last moment. The imposingly-dressed carabinieri, in blue slashed uniform, with silver epaulettes and lace, and with the unwieldiest of sabres, who have been presenting anything but a martial look ever since they got on board at Leghorn, now stiffen out and stiffen up into a terror to evil-doers. The prisoners they have been nominally guarding could not look more miserable — one might also add more wicked — than they have done all the trip. Any feeling of satisfaction they might have had at relief from being sea-tossed is counterbalanced by the prospect, of which the smooth water is a witness, of being so much nearer to their place of punishment. The picturesquely colored bundles of clothes which have been huddled under plaids and wraps about the deck, now take fresh shape as men and women, and by the time the steamer has performed a movement akin to that which circus horses perform when dancing a quadrille, and has backed and sidled herself into stern moorings among the group of steamers, there emerge from cabins and other nooks and crannies of the *Mediterraneo* people of whose presence on board that vessel one had had no idea.

The management on board these boats does not necessarily incur much cost when it hospitably promises to include in the passage-money the provision of a good *table d'hôte*.

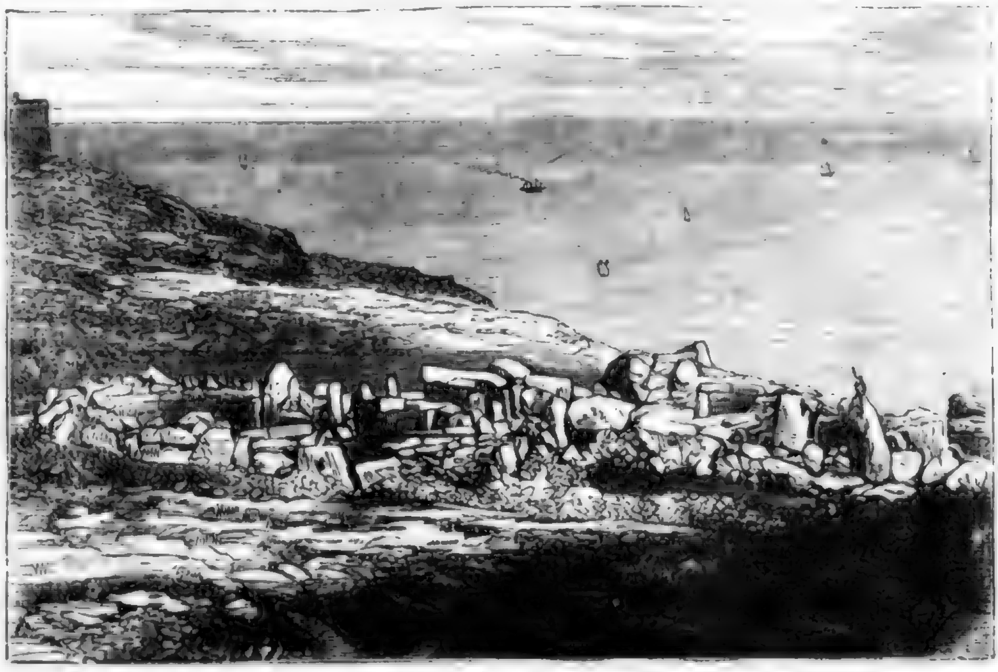
Giovannini saves me from the clutches of a water-brigand, of a kind not special to Palermo—by no means unknown, indeed, on our Hudson River—and I stand on the mole an unplundered and unruffled admirer of the magnificent panorama. On the right, Monte Pellegrino, with its Calvary and its richly adorned shrine of St. Rosalie, respected even by brigands; in front, the new and the shipping part of the town; on the left, the broad bay, backed to the northward by the mountains of Palermo province; whilst lying around, and stretching inland from the lower part of the bay, is the grand city of Palermo itself.

There can be no choice between the Hotel di Trinacria and any other. The Hotel de France, to which the steamer folk would send you, is good, but inferior to the Trinacria, where the fare is excellent, the rooms are good, and the view is enchanting. But it is not for hotels one has come to Palermo.

One wanders through the quaint streets, with their *quattro cantoni*, or four-streets-meet, at every important traverse in the line of thoroughfare; one looks into the handsome shops, the gorgeous churches, and stops short of the Porta Nuova to go over the singular and cold cathedral, with the marks of many architects and many eras on its walls and pinnacles. In the houses, in the public buildings, in the people, in the language, one sees without seeking the medley of races who have, from time to time, held sway at Palermo. Greek, Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, French and Italian, all are represented here. In the houses, Saracen and Spaniard are seen; in the churches, Norman, Spaniard and Italian. In the language all the nationalities mingle with an agreement that never existed amongst the nationalities themselves.

Here at the Porta Nuova, in the rooms over the gateway, staid Giuseppe Garibaldi what time he came across the mountains with the force which beat the king's troops outside Messina, and compelled the garrison of that town to capitulate. Hard-by is the Palazzo Reale, rich in inlaid staircases, with a bijou chapel all mosaic, with a campanile commanding splendid views of the rich, long and deep valley in which Palermo stands, and with memories which carry the mind back to Roger, King of Sicily, and to the emirs whom he dispossessed.

The sun is setting as we pass under the Porta Nuova, which leads by the Monreale road into the country. For the first time we remember what we have heard and read about *I Briganti*, whom we somewhat fondly imagined to



PHŒNICIAN RUINS, IN MALTA.

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belong to the country districts alone. We turn back into the city, and across the Parade-ground, into the long street already ascended, and resolve to confer with wiser heads than our own before going outside the gates.

Giovannini rejects all suggestions as to the unsafety of the road. He himself is Palermitan. He is quite sure about it. There are no brigands; and between Palermo and Monreale *si trovano i posti militari per tutt' il cammino.*

Mr. Morrison, the obliging English and American banker, "thinks there is no danger;" he "has heard of brigands nearer than Monreale;" but, on the whole, thinks one may go, because, as Giovannini had said, "there are now posts of the Bersaglieri all the way between the two places."

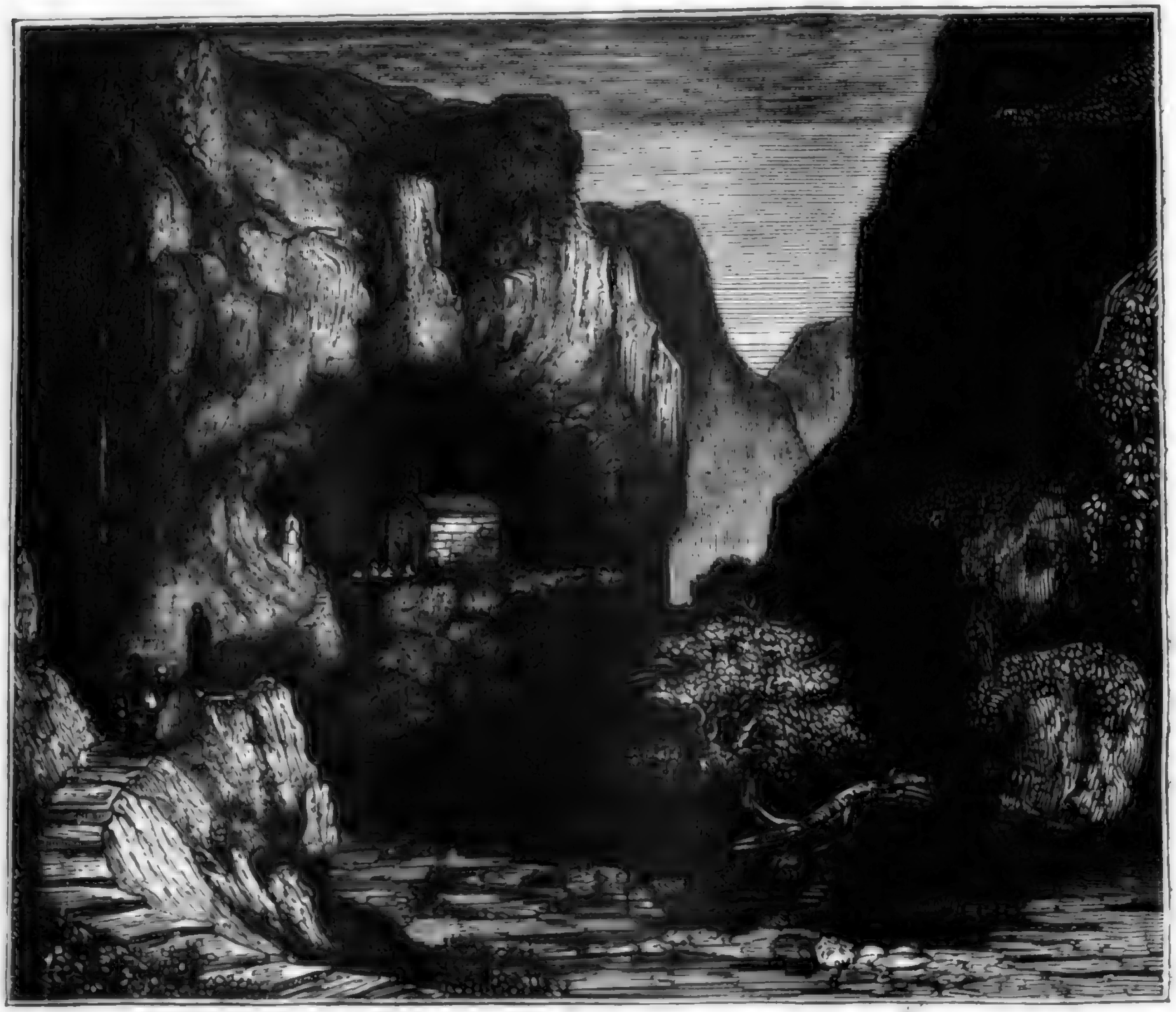
"Will Captain M—— give Giovannini a day's leave?"

"Does the Signor Inglese wish it?"

The Signor Inglese would much like to have Giovannini's escort to Monreale. *Giovannini è alla disposizione del signore.*

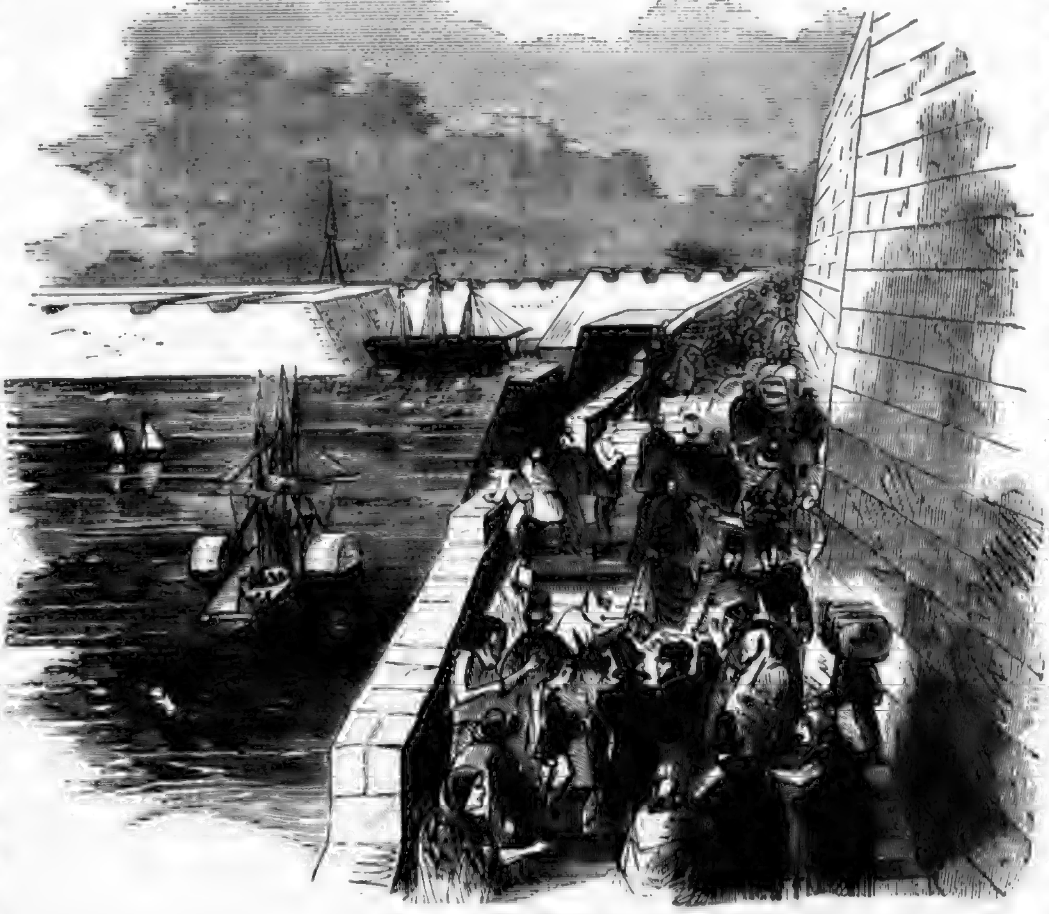
And so, with a trusty companion, with a stalwart coachman and a pair of fleet horses, we drove to Monreale, up the ascent which gives view after view of the utmost beauty, past the long-deserted ruins of the Angevin town, and the site of those gardens wherein the Palermitans and their French rulers walked that eventful night, after the Vespers sternly known in history as Sicilian. We see with rapt admiration that wonderful cathedral church in which the Norman kings of Sicily sleep; in which the founder, whatever his secular failings, was downright in the thoroughness of his church work, and was not above borrowing ideas from the higher civilization he had conquered, to secure magnificence in the church he dedicated to the God of Norman Christianity.

We enjoy it all—the grandeur, the finish, the stupendous proportions; we wander among the cloisters, decline with thanks the offer of a visit to the adjoining monastery, and then prepare to return. For the officer in command at Monreale will not allow us to proceed to the convent in the hills, three miles beyond the town, unless we take an escort of troops. We listen to the officer's account of the audacity of *Signori i Briganti*—how that sometimes they will even attack an escorted party if the lure be great enough; how lately they attacked one of his own patrols, killing a sergeant and wounding two soldiers, close to Monreale; and how there was no absolute security beyond his post. We listen to all this, and conclude that our desire to see the famous convent is less than our desire to avoid giving any occasion to the brigands. We thank the lieutenant for his courtesy; note in our memories his assurance that till he and his brother officers are allowed to shoot priests, brigands will flourish; and, re-entering our carriage, drive back in safety to Palermo, and to the *Mediterraneo.*



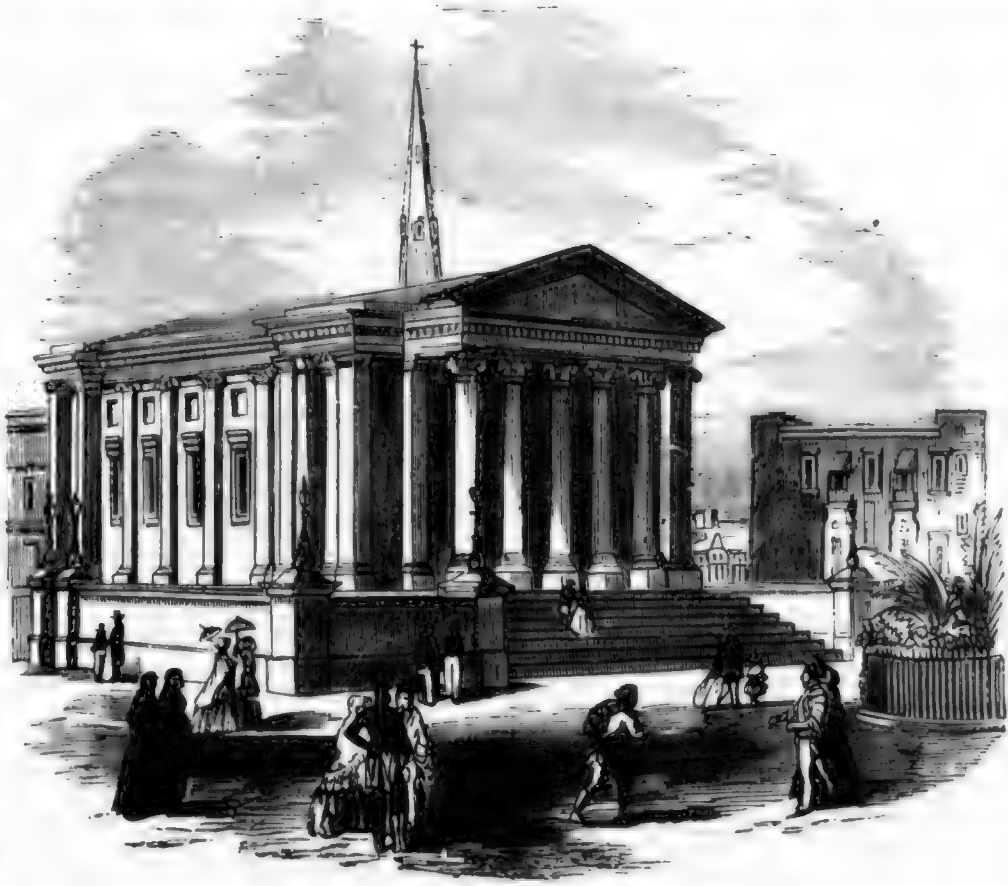
GROTTO OF ST. PAUL, MALTA.

Space fails to tell of the vaults of the Cappucini monastery, where four thousand baked, and some embalmed, bodies, stand side by side along the walls, or recline, dressed as in life, in glass cases or wooden boxes. It fails also to tell of much that remains to be said about Palermo, where visitors would much more congregate, both for health and for pleasure, but for the standing discouragement and dread inspired by the brigand pest. Till travelers cease to be liable to capture within gunshot of a railway station, till the working of the *Mafia* and other secret societies can be rudely stopped by the law, till perhaps the desire of the pleasant officer at Monreale can be gratified, it is impossible that Palermo can expand its vast natural and artificial resources as a Winter resort. It is idle to expect it.



THE BEGGARS' STAIRS, MALTA.

The *Mediterraneo* goes her way, and after plunging about in the seas, which are always more or less agitated—*mare grosso*, as the Italians love to call them—about the northern parts of the island, feels her way down the Straits of Messina. She implicitly heeds the poet's warning to avoid Scylla, for that is an ugly rock jutting out from the sides of the steep land, on the crown of which stand the great mountains of Calabria; but furnished, as the bark of Palinurus was not furnished, with excellent steam-engines, she is less mindful of the direction against falling into Charybdis; on the contrary, she steams right through it, and, keeping a straight course on the whirlpool side, makes for the entrance of the splendid harbor of Messina.



QUEEN ADELAIDE'S CHURCH, VALLETTA, MALTA.

Here, alas! one has to realize the truth of the aphorism that the best friends must part. Giovannini, who has been so invaluable to us all the way from Genoa, is no longer to bring the morning cup of coffee to the cabin—no longer to interest us with descriptions of this headland or with accounts of that castle. With him, with the *Mediterraneo* herself, we have here to part, and transfer our baggage and ourselves to that pretty, yacht-like, but, oh! so much smaller, steamer, *Il Campidoglio*, which is lying two cables ahead of us. Giovannini renders a last, but not least, service by undertaking the whole business of transfer; so leaving our worldly goods to his sure hands and eyes, in full confidence of reunion with them on board the other ship, we are rowed ashore, and find ourselves in the town of Leonato and the birthplace of Hero.

Dogberry and Verges have both passed away; Hero has once more passed into the marble statue whence love had power to draw her; and the sharp wit of Beatrice no longer vexes the soul of Benedick, whose toothache has long since been cured by the prime curer of all the ills that flesh and teeth are heirs to. Not only has Don John made his exit, but, under the auspices of Garibaldi, all his kinsfolk have gone, too. No more can Conrad be guilty of "flat burglary as ever was committed," by calling "the prince's brother villain." No more does Dogberry "instruct the watch," or boast of his two coats, or of being "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina." "Old times are changed, old manners gone"; and the traveler who thinks of the day when Spanish viceroys dwelt in the town, and collected fleets for the succor of Malta, or for the destruction of the Turk —he who remembers what Messina was, and compares her with what she is, in spite of the commerce which still flows to her, of the gifts nature has lavished upon her, may well write "Ichabod" over her name in his book of recollections.

Out of the harbor, one sharp turn to the right, that is, to the southward, and we are once more in the Straits, crossing the margin of the redoubted Charybdis—marked in white foam—are passing by Reggio, that Rhegium whither St. Paul came after he "had fetched a compass."

The *Campidoglio* is to the *Mediterraneo* as a Boulogne steamer is to a New York packet. She kicks about mightily on her way to Catania, that standing temptation to Providence which stands at the foot of Etna. Those seeming rocks on the seashore are blocks of lava, tombstones of the city which lies, calcined and in ashes, under the site on which the present Catania stands. Time after time the place has been more or less ruined; and oftener still would have suffered, had not St. Agatha, who has the city in charge, been moved at the sight of her vail, brought out of its shrine at the cathedral by the terrified but faithful Catanians, and turned the molten stream into another channel. Very grateful are the Catanians to St. Agatha; and quite ready are they at any given time to outbid the Ephesians, both in time and fervor, in proclaiming the greatness of their goddess.

Beautiful is the sight of Etna, which bursts upon the view as one passes from the wharf, past the archbishop's palace, covered with the most brilliant and lovely Bourgainvilliers, and turns to enter the city by the water-gate. There, as in some vast theatre, the arch of the gate acting as proscenium, one sees the great square, and the long, wide, and gradually ascending street, which is the main thoroughfare leading out of it, and which has for background to its long vista the snow-covered, smoke-crowned mountain, under which Jupiter flung the rebellious Titan. At night, when this long vista is lighted up, and the moon throws into relief the form of the mountain, the sight is one of fairyland. In this delightfully placed city there are many English, and not a few Americans; for Catania has long been favorably known, with Arci Reale, as a Winter resort for delicate Westerns.

Those who wish to have as little as possible to do with the *Campidoglio* can go by rail to Syracuse; but they will in so doing miss some of the finest views of Etna. Whichever way they go, they should stop a while in Syracuse. They should also visit Augusta, with its now deserted fortifications, once of great strength, and the scene of many a Bourbon tyranny. It was at Augusta that the French made their last stand and final capitulation, when Hubert of Orleans strove in vain to quell the storm which rose after the Sicilian Vespers. It was at Syracuse—but we must not tarry to say what happened at Syracuse, the home and the grave of Archimedes, the stronghold of Dionysius, the pride, and at one time the dread, of the old-world powers of the Mediterranean. Already we have tarried long upon our way to Malta; and if we would take passage thither in our friend the *Campidoglio*, which is lying in the harbor with the steam already up, and blowing shrilly off, we must content ourselves with having seen the Greek and Roman theatres, the wonderful ear of Dionysius, the tomb of Archimedes, and the sweet water spring of Jove's fair nymph, Arethusa.

Let us draw a vail over our recollection of the nine-hour trip in that sodawater-bottle shaped *Campidoglio*, between Cape Passaro and Malta. To what purpose did we eat that excellent dinner, provided by mine host of the Albergo del Sole, before embarking? Why, oh, why did I venture to smoke that second Italian-bought cigar?

The would-be, but vain, comforter, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Giovannini had descended, informed me about 7 A.M., that Malta was in sight.

I did not embrace the man, for he was a steward, and had been active in his vocation for some hours past; and there was that indescribable something—shall I call it an *afflatus?* —about him which even garlic could not kill.

But with his information hope revived. We—of our own following, I mean—rushed on deck, and gladdened our eyes with the sight which the sun, dispersing the morning mist, gilded as it opened out. On the right lay the high cliffs of Gozo, in front the island of Malta, stretching out its bays and inlets right and left of Valletta. Far inland we can see, on the high hill-ridge toward Gozo, the palace of St. Antonio, fair Summer retreat of the governor, and now the abode of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The forts are becoming each moment more distinct. There is Ricasoli; that is St. Angelo behind it. There is St. Elmo; to the right of it Fort Tigné, with Sliema Hill beyond; while above St. Julian's Bay rise the buildings of Pembroke Camp, and the strong commanding works of the New Fort.

The signal-staff on the top of Valletta has our mail-steamer flag up. There is a general shaking of feathers among the poor human fowl on board, and an evident belief that ere long the waves will cease from trembling. Three-quarters of an hour more, and we get an outside view of the *Campidoglio*, anchored close to the Custom-house wharf, under the shadow of the high Baracca, and within range of a plunging fire from some dozen great batteries.

In our anxiety to get ashore we scarcely heed the presence of Sir James Drummond's superb fleet, which lies at the several moorings—a grand sight to see. We pass the ordeal of the Customs, settle ourselves into a car, like, but with a difference, to those one sees in the pictures of Velasquez, and drive off to Ellul's hospitable quarters in Strada Santa Lucia.

To obtain membership in the Union Club is the first duty which a man owes to himself after being six hours in Malta. The facilities for obtaining membership are ample and generous, especially for temporary residents, and the advantages given in return for the moderate subscription are very great indeed. He who has once availed himself of the hospitality of the club, which has its being at the Auberge de Provence, will find, when he comes to analyze his pleasant recollections of Malta, that this hospitality was a principal factor in his enjoyment.

The Auberge de Provence, once the home of the Provençal Knights of Malta, stands in the best part of Strada Reale. Within its doors may be found the most comfortable counterpart of London club accommodation, and willing service. A bachelor or a stray Benedict, stranded by himself at Malta, can make himself as happy here as Maltese creature comforts can make him. He may here, with fair chance of success, attempt to solace himself for the absence of Juanita; he may here at his ease compose those touching appeals which shall end by wringing consent from Juanita's obdurate parents.

Membership in the garrison library at the main guard is almost as necessary as the club to one's well-being in Malta. To one's womankind there it is indispensable. The garrison library is the Ladies' Club meeting-place—the malicious add "flirtation tryst." The last epithet is of course libellous, and, properly speaking, should find no place in this veracious chronicle. But for many of the purposes for which a club is valuable to men the garrison library is valuable to ladies. They can read, write, think, admire, and be admired, see all the latest telegrams, magazines, and newspapers, and pick up all the *on dits* and *canards* of Valletta. There is no refreshment-room, to be sure; but then just across the street is there not that enticing retreat where "the Sick Man" purveys the coolest of Italian ices, the daintiest of French *confiserie*, the iciest of drinks? Refreshments of a more substantial kind are also at call, and the ladies have in "the Sick Man"* an obliging ally, who makes them independent of all club kitchens. Then for shopping, what point of departure so convenient?

If the Winter resident at Malta have a mind to house himself, he can find good quarters in Valletta, but better in Floriana, outside the inner line of fortifications. If he decide for hotel life, he can lodge fairly, and be fed sumptuously, at several places in Valletta for eight shillings a day. But by far the best hotel of Valletta is, to use an Irishism, not in Valletta at all, but at Sliema, across the creek of that name. There, under the roof of the courtly Ellul, can be enjoyed not only excellent quarters and excellent fare, but the loveliest views of the district. From the house-top of this Imperial Hotel the eye ranges over a wide-spread panorama of the island. High upon a hill seven miles to the southwest stands Città Vecchia, the walled capital of the island ere John de Vallette built the city which now crowns Mount Sceberras. Here, as tradition holds, was the house of Publius, the chief man of the island, who "courteously entreated" the shipwrecked Apostle Paul. Within three miles of it is St. Paul's Bay itself, inclosing a small islet on which the travelers are said to have lighted the fire whence an adder sprang upon the supposed murderer's finger. There is yet the place "where two seas meet"; there is still the creek into which the mariners strove "if it were possible to thrust in the ship."

East from Città Vecchia, as one stands on the Sliema house-top, lies Verdala, a Summer residence once of the Grand Master, now of the Governor, of Malta. Krendi, that strange remnant of prehistoric temples, lies hidden behind the southern cliffs; and as the eye travels eastward over the landscape, it rests upon the Mohammedan burying-place, many a fine Christian church, and the serried streets, forts, and buildings of the key of the Mediterranean.

There is abundance of amusement, there are endless objects of interest, for the Winter sojourner in Malta. The hands of the soldier and the monk are indelibly stamped on the place. From the time when Charles V., by his charter, still exhibited in the armory, granted the Islands of Malta and Gozo and the State of Tripoli to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the sword and the cowl have held sway in the island. At St. Elmo you can still trace, amid the bastions and batteries of that great castle, the small star fort, isolated from all succor, which cost the Moslem 8,000 men before he took it. You can still see, preserved by the pious care of after times, the chapel in which the sixty surviving, but none unwounded, members of the garrison, partook of their last communion at midnight before the final assault.

At St. Angelo, across the harbor, you can see what was the citadel of Malta, what time the borg or hamlet which clustered inside the then enceinte was as the germ of the present city. Strangely would John de Vallette, that great Grand Master, who hurled back the power of the Turk shattered and riven, rub his medieval eyes and clasp his gauntleted hands in wonder, could he see the weapons which have replaced his culverins and bombards upon the walls of St. Angelo. Astonished would be those valiant soldiers of La Vallette who dived and swam, sword in mouth, to attack their assailants in the water, could they see the torpedoes which have supplanted the pile-driven barbed palisade, upon the integrity of which hung, for a time, the fate of Malta. Great would have been their astonishment, as great as was our pleasure, could they have seen, as we saw from the batteries they so well defended, the long, sightly form of the *Serapis*, steaming majestically past Ricasoli, and shaking to the vibration of well-rammed 300-pounders engaged in the peaceful and loyal occupation of saluting the Prince of Wales homeward bound from India.

Then went Malta quite mad. The thunder and *rimbombo* of oft-repeated salutes, the decoration of streets, the illumination of houses, the presentation of addresses, procession-forming, torpedo-firing, sham assaults upon the fortress, illuminations of the fleet, of Grand Harbor, of Valletta, dinner-giving, ball-giving, gala performances at the Opera—these, and the like of these, produced a general vertigo in the brain of Malta, which outlasted the Prince's visit.

Not ours to describe the days of rejoicing. Far abler pens have written the history of that time. Whether they will faithfully record the jealousies which arose in consequence of non-invitations to this dinner at Government House, to that breakfast on the *Serapis*, in consequence of Miss A. being asked to dance with the Prince, while Mrs. B. was not asked; in consequence of Colonel C. being placed at table below Captain D. of the *Warhorse* frigate, it is impossible to say, neither does it much matter. Whether the official chroniclers perpetuate the fact that the torpedoes refused to explode themselves, when called upon, in the Marsa Muscetto, or that the anger of certain Maltese gentry exploded when not called upon, because of slights, real or imaginary, is equally immaterial. Accidents will happen to the best regulated programmes, especially if liable to sudden alterations. There is no need to write them down—rather the contrary; and all that need be remembered of the visit are the many undoubted pleasures to which it certainly gave rise.

Malta, as a Winter resort, is at once brighter and cheaper—far cheaper—than the favorite towns of the Riviera. It has a *sirocco*, it is true, an evil wind that ruffles the smoothest tempers, and imparts to the whole body, inside and out, a feeling that it has been rubbed with sandpaper. But then there is no such *mistral* as Cannes and the Niçois own; and the one must be set against the other.

There is society—plenty of it. There is the gayety and life inseparable from a great military and naval station; and there is an activity in commerce, represented by not less than six vessels in and out every day. The island itself is interesting—in parts it is pretty—and house-rent and living are marvelously cheap. Many avail themselves of these advantages between November and May, and find themselves the better in health, heavier in pocket, and the wiser for many pleasant associations, at the end of it. In the interval between the months named, let Continental tourists take it as true, that they would do well to revive their partiality for an old favorite resort, which has been much neglected of late years.

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NOT long before the death of Frederick the Great several of his Ministers came to him as usual. "I have not closed my eyes all night," said the King, "and in the morning, when I felt disposed to sleep, I was obliged to attend to business." "Your Majesty," replied Garz, "might surely have indulged yourself." "What!" rejoined the King, looking steadfastly at him, "do you suppose I am paid by the State to do nothing?"

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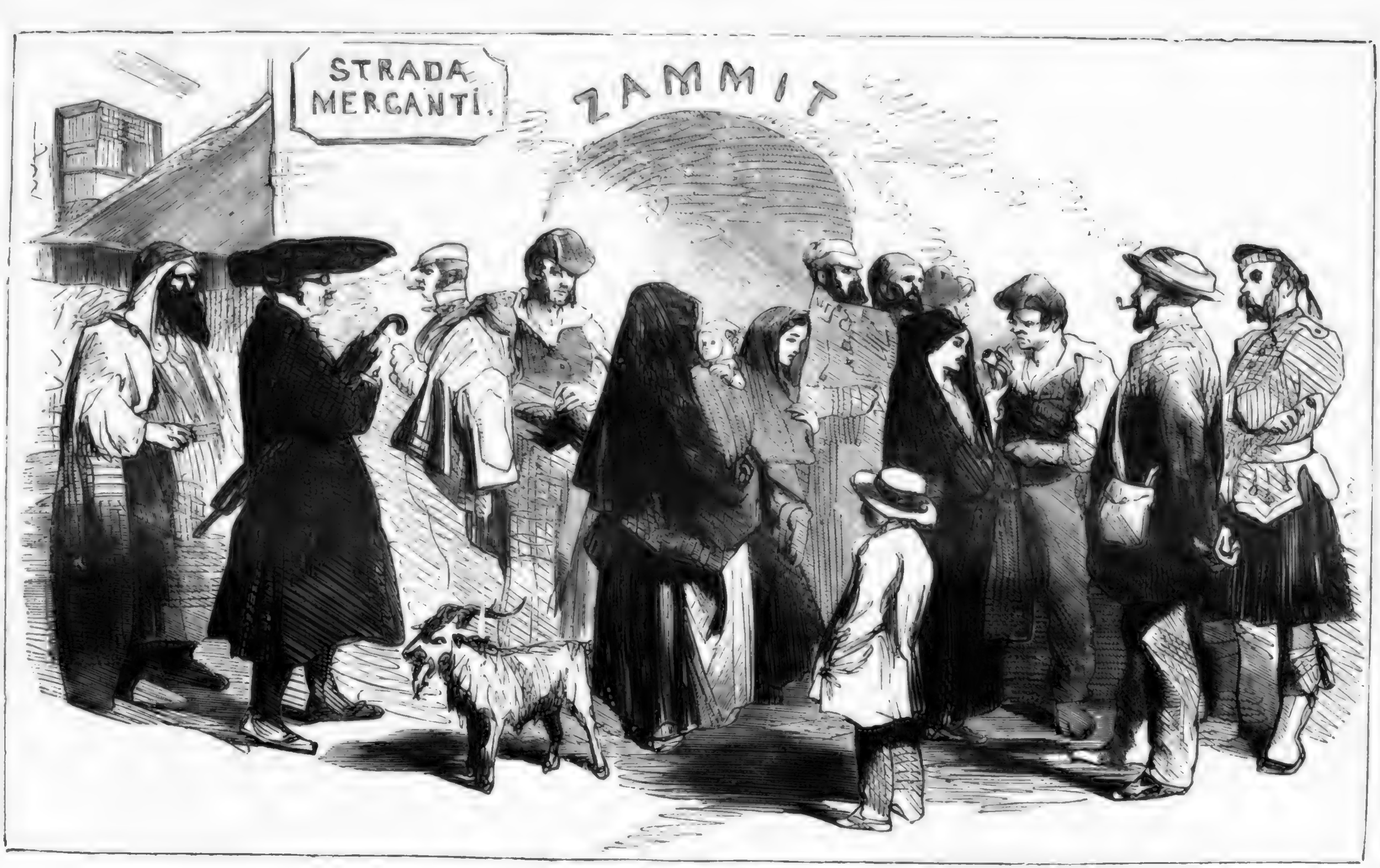
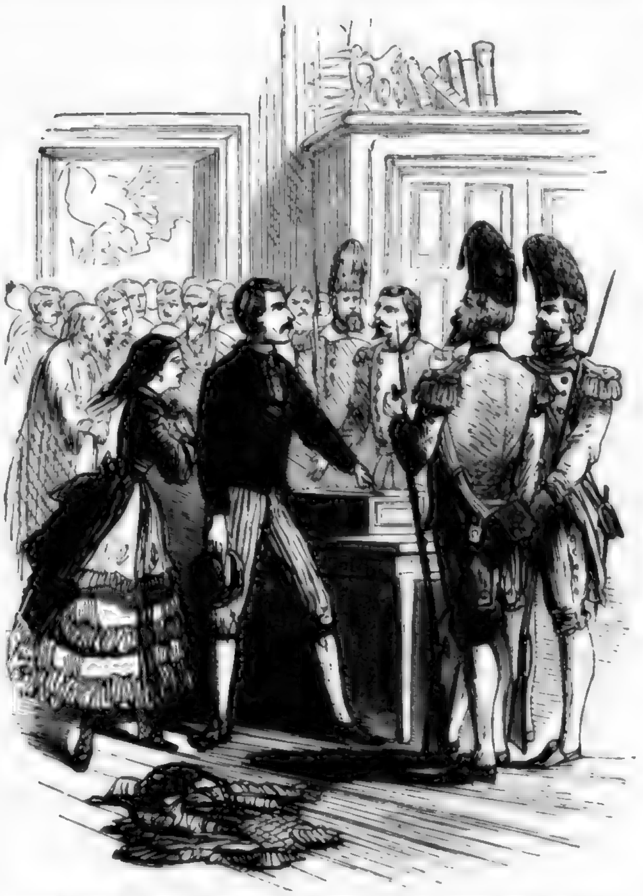
* Why the obliging Italian who keeps the best confectioner's shop in Strada Reale—that is, in Malta—should be known universally as "the Sick Man," the writer sought to know, but never learned.


STRADA MERCANTI.
ZAMMIT

SCENE ON THE LANDING, MALTA.



THE CONSCRIPT.—"THE NEXT INSTANT HE DREW THE FATAL NUMBER—THREE!"

# THE CONSCRIPT.

In one of the fruitful valleys of Piedmont, nestled amongst the clustering foliage of the vine and mulberry, stands the picturesque village of Piorino. Attracted by its simple beauty, I took up a Summer residence there some years ago, and formed the intimate acquaintance of its venerable pastor. He was at that period verging into his seventieth year, but the hand of Time had touched him gently: there was a cheerful freshness in his voice, and an infectious humor in his laugh.

I was one evening seated in his cozy sitting-room, when my eye chanced to light upon two military Orders and a golden cross of the Iron Crown, encircled by a wreath and suspended over the mantelpiece. Feeling curious to learn how those badges of war had come to adorn this peaceful home, I questioned my host respecting them. Suddenly, however, a cloud gathered over his furrowed brow.

"My question causes you pain?" I ventured to remark.

"No, no," he faltered, "not pain; but the memory of sad events is awakened by those mementoes. If you will patiently hear me to the end, I will relate them."

I promised attention, and after a pause he thus began:

"My story refers to the period when Piedmont's brave sons were driven forth to swell the armies of Napoleon. Near the schoolhouse at the end of the village there stands a vinedresser's cottage, where resided with his widowed mother a young peasant named Andrew Toniato. He was a fine, stalwart youth, with supple limbs and powerful frame. In an adjacent cottage there dwelt the beauty, I may say pride, of our little community, Marie Levalle. She and Andrew had grown up from childhood together, and as they reached maturer years, their attachment ripened into earnest love.

"At length the bridal day was fixed; but within a week of its approach the sound of the drum through the village street caused many a stout heart to quail with fear. It announced the periodical conscription, and a few hours later I met Andrew on his way to the rendezvous. He was permitted to take a farewell of his mother and Marie, and wishing to bid him adieu I hastened at once to the cottage.

"'Marie,' he was saying, as I paused, unseen, upon the threshold, 'my darling Marie, next Sunday was to have been our wedding day,' he continued; 'but now four long years stand between that happiness we have waited for with so much anxiety.'

"'Yes, four long years, Andrew,' she said, in a faint whisper.

"'If they were twenty, said he, 'I could wait, Marie, and come back to find no change in you, even though your face should be wrinkled and your hair silvered. But I shall have to encounter perils in every shape before my return; nay, perhaps even death itself.'

"The young girl shuddered, and clung to him with a convulsive grasp, as she slowly repeated, 'Death!'

"'Yes, Marie,' he continued; 'and before we separate, possibly for ever, I wish to release you from your vows to me—to leave you free to accept another who will love and protect you as I would have done if Providence had so willed it. This is my earnest desire. Will you comply with it?'

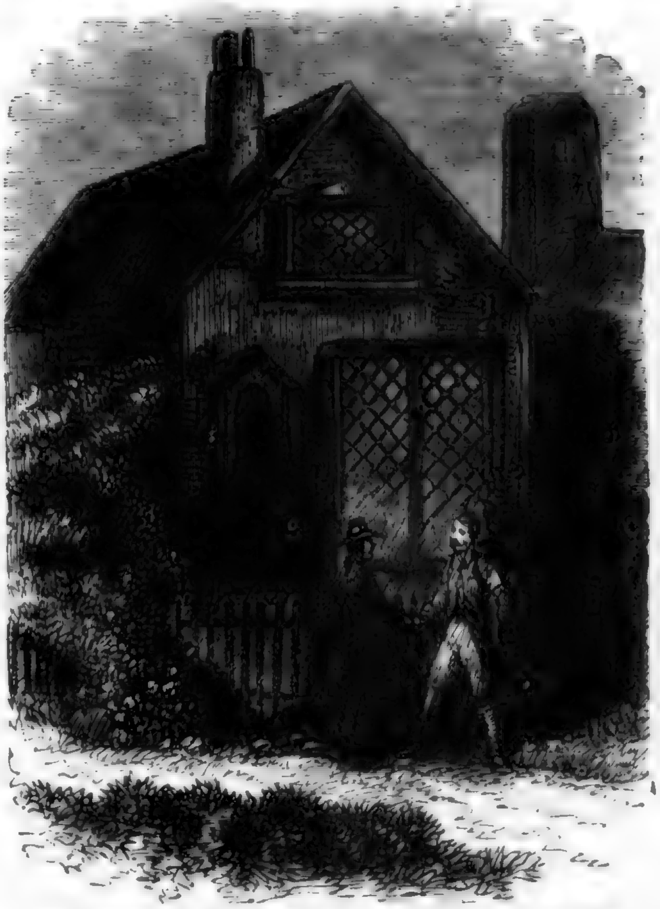
"'I cannot, Andrew,' she replied, in a beseeching tone; 'I cannot. My heart is yours, my love is yours; they can never belong to another.'

"'Ay, Marie,' said he; 'but if you wait and wait through weary years until your youth fades, where will you find a protector in your age?'

"'In God, Andrew,' she replied, in a voice of fervent meekness.

"At that moment the short, measured tread of armed men fell on my ear, and the sergeant, with his file of soldiers, halted in front of the cottage. Andrew knelt hurriedly before his mother and received her parting benediction; then, folding Marie to his breast, he bade her look up, that he might bear the image of her bright face for ever in his memory.

"While this painful scene was passing, she pressed a small cross carved in wood, and entwined with a lock of her golden



THE CONSCRIPT.—"AT LENGTH HE GASPED OUT, IN CHOKING ACCENTS, 'AND MARIE!'"

XUM

hair, into his hand. He took the humble token and placed it next to his heart.

"At that moment the word to move forward was given. I received Marie from him, and the band marched away on their sad route. We watched them pass round the winding hill, the declining sun slanting their shadows on the dusty road, until they disappeared from our strained sight.

"At the end of two months a letter arrived from Andrew, dated Magdeburg. It told us that he had joined a regiment of grenadiers. The following Spring he wrote from Aranza, in Spain; he had then passed unscathed through many a hard-fought field, had risen to the rank of sergeant, and had been decorated with an Order.

"Two years wore away. One evening my attention was arrested by a group gathered in front of Andrew's cottage.

"'Here is our pastor!' they shouted; 'he will be glad to hear the news.'

"'What news, my friends?' I inquired.

"Every voice, as with one accord, cried joyfully, 'Andrew Toniato is returned!'

"I passed to the door, where Marie welcomed me, her beautiful face all smiles and tears. Following her, I encountered the erect form of Andrew, in his uniform. The mother, with her furrowed face resting on his breast, was trying to bear her part bravely, but the emotion of her heart was plainly visible.

"'Back, Andrew, at last!' I said, as he grasped my hand.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'we are now on our way to rejoin the Italian army. I have obtained a three days' leave of absence to visit my mother and Marie.'

"'How long have you to serve now?' I inquired.

"'Two years,' he smiled, as he drew Marie to his side, 'and then the trial and suspense of this devoted heart will be all over. She will be mine for ever then—my wife.'

"To Marie, those three days were the brightest she was ever destined to know. When the hour for Andrew's departure came, he placed a ring upon her finger and a small golden chain round her neck.

"'You will see me again, Marie,' he said, 'with an epaulet on my shoulder. I go forth leaning on your love and His strong arm.'

"He went back to his regiment. In a few weeks Andrew's name appeared in the list of wounded; but he speedily recovered, and was appointed to the Imperial Guard.

"Two more years passed. France became embroiled in a war with Russia. Andrew was ordered away; his first letter was from Smolensko, informing Marie that he was adjutant, and that the cross of the Iron Crown had been awarded to him. She tried to smile when she read me the proud intelligence, but the tremulous motion of her lips and the moisture of her eyes belied her happiness.

"At length, in the Winter of 1812, a rumor reached our secluded village that the French army had been defeated. The fatal tidings quickly followed that Andrew had perished at the Beresina. From that time I seldom saw a smile upon Marie's face.

"In time, remnants of the shattered French army passed through our village, and from some of the soldiers we gathered full particulars of Andrew's death. One old sergeant of the Imperial Guard I overtook, as he was limping wearily up the hill leading to my church.

"'Do you belong to Piedmont, my brave?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'and thanks to the lances of those rascally Cossacks, my name will soon be struck from the muster-roll of the Old Guard.'

"'Did you know a young fellow named Andrew Toniato, belonging to your regiment?' I asked.

"'Halt!' he cried, suddenly, as the tears started to his eyes, and fell down his swarthy cheeks. 'Bombshells and sabres!' he gasped out in a hoarse, tremulous voice, 'but you have made a woman of me. Did I know him? Did I know my brave captain? He fell at the Beresina. We had crossed the bridge side by side together, when a bullet reached his heart. As I knelt over him for a moment, a beggarly Russian cut me senseless to the ground, and when I awoke I was in an hospital. Poor Toniato! He was the idol of the regiment, and the pride of the Piedmontese. He used to boast that he carried two talismans next his heart.'

"'Marie's love gifts!' I inwardly thought.

"I took the brave fellow to my house, and brought Marie to see him, that she might hear the tidings of her lover's death from the man who saw him fall.

"For long days and nights after that, poor Marie would steal away to the brow of the hill at the entrance to the village, and gaze over the long, winding road, hoping against hope that Andrew might return.

"Three years passed slowly by. Whatever little girlish vanity Marie had once possessed had vanished, and a grave thoughtfulness lent a passive sadness to her beauty. One evening I met her wandering through the little churchyard yonder. She was coming, as it subsequently appeared, to solicit my advice.

"'My dear child,' I said, 'has some new grief befallen you?'

"Lifting her pale face, she gasped, in a choking whisper, 'They wish me to marry.'

"'Who wishes you to do so?'

"'My parents,' she replied; 'they are aged and infirm. Their daily cares will be lightened, their poverty removed by Giuseppe Bernharde, the farmer, who has proposed for my hand.'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' I pleaded, 'is a prosperous, thriving man. You would secure by this marriage a happy home and a worthy husband.'

"She looked at me with a questioning, earnest glance, and then sank into a long, thoughtful silence. At last she murmured, 'It's a bitter sacrifice I am required to make.'

"'A sacrifice, Marie, that will smooth your parents' declining years, and give you a perfect triumph over self,' I urged. 'I leave your decision with your own calm judgment. Pray, my child, for the Almighty's aid to guide you.'

"'I will, father,' she said, meekly. 'Come to our cottage to-morrow evening; Giuseppe will be there for his answer.'

"The following evening, according to my appointment, I repaired at sunset to Marie's humble abode. Giuseppe was already there when I entered the cottage.

"'Well, Marie,' said I, 'what is your resolve?'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' she began, with her eyes fixed alternately upon the anxious faces of her father and mother, 'I cannot love you as I have loved Andrew. I can never banish his image from my heart. The only hope his death left me was that I should end my days alone, with his memory for a solace. But a higher duty has been pointed out to me, and I will not shrink from it; if, then, you are content to accept as much love as I have strength to bestow, take my hand. Through good and evil I promise to be a faithful and devoted wife.'

"'I ask no more, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, tenderly.

"'This ring and chain,' she said, pointing to Andrew's parting gifts, 'I should like to wear them still.'

"'Do not misunderstand me, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, with manly tenderness; 'I never was jealous of the memory of Andrew, who was my friend, ay, a brother in my heart?'

"On the bridal morning her aged parents were removed to Giuseppe's comfortable home. All seemed cloudless, bright and hopeful. At the end of a year a son blessed their union, whom they christened Andrew.

"On the fourth anniversary of their wedding a few friends, myself included, were invited to pass a social evening.

"I lingered in the midst of their happy circle till the shadows of evening had deepened into night, and then reluctantly took my leave. My hand was on the latch of my garden gate, when a strangely familiar voice said:

"'Good-evening, sir.'

"I turned abruptly, and under the clear, full light of the moon, my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated figure of a man, whose ghastly, bearded face and glaring eyes sent a thrill of fear through my veins.

"'Forgotten by you, too?' he faltered out, in a whisper.

"'Andrew Toniato!' I exclaimed, as I grasped his arm, to assure myself that he was living.

"'I was called so once, I believe,' he said, with a bitter sigh; 'but now I think that it must have been a dream.

"I dragged, rather than led him into the house, with a whirl of conflicting thoughts battling in my mind.

"'When did you arrive, Andrew?' I inquired, as I looked into his careworn features, under the fuller light of the lamp.

"'At dusk this evening,' he replied, as he dropped with a leaden weight into the nearest chair. 'My mother—does she still live?'

"'Yes, Andrew, she is alive and well. But she must be prepared for your unexpected return. The sudden shock might be fatal to her.'

"'Yes, true,' he assented, as he brushed away a falling tear. 'And Marie?'

"'She is well and happy,' I replied. 'But why have you not written?'

"'I *have* written,' he replied, with a look of surprise.

"'Then your letters have miscarried. Not one reached us.'

"'Then for the last seven years you have believed me——'

"'To be dead,' I broke in.

"'Dead!' he exclaimed, with a bitter emphasis. 'Oh, the joy that glowed in my breast as I neared home! Home!' he repeated—'fool that I was to believe that, in finding home, I should find happiness. And Marie believes me——'

"'Marie belongs to another now.'

"'And if the letters which I have sent within the last two years had reached home?'

"'It would have been too late. Marie has been married four years now. She is a true wife and a happy mother.'

"'And her husband?' he inquired.

"'Giuseppe Bernhardo,' I replied.

"'Will you go with me to my mother?' he asked, as he rose wearily from his chair.

"We walked slowly through the village to his mother's cottage. Leaving him at the little porch, I gently broke the tidings to the poor woman. Then I beckoned Andrew inside, and the next instant his aged mother's arms were clinging round his neck, and her tears and kisses, warm and bright, fell on his wasted face.

"I stole quietly out, and turned my footsteps to Giuseppe's farm. Marie had retired to bed. I told Giuseppe all, and charged him to break the news tenderly to his wife. The next day Giuseppe requested me to bring Andrew to his house the same evening.

"When we entered the parlor, Marie, with her youngest child on her knee, was seated in a chair. Giuseppe was playing with his little son.

"Marie rose at our entrance, and with extended hand and smiling lip, sprang toward Andrew, saying, 'Thank Heaven! I never believed we should meet again on earth. There, indeed,' she added, pointing upward, 'I had hoped to meet you, Giuseppe and I.'

"A faint smile illumined Andrew's wan, quivering features, as he silently took the outstretched hands of Marie and Giuseppe in his own, and pressed them to his lips. He then took the child from her arms, and held him to his breast.

"'And your name, my brave boy?' he asked the child.

"'Andrew,' said Marie.

"He drew the child closer in his embrace, and hid his weeping face in its clustering curls.

"'We were told,' said Giuseppe, after a long pause, 'that you had perished at the Beresina.'

"'I still carry the bullet that struck me down,' said Andrew; 'but I recovered and was marched a prisoner to the frontiers of Siberia. There it was my fortune to attract the notice of Baron Lestoff, a Russian noble. I rose quickly in his favor, but when I asked permission to return to Piedmont, he set a guard upon me, and evidently intercepted my letters. After many fruitless attempts, I at last effected my escape. Alone, and on foot, I traversed a great portion of Asia and Europe, depending at times upon the casual alms of strangers for a meagre meal. One hope sustained me, the——' he paused abruptly, and then, in a tone of forced gayety, added, 'Ah! it is a long road betwixt this and Siberia.'

"Marie's wifely devotion seemed to receive a new strength in that hour of trial; and when we rose to depart, her pure virtue shone out clear and soft in her bright smile and ingenuous tone.

"Andrew's step was heavy and faltering as we walked homeward together across the fields.

"'You are fatigued,' I observed, as he abruptly halted, and leaned with a heavier weight upon my arm.

"'Oh, yes!' he sighed; 'I am fatigued. Through years of captivity I have looked forward to this day as the crowning joy of my life. I return to my old home to see my cup of bliss grasped by the hand of another. It was a merciless fate that snatched me from the sword of the foe!'

"'It was your Maker's will, Andrew,' I interposed.

"'Yes, yes,' he murmured, 'that truth must not forsake me; besides, the future here need be of little moment to me now. I feel myself prematurely aged.'

"I led Andrew, with soothing words, to his mother's door, and bade him good-night.

"The next Sunday, after vespers, I was hastily summoned to Andrew's bedside. One glance assured me that the shadow of death was creeping swiftly over him. He held out his long, thin fingers to me, and said, in a faint whisper:

"'My warfare is nearly accomplished.'

"'Andrew,' I said, 'have you any earthly wish?'

"'Yes, yes,' he articulated, with laboring breath. 'Giuseppe and Marie—I should like to see them both once more.'

"'Nay, Andrew,' said I, 'have pity upon her, at least, and spare her this blow!'

"'Perhaps you are right,' he murmured; 'come nearer to me; a mist is gathering round me; I can scarcely see.'

"As I bent over him he drew from under his pillow a small wooden cross, with a lock of golden hair, tarnished with blood, entwined round it.

"'Place these next my heart when I am gone,' he feebly whispered.

"His hand again wandered beneath the pillow, and when he drew it forth his Orders and cross were in it.

"'Keep them for my sake,' he said; 'my last fight is over. Pray!'

"I knelt down by the bedside, still holding his hand in mine, and as my prayers rose to the throne of mercy, his fingers relaxed, a deep sigh broke from his lips; his earthly warfare was accomplished, and the shadow of death fell darkly over him. There, on the grassy slope of yonder little graveyard, he sleeps in peace."

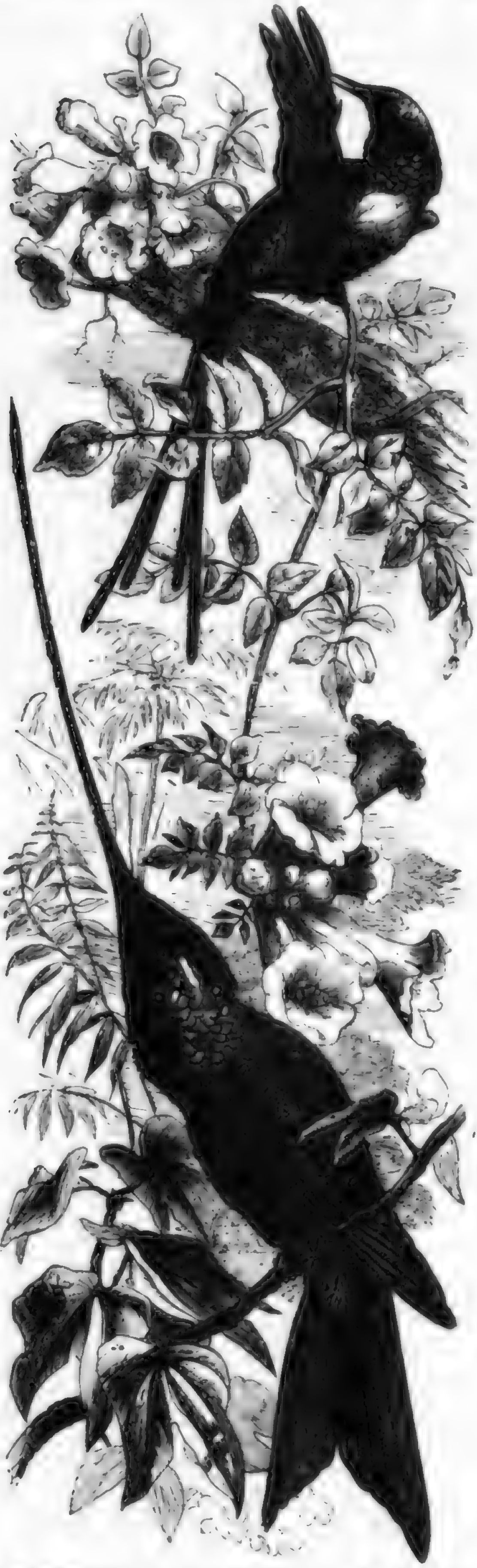
"And Marie?" I asked, as the old pastor finished.

"Lived out a happy life," replied my venerable friend; "a chaste wife and loving mother."

XUM

## THE SLENDER SHEAR-TAIL HUMMING-BIRD.

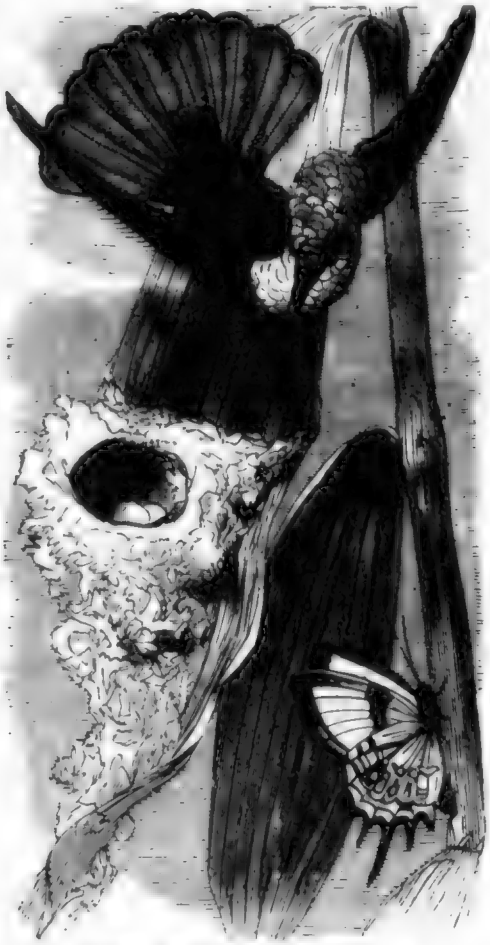
The slender shear-tail is an inhabitant of Central America. It is supposed not to be found south of the Isthmus of Panama, nor to extend far north of it. As its wings are rather short, and not remarkable for strength, it is conjectured to be a non-migratory bird. The country where it is seen in the greatest plenty is Guatemala.



1. SLENDER SHEAR-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD. 2. SWORD-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

The sexes of this creature are very different in their form and color of their plumage, and could scarcely be recognized as belonging to the same species. In the adult male bird, the upper parts of the body are of a deep shining green, becoming brown on the head, and changing into bronze on the back and wing-coverts. The wings are purple-brown. The long and deeply forked tail is black, with the exception of a little brown upon the inner web of the two outermost feathers. The chin is black, glossed with green; the throat is deep metallic purple, and upon the upper part of the chest is placed a large crescent-shaped mark of buff. The abdomen is bronze, with a gray spot in its centre; and there is a buff spot on each flank. The under tail-coverts are of a greenish hue.

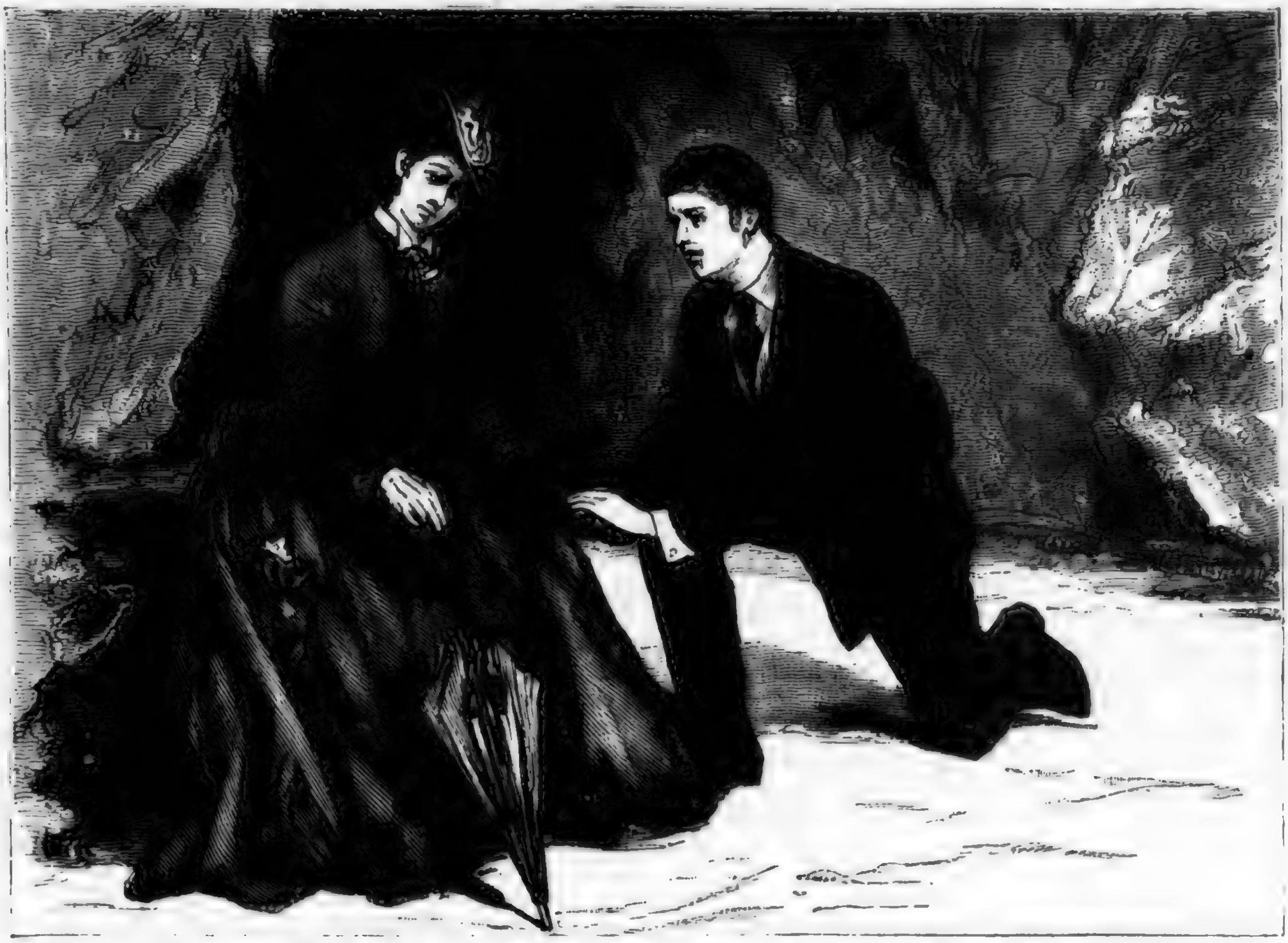
The female does not possess the long tail, and her colors are golden-green above, and reddish-buff below. The tail is very curiously marked. The central feathers are entirely gold-green; the exterior feathers are rusty-red at their base, black for part of their length, and tipped with white.



RUBY AND TOPAZ HUMMING-BIRD.

The ruby and topaz humming-bird derives its name from the coloring of its head and throat, the former being of a deep ruby tint, and the latter of a resplendent topaz. Sometimes it is called the ruby-headed humming-bird, and it is also known under the name of the Aurora. It is very common in Bahia, the Guianas, Trinidad and the Caraccas, and, as it is in great request for the dealers, is killed by thousands annually.

The plumage of this species is extremely variable, but may be described briefly as follows: the forehead, the crown, and the nape of the neck are metallic ruby red, and the chin, throat, and chest are effulgent topaz. The upper parts of the body are velvety bronze-brown, and the wings are purple-brown. The tail is rich chestnut-red, tipped with black, and the abdomen is a dark olive-brown. The female has none of the ruby patches on the head, but retains a little of the topaz on the throat.



THE JILT.—"THIS ARTLESS SPEECH, IF ARTLESS IT WAS, BROUGHT THE MAN ON HIS KNEES TO HER."

# THE JILT.

By Charles Reade.

## Part I.

It was a Summer afternoon; the sun shone mellow upon the south sands of Tenby; the clear blue water sparkled to the horizon, and each ripple, as it came ashore, broke into diamonds. This amber sand, broad, bold and smooth, as the turf at Lord's—and, indeed, wickets are often pitched on it—has been called "Nature's finest promenade"; yet, owing to the attraction of a flower-show, it was now paraded by a single figure: a tall, straight, well-built young man, rather ruddy, but tanned and bronzed by weather; shaved smooth as an egg, and his collar, his tie, and all his dress, very neat and precise; he held a deck-glass, and turned every ten yards, though he had a mile to promenade. These signs denoted a good seaman. Yet his glass swept the land more than the water, and that is not like a sailor.

This incongruity, however, was soon explained, and justified.

There hove in sight a craft as attractive to every true tar, from an admiral of the red to the boatswain's mate, as any cutter, schooner, brig, bark, or ship; and bore down on him, with colors flying alow and aloft.

Lieutenant Greaves made all sail toward her, for it was Ellen Ap Rice, the loveliest girl in Wales.

He met her with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and thanked her warmly for coming. "Indeed you may," said she; "when I promised, I forgot the flower-show."

"Dear me," said he, "what a pity! I would not have asked you."

"Oh," said she, "never mind; I shall not break my heart; but it seems so odd you wanting me to come out here, when you are always welcome at our house, and papa so fond of you."

Lieutenant Greaves endeavored to explain. "Why, you see, Miss Ap Rice, I'm expecting my sailing orders down, and before I go, I want——and the sight of the sea gives one courage."

"Not always; it gave me a fit of terror the last time I was on it."

"Ay, but you are not a sailor; it gives *me* courage to say more than I dare in your own house. You so beautiful, so accomplished, so admired, I am afraid you will never consent to throw yourself away upon a seaman."

Ellen arched her brows. "What *are* you saying, Mr. Greaves? Why, it is known all over Tenby that I renounce the military, and have vowed to be a sailor's bride."

By this it seems there were only two learned professions recognized by the young ladies—at Tenby.

"Ay, ay," said Greaves, "an admiral, or that sort of thing."

"Well," said the young lady, "*of course* he would *have* to be an admiral—*eventually*. But they cannot be born admirals." At this stage of the conversation she prefered not to look Lieutenant Greaves, R.N., in the face; so she wrote pothooks and hangers on the sand, with her parasol, so carefully, that you would have sworn they must be words of deepest import.

"From a lieutenant to an admiral is a long way," said Greaves, sadly.

"Yes," said she, archly; "it is as far as from Tenby to Valparaiso, where my cousin Dick sailed to, last year—such a handsome fellow—and there's Cape Horn to weather. But a good deal depends on courage and perseverance." In uttering this last remark she turned her eye askant a moment, and a flash shot out of it that lighted the sailor's

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bonfire in a moment. "Oh, Miss Ap Rice, do I understand you? Can I be so fortunate? If courage, perseverance, and devotion can win you, no other man shall ever—you must have seen I love you."

"It would be odd if I had not," said Ellen, blushing a little, and smiling slyly. "Why, all Tenby has seen it. You don't hide it under a bushel."

The young man turned red. "Then I deserve a round dozen at the gangway, for being so indelicate."

"No, no," said the young Welshwoman, generously. "Why do I prefer sailors? Because they are so frank, and open, and artless, and brave. Why, Mr. Greaves, don't you be stupid; your open admiration is a compliment to any girl; and I am proud of it, of course," said she, gently.

"God bless you!" cried the young man. "Now I wish we were at home, that I might go down on my knees to you, without making you the town-talk. Sweet, lovely, darling Ellen; will you try and love me?"

"Humph! If I had not a great esteem for you, should I be here?"

"Ay, but I am asking for more," said Greaves; "for your affection, and your promise to wait for me till I am more than a lieutenant. I dare not ask for your hand till I am a post-captain at least. Ellen, sweet Ellen, may I put this on your dear finger?"

"Why, it is a ring. No. What for?"

"Let me put it on, and then I'll tell you."

"I declare, if he had not got it ready on purpose," said she, laughing, and was so extremely amused, that she quite forgot to resist, and he whipped it on in a trice. It was no sooner on than she pulled a grave face, and demanded an explanation of this singular conduct.

"It means we are engaged," said he, joyfully, and flung his cap into the air a great height, and caught it.

"A trap!" screamed she. "Take it off this instant."

"Must I?" said he, sadly.

"Of course you must." And she crooked her finger, instead of straightening it.

"It won't come off," said he, with more cunning than one would have expected.

"No more it will. Well, I must have my finger amputated, the moment I get home. But, mind, I am not to be caught by such artifices. You must ask papa."

"So I will," cried Greaves, joyfully. Then, upon reflection: "He'll wonder at my impudence."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, demurely. "You know he is Mayor of the town, and has the drollest applications made to him at times—ha, ha!"

"How shall I ever break it to him?" said Greaves. "A lieutenant!"

"Why, a lieutenant is a gentleman; and are you not related to one of the First Lords of the Admiralty?"

"Yes. But he won't put me over the heads of my betters. All that sort of thing is gone by."

"You need not say that. Say you are cousin to the First Lord, and then stop; that is the way to talk to a mayor; la, look at me, telling him what to say—as if I cared! There now—here comes that tittling-tattling Mrs. Dodsley, and her whole brood of children and nurses; she sha'n't see what I am doing;" and Miss Ap Rice marched swiftly into Merlin's Cave, settled her skirts, and sat down on a stone. "Oh!" said she, with no great appearance of agitation, "what a goose I must be! This is the last place I ought to have come to; this is where the lovers interchange their vows—the silly things."

This artless speech—if artless it was—brought the man on his knees to her, with such an outburst of honest passion and eloquent love, that her cooler nature was moved as it had never been before. She was half frightened; but flattered, and touched; she shed a tear or two, and, though she drew away the hand he was fondling, and said he oughtn't and he mustn't, there was nothing very discouraging in her way, not even when she stopped her ears, and said, "You should say all this to papa." As if one could make as hot love to the Mayor, in his study, as to the Mayor's daughter in Merlin's Cave!

She was coy, and would not stay long in Merlin's Cave, after this; but said nothing about going home; so they emerged from the cave, and strolled toward Giltar Point.

Suddenly there issued from the Sound, and burst upon their sight, a beautiful yacht, 150 tons, or so, cutter-rigged, bowling along before the wind thirteen knots an hour, sails white as snow, and well set, hull low and shapely, wire rigging so slim it seemed of whip-cord or mermaid's hair.

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Ellen. "What a beauty!"

"And so she is," said he, heartily. "Bless you for calling me 'Arthur.'"

"It slipped out by mistake. Come to the Castle Hill. I must see her come right in—Arthur."

Arthur took Ellen's hand, and they hurried to the Castle Hill; and, as they went, kept turning their heads to watch the yacht's manœuvres; for a sailor never tires of observing how this or that craft is handled; and the arrival of a first-class yacht in those fair, but uneventful, waters, was very exciting to Ellen Ap Rice.

The cutter gave St. Catherine's Rock a wide berth, and ran out well to the Woolhouse Reef; then hauled up and stood on the port tack, heading for her anchorage; but an eddy-wind from the north cliffs caught her, and she broke off; so she stood on toward Monkstone Point, then came about with her berth well under her lee, mistress of the situation, as landsmen say.

Arthur kept explaining her manœuvres, and the necessity for them, and, when she came about, said she was well-behaved—had fore-reached five times her length—and was smartly handled, too.

"Oh, yes!" said Ellen; "a most skillful captain, evidently."

This was too hasty a conclusion for the sober Greaves.

"Wait till we see him in a cyclone, with all his canvas on that one stick, or working off a lee shore in a nor'wester. But he can handle a cutter in fair weather, and fresh water, that is certain."

"Fresh water!" said Ellen. "How dare you? And don't mock people. I can't get enough fresh water in Tenby to wash my hands."

"What, do you want them *whiter* than snow?" said Greaves, gloating on them undisguised.

"Arthur, behave, and lend me the glass."

"There, dearest."

So then she inspected the vessel, and he inspected the white hand that held the glass. It was a binocular; for even seamen, now-a-days, seldom use the short telescope of other days; what might be called a very powerful opera-glass has taken its place.

"Goodness me!" screamed Ellen. The construction of which sentence is referred to pedagogues

"What is the matter?"

"The captain is a blackamoor."

Having satisfied herself of the revolting fact by continued inspection, she handed the glass to Greaves. "See if he isn't," said she.

Greaves looked through the glass, and took leave to contradict her. "Blackamoor! not he. It is worse. It is a gentleman—that ought to know better—with a beastly black beard right down to his waistband."

"Oh, Arthur, how horrid! and in such a pretty ship!"

Greaves smiled indulgently at her calling a cutter a "ship," but her blunders were beauties; he was so in love with her.

She took the glass again, and looked and talked at the same time. "I wonder what has brought him in here?"

"To look for a barber, I should hope."

"Arthur—suppose we were to send out the new hairdresser to him? Would it not be fun? Oh, oh, oh!"

"What is it now?"

"A boat going out to him. Well, I declare—a boatful of dignitaries."

"Mercy on us!"

"Yes; I see papa—and I see the Secretary of the Cambrian Club—and another gentleman—a deputation, I do believe! No, how stupid I am. Why, the new arrival must be Mr. Laxton, that wrote and told papa he was coming; he is the son of an old friend, a shipbuilder. Papa is sure to ask him to dinner; and *I* ask *you*. Do come. He will be quite a lion."

"I am very unfortunate. Can't possibly come to-day. Got to dine on board the *Warrior*, and meet the prince; name down; no getting off."

"Oh, what a pity! It would have been so nice; you and Captain Laxton together."

"Captain Laxton? Who is he?"

"Why, the gentleman with the beard."

"Hang it all, don't call him a captain."

"Not, when he has a ship of his own?"

"So has a collier, and the master of a fishing lugger. Besides, these swells are only fair-weather skippers; there's always a sailing-master aboard their vessels, that takes the command if it blows a capful of wind."

"Indeed! then I despise them. But I am sorry *you* can't come, Arthur."

"Are you really, love?"

"You know I am."

"Then that is all I care for. A dandy yachtsman is no lion to me."

"We ought to go home now," said Ellen, "or we shall not have time to dress."

He had not only to dress, but to drive ten miles; yet he went with her to her very door. He put the time to profit; he got her to promise everything, short of marrying him without papa's consent, and, as she was her father's darling, and, in reality, ruled him, not he her, that obstacle did not seem insurmountable.

That evening the master of the yacht dined at the mayor's, and was the lion of the evening. His face was rather handsome, what one could see of it, and his beard manly. He had traveled, and cruised, for years, and kept his eyes and ears open; had a great flow of words, quite a turn for narrative, a ready wit, a seductive voice, and an infectious laugh. His only drawback was a restless eye. Even that he put to a good use, by being attentive to everybody in turn. He was evidently charmed with Ellen Ap Rice, but showed it in a well-bred way, and did not alarm her; she was a lovely girl, and accustomed to be openly admired.

Next day Arthur called on her, and she told him everything, and seemed sorry to have had any pleasure he had not a share in. "He made himself wonderfully agreeable," said she, "especially to papa; and, oh, if you had seen how his beard wagged when he laughed, ha! ha!—and, what do you think, the 'Cambrians' have lost no time; they have shot him flying, invited him to their Bachelor's Ball; ah, Arthur, the first time you and I ever danced together was at that ball, a year ago; I wonder whether you remember? Well, he asked me for the first round dance."

"Confound his impudence! What did you say?"

"I said 'no'; I was engaged to the Royal Navy."

"Dear girl! And that shut him up, I hope?"

"Dear me, no. He is too good-humored to be cross because a strange girl was bespoke before he came; he just laughed, and asked might he follow in its wake."

"And you said 'yes.'"

"No, I did not, now. And you need not look so cross, for there would have been no harm, if I had; but what I did say, was not 'yes,' but 'hum!' and I would consult my memoranda. Never you mind who I dance with, Mr. Arthur; their name is legion. Wait till you catch me parading the sands with the creatures, and catching cold with them in Merlin's Cave."

"My own love! Come on the sands now; it is low water, and a glorious day."

"You dear goose!" said Ellen. "What, ask a lady out when it is only one clear day before a ball? Why, I am invisible to every creature but you at this moment, and even you can only stay till she comes."

"She? Who?"

"Why, the dressmaker, to be sure. Talk of the—dressmaker, and there's her knock."

"Must I go this moment?"

"Oh, no. *Let them open the door to her first.* But of course it is no use your staying whilst she is here. We shall be hours and hours making up our minds. Besides, we shall be up-stairs, trying on things. Arthur, don't look *so*. Why, the ball will be here with awful rapidity, and I'll dance with you three times out of four; I'll dance you down on the floor, my sailor bold. I never knew a Welsh girl who yet couldn't dance an Englishman into a cocked hat; now that's *vulgar*."

"Not as you speak it, love. Whatever comes from your lips is poetry. I wish you could dance me into a cocked hat and two epaulettes; for it is not in nature, nor reason, you should ever marry a lieutenant."

"It will be his fault if I don't, then."

The door was rattled discreetly, and then opened by old Dewar, butler, footman and chatterbox of the establishment. "The dressmaker, miss."

"Well, let Agnes take her up-stairs."

"Yes, miss."

Greaves thought it was mere selfishness to stay any longer now; so he bade her good-by.

But she would not let him go away sad. She tried to console him. "Surely," said she, "you would wish me to look well in public. It is *the* ball of Tenby. I want you to be proud of your prize, and not find you have captured a dowdy."

The woman of society, and her reasons, failed to comfort Lieutenant Greaves; so then, as she was not a girl to accept defeat, she tried the woman of nature; she came nearer him, and said, earnestly, "Only one day, Arthur! Spare me the pain of seeing you look unhappy."

In saying this, very tenderly, she laid her hand softly on his arm, and turned her lovely face and two beautiful eyes full up to him.

A sweet inarticulate sound ensued, and he *did* spare her the pain of seeing him look unhappy; for he went off flushed, and with very sparkling eyes.

Surely female logic has been underrated, up to the date of this writing.

Greaves went away, the happiest lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and content to kill time till the ball-day. He dined at the club; smoked a cigar on the Castle Hill, and entered his lodgings just as the London day mail was delivered. There was a paper parallelogram for him, with a seal as big as the face of a chronometer. Order from the Admiralty to join the *Redoubtable* at Portsmouth—for disposal. Private note, by the secretary, advising him to lose no time, as he might be appointed flag lieutenant to the *Centaur*, admiral's ship on the China station, from which quick promotion was sure to follow in the ordinary course of the service.

Before he knew Ellen Ap Rice, his heart would have bounded with exultation at this bright prospect; but now that heart seemed cut in two: one half glowed with ambition, the other sickened at the very thought of leaving Ellen, half won. But those who serve the nation may doubt and fear, but they have parted with the right to vacillate. There was but one thing to do—start for London by the fast train next morning, at 10 A. M.

He sent a hurried note to Ellen, by messenger, telling her what had occurred, and imploring an interview. His messenger brought him back a prompt reply. Papa was going to Cardiff in the morning, on business; would breakfast at half-past eight precisely. He must invite himself to breakfast, that night, and come at eight.

He did so, and Ellen came down directly, with the tear in her eye. They comforted each other, agreed to look on it as a sure step to a creditable union, and, meantime, lighten the separation by a quick fire of letters. He would write from every port he landed in, and would have a letter for every homeward-bound ship they brought to, out at sea, and she would greet him with a letter at every port.

When they had duly sealed this compact, the mayor came in, and that kept them both within bounds.

But Greaves's prospect of promotion was discussed, and the mayor showed a paternal interest, and said, "Come back to Tenby a captain, and we shall all be proud of you; shall we not, Nelly?"

When a father says so much as that to a young fellow who has been openly courting his daughter, it scarcely bears two meanings; and Greaves went away, brave and buoyant, and the sting taken out of the inopportune parting.

He was soon at Portsmouth, and aboard the *Redoubtable*.

He was appointed flag-lieutenant on board the *Centaur*, then lying at Spithead, bound on a two years' voyage. Under peculiar circumstances she was to touch at Lisbon, Madeira and the Cape; but her destination was Hong Kong, where she was to lie for some time in command of the station.

Next morning, a letter from Ellen; he kissed it devotedly before he opened it. After some kind things, that were a balm to him, she seemed to gravitate toward that great event in a girl's life, the ball. "I did so miss you, dear; and that impudent Mr. Laxton had the first dance—for, of course, I never thought of putting anybody in your place; but he would not give up the second any more for that. He said I had promised. Oh, and he asked me if I would honor his yacht with my presence, and he would take me a cruise round Sunday Island. I said, 'No; I was a bad sailor.' 'Oh,' said he, 'we will wait for a soldier's wind.' What is 'a soldier's wind'? When I would not consent, he got papa by himself, and papa consented directly for both of us. I cannot bear such impudent men who will not take a 'no.'"

Arthur wrote back very affectionately, but made a point of her not sailing in Laxton's yacht. It was not proper; not prudent. The wind might fall; the yacht be out all night; and, in any case, the man was a stranger, of whom they knew nothing, but that his appearance was wild and disreputable, and that he was a mere cruiser and a man of pleasure. He hoped his Ellen would make this little sacrifice to his feelings. This was his one remonstrance.

Ellen replied to it. "You dear, jealous goose, did you think I would go on board his yacht, the only lady? Of course there was a large party; and you should have seen the Miss Frumps, and that Agnes Barker, how they flung themselves at his head; it was disgusting. But don't you worry about the man, dear. I am sorry I told you. We were back to dinner."

Then the fair writer went off to other things; but there was a postscript:

"Captain Laxton has called to bid good-by, and his beautiful yacht is just sailing out of the roads."

As what little interest there is in this part of the story centres in Miss Ap Rice's letters, I will just say that Greaves had one from her at Lisbon, which gave him unmixed pleasure. It was long, and kind, though not so gay as usual. As for this Laxton, he appeared to have faded out entirely, for she never mentioned his name.

At Madeira, Greaves received a letter, shorter and more sprightly. In a postscript she said: "Who do you think has fallen down from the clouds? That Mr. Laxton, without his yacht. We asked him what had become of her. 'Condemned,' said he, solemnly. 'In the Levant, a Greek brig outsailed her; in the Channel here, a French lugger lay nearer the wind. After that, no more cutters for me.' We think he is a little cracked. That odious Agnes Baker will not let him alone. I never saw such a shameless flirt."

The ship lay eight days at Madeira, and on the seventh day he received another letter, begging him to come home as soon as possible; for she was subject to downright persecution from Captain Laxton, and her father was much too easy. For the first time in her life she really felt the need of a protector.

This letter set Greaves almost wild. She wanted him back to protect her now, and he bound for the East, and could not hope to see her for two years.

Nothing for it but to pace the deck, and rage internally. No fresh advices possible before the Cape. He couldn't sleep, and this operated curiously: he passed for a supernaturally vigilant lieutenant.

There was a commander on board—a sprig of nobility, a charming fellow, but rather an easy-going officer; he used to wonder at Greaves, and, having the admiral's ear, praised him for a model. "The beggar never sleeps at all," said he. "I think he will kill himself."

"He will be the only one of ye," growled the admiral.

But he took notice of Greaves—all the more, that a Lord of the Admiralty, who was his personal friend, had said a word for him in one of those meek postscripts, which mean so much when written by the hand of Power.

At last they reached the Cape, and dropped anchor.

The mail-boat came out, with letters.

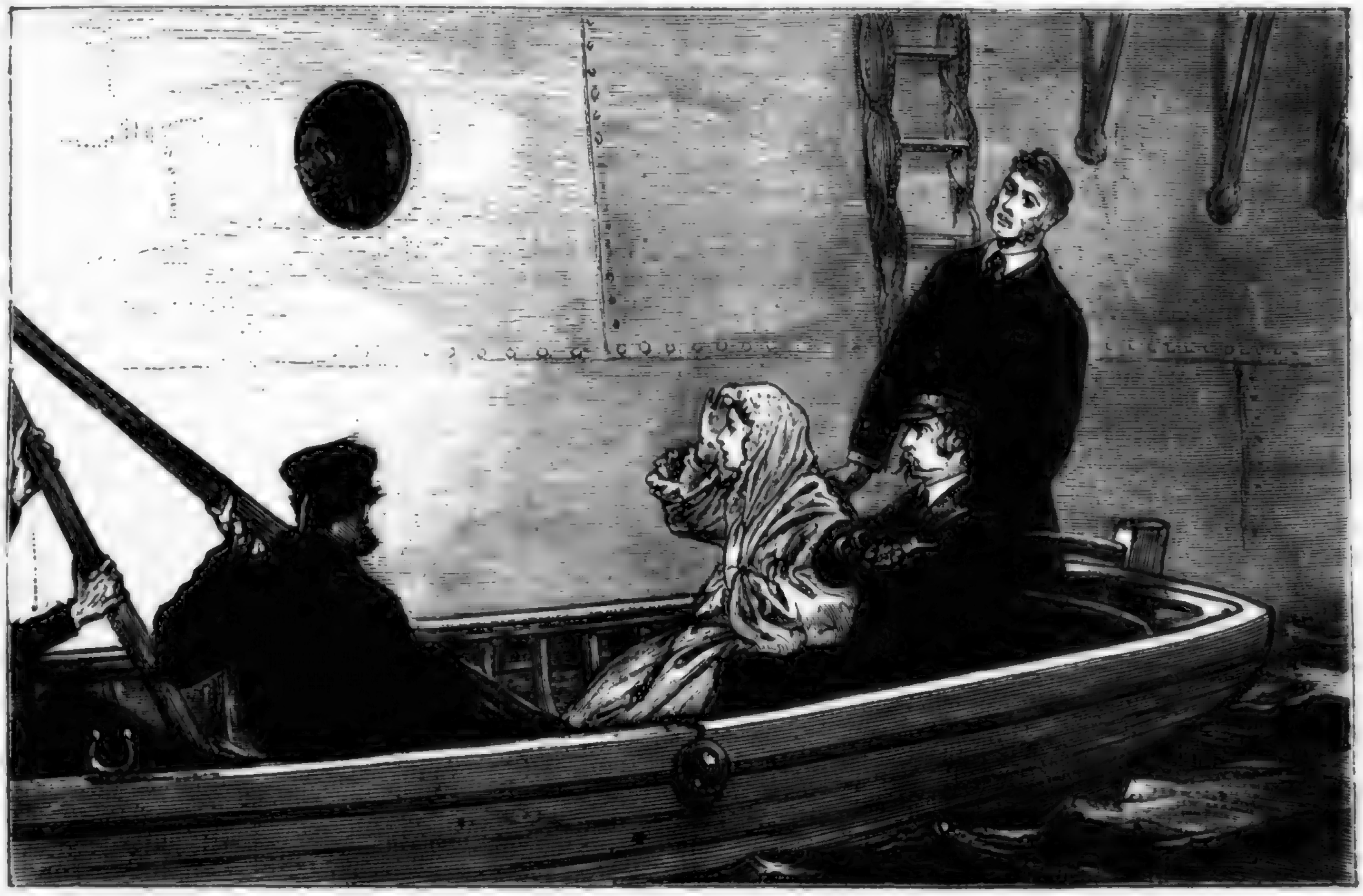
There was none for Greaves.

No letter at all! The deck seemed to rise under him; and he had to hold on by the fore-braces; and even that was as much as he could do, being somewhat weakened by sleepless nights. Several officers came round him, and the ship's surgeon applied salts and brandy, and he recovered, but looked very wild. Then the surgeon advised him to go ashore, for a change. Leave was granted immediately, and the second lieutenant went with him, good-naturedly enough. They made inquiries, and found another mail was due in two days. They took up their quarters at a hotel, and there Greaves was so wretched, and his companion so sympathetic, that at last the tormented lover made a confidant of him.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the other. "Why should she want you home if she liked that lubber?"

"I don't know," said poor Greaves. "The last letter was not like her; such a high-spirited girl; and it looked as if he was getting her into his power. If he has, all the worse for both of us; for the day I catch him I shall kill him!"

Next day the mail came in, and, as Greaves had left his address at the post-office, a letter was brought him, all wetted and swollen with rain, the boy having carried it without the



THE JILT.—"AS THEY TURNED THE BOAT'S HEAD ROUND, THE LADY, WHO HAD SEEN GREAVES THROUGH HER VAIL, AND HAD TIME TO RECOGNIZE HIM IN SPITE OF HIS BEARD, LIFTED HER VAIL FOR ONE MOMENT, AND SHOWED HIM THE FACE OF ELLEN AP RICE."

least attempt to protect it from a thick drizzle that enveloped the town that day.

Greaves tore it open. It was fatally short. This is every syllable of it:

> "Forget one unworthy of you. I can resist no longer. I am fascinated. I am his slave, and must follow him round the world. Perhaps he will revenge you.
>
> "Dear Arthur, I did not mean to deceive. I am but young; I thought I loved you as you deserve. Pray, pray forgive me. E."

Suspense, the worst of all our tortures, was over; the blow had fallen. Arthur Greaves was a man again.

"Yes, I forgive you, my poor girl," he groaned. "But" (with sudden fury) "I'll kill *him!*"

He told his friend it was all over, and even gave him the letter. "It is not her fault," he sobbed. "The fellow has cast a spell over her. No more about it; or I should soon go mad."

And, from that hour, he endured in silence, and checked all return to the subject very sternly.

But his friend talked, and told the other officers how Greaves had been jilted, and was breaking his heart; and he looked so ghastly pale that, altogether, he met with much honest sympathy. The very admiral was sorry, in his way. He had met him in the street, looking like a ghost, and his uniform hanging loose on him, his stalwart form was so shrunk.

"Confound the women!" growled the old boy, to his favorite, the commander; "there's the best officer in the ship, a first-class mathematician, an able navigator, a good seaman and a practical gunner, laid low by some young woman not worth his little finger, I'll be bound."

Next day he sent for the young man.

"Lettenant Greaves!"

"Sir."

"Here's a transport going home, and nobody to command her. They have come to me. I thought of sending the second lettenant; it would have been more convenient, for, by Jove, sir, when you are gone I may have to sail the ship myself. However, I have altered my mind—you will take the troops to Plymouth."

"Yes, admiral."

"Then you'd better take a fortnight ashore, for your health. You are very ill, sir."

"Thank you, admiral."

"Come out to Hong Kong how you can. You can apply to the Admiralty for your expenses, *if you think it is any use.*"

Greaves's eye flashed, and his pale cheek colored.

"Ay, ay," said the admiral, "I see these instructions are not so disagreeable as they ought to be. A steam-tug and a cargo of lobsters! But you must listen to me: An honest sailor like you is no match for these girls; it is not worth your while to be sick or sorry for any of them. There—there—send your traps aboard the tub, and clear the harbor of her as soon as you can. She is under your orders, sir."

"God bless you, admiral," sobbed Greaves, and retired all in a hurry, partly to hide his emotions, and partly because it is not usual, in the service, to bless one's superiors to their faces. It is more the etiquette to curse them behind their backs.

Now was Greaves a new man: light shone in his eye, vigor returned to his limbs; this most unexpected stroke of good fortune put another face on things. He had the steamboat coaled and victualed with unheard-of expedition; got the troops on board, and steamed away for Plymouth.

They had fair weather, and his hopes rose. After all, Ellen could hardly have taken any irretrievable step; she had never denied his claim on her; a good licking bestowed on Laxton might break the spell, and cool his ardor into the bargain. He felt sure he could win her back somehow. He had been out of sight when this fellow succeeded in deluding her. But now he should get fair play.

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He landed the troops at Plymouth and made his report; then off to Tenby at once. He went straight to the mayor's house. A girl opened the door.

"Miss Ap Rice?"

"She don't live here, sir, now. Lawk! it is Captain Greaves. Come in, sir, and I'll send Mr. Dewar."

Greaves went in, full of misgivings, and sat down in the dining-room.

Presently Dewar came: a white-haired old fellow, who had been at sea in early life, but was now the mayor's factotum, and allowed himself great liberties.

He came in, open-mouthed. "Ah, Captain Greaves, it is a bad business. I'm a'most sorry to see you here. Gone, sir, gone, and we shall never see her again, I'm afraid."

"Gone! What, run away with that scoundrel?"

"Well, sir, it did look like running away, being so sudden. But it was a magnificent wedding, for that matter, and they left in a special steamer with a gilt starn, and the flags of all nations a-flying."

"Married!"

"You may well be surprised, sir. But, for as sudden as it was, I seen it a-coming. You see, sir, he was always at her, morning, noon and night. He'd have tired out a saint—leastways a female one. Carriage and four, to take her to some blessed old ruin or other; *she* didn't care for the ruin, but she couldn't withstand the four horses, which they are seldom seen in Tenby. Flowers every day. Hindia shawls; diamond necklace; a wheedling tongue, and a beard like a Christmas fir. I blame that there beard for it. Ye see, captain, these young ladies never speaks their real minds about them beards. Lying comes natural to them; and so, to flatter a clean, respectable body like you or me, they makes pretend, and calls beards ojious. And so they are. That there Laxton, his beard supped my soup for a wager agin his belly; and, with him chattering so, he'd forget to wipe it for ever so long. Sarved him right if I'd brought him a basin and a towel before all the company. But these young ladies, they don't vally that. What they looks for in a man is to be the hopposite of a woman. They hates and despises their own sect. So what they loves in a man is hunblushing himpudence and a long beard. The more they complains of a man's brass, the more they likes it; and as for a beard, they'd have him look like a beast, so as he looked very onlike a woman, which a beard it is. But if they once fingers one of them beards, it is all up with 'em. And that is how I knew what was coming; for one day I was at my pantry window, a-cleaning my silver, when miss and him was in the little garden; seated on one bench they was, and not fur off one another neither. He was a-reading poetry to her, and his head so near to her that I'm blest if his tarnation beard wasn't almost in her lap. Her eyes was turned up to heaven, in a kind of trance, a-tasting of the poetry; but whiles she was a-looking up to heaven, for the meaning of that there sing-song, blest if her little white fingers wasn't twisting the ends of that there beard into little ringlets, without seeming to know what they was doing. Soon as I saw that, I said, 'Here's a go. It is all up with captain Greaves. He have limed her, this here cockney sailor.' For if ever a woman plays with a man's curls, or his whiskers, or his beard, she is netted like a partridge; it is a sure sign. So should we be, if the women's hair was loose; but they has so much mercy as to tie it up, and make it as hugly as they can, and full o' pins; and that saves many a man from being netted, and caged, and all. So soon arter that she named the day."

Greaves sat dead silent under this flow of envenomed twaddle, like a Spartan under the knife. But at last he could bear it no longer. He groaned aloud, and buried his contorted face in his hands.

"Confound my chattering tongue!" said honest Dewar, and ran to the sideboard and forced a glass of brandy on him. He thanked him, and drank it, and told him not to mind him; but to tell him where she was settled with the fellow.

"Settled, sir?" said Dewar. "No such luck. She writes to her papa every week, but it is always from some fresh place. 'Dewar,' says his worship to me, 'I've married my girl to the Wandering Jew.' Oh, he don't hide his mind from me: he tells me that this Laxton have had a ship built in the North, a thundering big ship—for he's as rich as Crœsus—and he have launched her to sail round the world. My fear is, he will sail her to the bottom of the ocean."

"Poor Ellen!"

"Captain—captain—don't fret your heart out for *her*; she is all right. She loves the man, and she loves hexcitement; which he will give it her. She'd have had a ball here every week if she could; and now she will see a new port every week. She is all right. Let her go her own road. She broke her troth to do it; and we don't think much, in Wales, of girls as do that, be they gentle, or be they simple, look you."

Greaves looked up and said, sternly, "Not one word against her before me. I have borne all I can."

Old Dewar wasn't a bit offended. "Ah, you are a man, you are," said he. Then, in a cordial way, "Captain Greaves, sir, you will stay with us, now you are come."

"Me stay here!"

"Ay; why not? Ye mustn't bear spite against the old man. He stood out for you longer than I ever knowed him stand out against *her*; but she could always talk him over—she could talk anybody over. It is all haccident, my standing so true to you. It wasn't worth her while to talk old Dewar over; that is the reason. Do ye stay now. You'll be like a son to the old man, look you. He is sadly changed since she went; quite melancholy, and keeps a-blaming of hisself for letting her be master."

"Dewar," said the young man, "I cannot. The sight of the places where I walked with her, and loved her, and she seemed to love me—Oh no!—to London by the first train—and then to sea. Thank God for the sea. The sea cannot change into lying land. My heart has been broken ashore. Perhaps it may recover in a few years, at sea. Give him my love, Dewar, and God bless *you!*"

He almost ran out of the house, and fixed his eyes on the ground, to see no more objects embittered by recollections of happiness fled. He made his way to his uncle, in London, reported himself to the Admiralty, and asked for a berth in the first ship bound to China. He was told, in reply, he could go out in any merchant ship; but as his pay would not be interrupted, the government could not be chargeable for his expenses.

In spite of a dizzy headache, he went into the city next day, to arrange for his voyage.

But, at night, he was taken with a violent shivering, and before morning was light-headed.

A doctor was sent for in the morning.

Next day the case was so serious that a second was called in. The case declared itself—gastric fever and jaundice.

They administered medicines, which, as usual in these cases, did the stomach a little harm, and the system no good.

His uncle sent for a third physician—a rough, but very able man. He approved all the others had done—and did the very reverse; ordered him a milk diet, tepid aspersions, frequent change of bed and linen, and no medicine at all, but a little bark; and old Scotch whisky in moderation.

"Tell me the truth," said his sorrowful uncle.

"I always do," said the doctor, "that is why they call me a brute. Well, sir, the case is not hopeless *yet*. But I will not deceive you; I fear he is going a longer voyage than China."

* * * * * * *

So may the mind destroy the body, and the Samson, who can conquer a host, be laid low by a woman.

### PART II.

YOUTH, a good constitution, good nursing, the right food and drink, and no medicine, saved the life of Arthur Greaves. But gastric fever and jaundice are terrible foes to attack a man in concert; they left him as unlike the tanned and ruddy seaman of our first scene, as the wrecked ship battered against the shore is to the same vessel when she breasted the waves under canvas. His hair was but half an inch long, his grizzly beard two inches; and his sunken cheeks as yellow as saffron. They told him he was out of danger, and offered him a barber to shave his chin—the same that had shaved his head a fortnight before.

"No," said the convalescent; "not such a fool."

He explained to his uncle, in private, "I have lost my Ellen for want of a beard. I won't lose another that way, if I ever have one."

He turned his now benumbed heart toward his profession; and pined for blue water. His physician approved; and so, though still weakish and yellowish, he shipped, as passenger, in the *Phœbe*, bound for Bombay and China; and went on board at Gravesend. She was registered nine hundred tons; and carried out a mixed cargo of hardware and Manchester goods, including flaming cottons got up only for the East, where Englishmen admire them for their Oriental color. . . . She was well manned at starting, and ably commanded from first to last by Captain Curtis and six officers. The first mate, Mr. Lewis, was a very experienced seaman, and quite a friendship sprang up between him and flag-lieutenant Graves. The second mate, Castor, was an amiable dare-devil; but had much to learn in navigation, though in mere seamanship he was well enough. Fortunately, he knew his deficiencies, and was teachable.

A prosperous voyage is an uneventful one; and there never was a more humdrum voyage than the *Phœbe's*, from Gravesend to Bombay. She was towed from Gravesend to Deal, where an easterly wind sprang up, and, increasing, carried her past the *Lizard*, and out of sight of land; soon after that the wind veered a point or two to the northward. She sighted Madeira on the seventh day, and got the N.E. Trades; they carried her two degrees north of the line. Between that and 2 S. she fell into the Doldrums. But she got the S.E. Trade sooner than usual, and made the best of it; set the foretopmast studding sail, and went a little out of her course. At 34 S. she got into the steady norwester, and, in due course, anchored in Table Bay.

The diamond fever being at its height, several hands deserted her at the Cape. But she had fair weather, and reached Bombay without any incident worth recording. By this time Greaves had put on flesh and color, and, though his heart had a scar that often smarted, it bled no longer, and, as to his appearance, he was himself again, all but a long and very handsome beard.

At Bombay the *Phœbe* landed part of her cargo, and all her passengers; but took a few fresh ones on board, for China; a Portuguese merchant bound for Macao, and four ladies, two of them officers' wives returning to their husbands, and two spinsters going out to join their relatives at Hong Kong. They were all more or less pretty and intelligent, and brightened the ship amazingly; yet one day every man in her wished, with all his soul, every one of those ladies was out of her. She also shipped forty Lascars, to make up for twenty white men she had lost by death and desertion.

The *Phœbe* had fair weather to Penang, and for some time after, but not enough of it. However, after the usual bother in the Straits of Malacca, she got clear, and carried a light breeze with her. Captain Curtis feared it would be down sun, down wind; but the breeze held through the first and greater part of the second watch; and then, sure enough, it fell dead calm.

Mr. Lewis had the morning watch; the ropes were coiled up at one bell, the whip rigged, the deck wetted and sanded, and they were holystoning it, when day began to break. Then there loomed the black outline of a strange sail lying on the *Phœbe's* port-beam, a quarter of a mile off. The sun soon gets his full power in that latitude, and in a minute the vessel burst out quite clear—a topsail schooner, of some four hundred tons, with a long, snaky hull, taunt, raking masts, and black mast-heads, everything very trig, alow and aloft, sails extremely white; she carried five guns of large calibre on each side.

Lewis reported her to the captain directly, and he came on deck. They both examined her with their glasses. She puzzled them.

"What do you make of her, Lewis? Looks like a Yankee."

"So I thought, sir, till I saw her armament."

Here Greaves joined them, and the captain turned toward him. "Can she be one of your China squadron?"

"Hardly, unless the admiral has a schooner for his tender; and, if so, she would be under a pennant."

Lewis suggested she might be a Portuguese schooner, looking out for pirates.

Captain Curtis said she might; and he should like to know; so he ordered the driver to be brailed up, and the ship's colors hoisted.

The next moment it was eight bells, and pipe to breakfast. But Captain Curtis and his companions remained on deck, to see the stranger hoist her colors in reply.

The schooner did not show a rag of bunting. She sat the water, black, grim, snake-like, silent.

Her very crew were invisible; yet one glance at her rigging had showed the officers of the *Phœbe* she was well manned.

Captain Curtis had his breakfast brought him on deck.

The vessels drifted nearer each other, as often happens in a dead calm. So, at 8.50 A.M., Captain Curtis took a trumpet, and hailed the stranger, "*Schooner—ahoy!*"

No answer.

The *Phœbe's* men tumbled up, and clustered on the forecastle, and hung over the bulwarks; for nothing is more exciting to a ship's company than hailing another vessel at sea.

Yet not one of the schooner's crew appeared.

This was strange, unnatural, and even alarming.

The captain, after waiting some time, repeated his hail still louder.

This time, a single figure showed on board the schooner—a dark, burly fellow, with a straight mustache, a little tuft on his chin, and wearing a Persian fez. He stood by the foremast swift-sure of the main rigging, and bawled through his trumpet, "Hullo!"

"What schooner is that?"

"What ship is that?"

"The *Phœbe*."

"Where from, and where bound?"

"Penang to Hong Kong. Who are *you*?"

"The *Black Rover*."

"Where bound?"

"Nowhere—cruising."

XUM

"Why don't—ye—show—your colors?"

"Ha!—ha!"

As this strange laugh rang through the trumpet across the strip of water that now parted the two vessels, the Mephistophelian figure dived below, and the schooner was once more deserted, to all appearance.

It was curious to see how Captain Curtis and his first mate now evaded their own suspicions, and were ingenious in favorable surmises. Might she not be an armed slaver? or, as Lewis had suggested, a Portuguese?

"That fellow who answered the hail had the cut of a Portuguese."

But here Mr. Castor put in his word.

"If she is looking for pirates, she hasn't far to go for one, I'm thinking," said that hare-brained young man

"Nonsense, sir," said the captain. "What do you know about pirates? Did ye ever see one as near as this?"

"No, sir."

"No more did I," said Greaves.

"*You!*" said Castor. "Not likely. When they see a Queen's ship they are all wings, and no beak. But they can range up alongside a poor devil of a merchantman. Not seen a pirate? no; they are rare birds now; but I have seen ships of burden, and ships of war, and this is neither. She is low in the water, yet she carries no freight, for she floats like a cork. She is armed, and well manned, yet no crew to be seen. The devils are under hatches, till the time comes. If she isn't a pirate, what is she? However, I'll soon know."

"Don't talk so wild, Castor," said the captain; "and how can you know? They won't answer straight, and they won't show their colors."

"Oh, there's a simple way you have not thought of," said the sapient Castor; "and I'll take that way, if you will allow me—I'LL BOARD HER."

At this characteristic proposal, made with perfect composure, the others looked at him with a certain ironical admiration.

"Board her!" said the captain. "I'll be hanged if you do."

"Why not, captain? There, that shows you think she is wicked. Why, we *must* find out what she is, somehow."

"We shall know soon enough," said the captain, gloomily. "I am not going to risk my officers; if anybody boards her, it shall be me."

"Oh, that is the game, is it?" said Castor, reproachfully. "Why, captain, you are a married man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"No more words, sir, if you please," said the captain, sternly. "Step forward, and give the order to sling a butt and get a boat ready for target practice. I shall exercise the guns, being a calm. Perhaps he thinks we are weaker than we are."

As soon as Castor's back was turned, he altered his tone, and said, with much feeling:

"I know that foolhardy young man's mother. How could I look her in the face if I let him board that devil before we know her intentions?"

A butt was ballasted with sand, so as to secure its floating steadily, bung-hole up; the bung was removed, and a boathook wedged in, bearing the ensign. The butt was then launched, and towed out half a mile to starboard; and the *Phœbe* tried her guns on it.

If she had anticipated this meeting, the ship could have poured a formidable broadside into the mysterious stranger; for she carried three 32-pound carronades of a side on her quarter-deck, and thirteen 18-pounders of a side on her gun-deck. But it was the old story: the times were peaceable, the men were berthed on the gun-deck, and, for their convenience, eighteen out of the twenty-six guns had been struck down into the hold.

With the remaining guns on the starboard side they fired at the butt, and so carefully that, after an hour's practice, it was brought back very little the worse. The only telling shot was made on the gun-deck by a gunner, whose foot slipped somehow, and he dropped a 32-pound ball on Greaves's ankle, disabling that unfortunate officer; he was carried to his cabin, in great pain, and there attended by the surgeon.

The commotion caused by this misfortune was scarcely over upon the quarter-deck, when an unexpected incident occurred, an act of direct insubordination. Mr. Castor had put on his uniform, and persuaded two poor fellows, an ignorant Lascar and a reckless Briton like himself, to go out in the boat to the schooner. They slipped into her as soon as the party came on board with the butt, and at first pretended to be bailing her out, and examining her for leaks; but they worked quietly alongside till they got under the ship's bows, and then dropped their oars gently into the water, and pulled for the schooner like mad.

They were a third of the way before Captain Curtis caught sight of them. He roared at them to come back, and threatened to put them in irons. But none are so deaf as those who won't hear; and he did not use his trumpet, lest the enemy should think they were disunited on board the ship.

He and Lewis, therefore, now looked on in silence, and literally perspired with anxiety for the fate of Castor and his boat's crew; and, although their immediate anxiety was as unselfish as it was keen, yet they were also conscious that, if Castor lost his life in this rash enterprise, that would prove the commander of the schooner felt strong enough to attack *them*—no quarter on either side—and intended to do it.

At this terrible moment, when their eyes were strained to observe every movement in the schooner, and their nerves strung up like violin strings, female voices broke gayly in upon them with innocent chatter that, for once, jarred as badly as screams; the lady passengers had kept very snug during the firing, but finding it was quite over, burst on the deck in a body.

*First Lady*—"Oh, that's the ship we have been saluting."

*Second Lady*—"A royal salute."

*Third Lady*—"Is it the Duke of Edinburgh's ship, captain?"

No answer.

*Third Lady*—"What a beauty!"

*First Lady*—"Why does she not salute us back, captain?"

*Captain*—"Got no guns, perhaps."

*First Lady*—"Oh, yes, she has. Those black things peeping out are guns."

*Second Lady*—"Ah, there's one of our boats going to call on her."

*Third Lady*—"Oh, captain, may we go on board of her?"

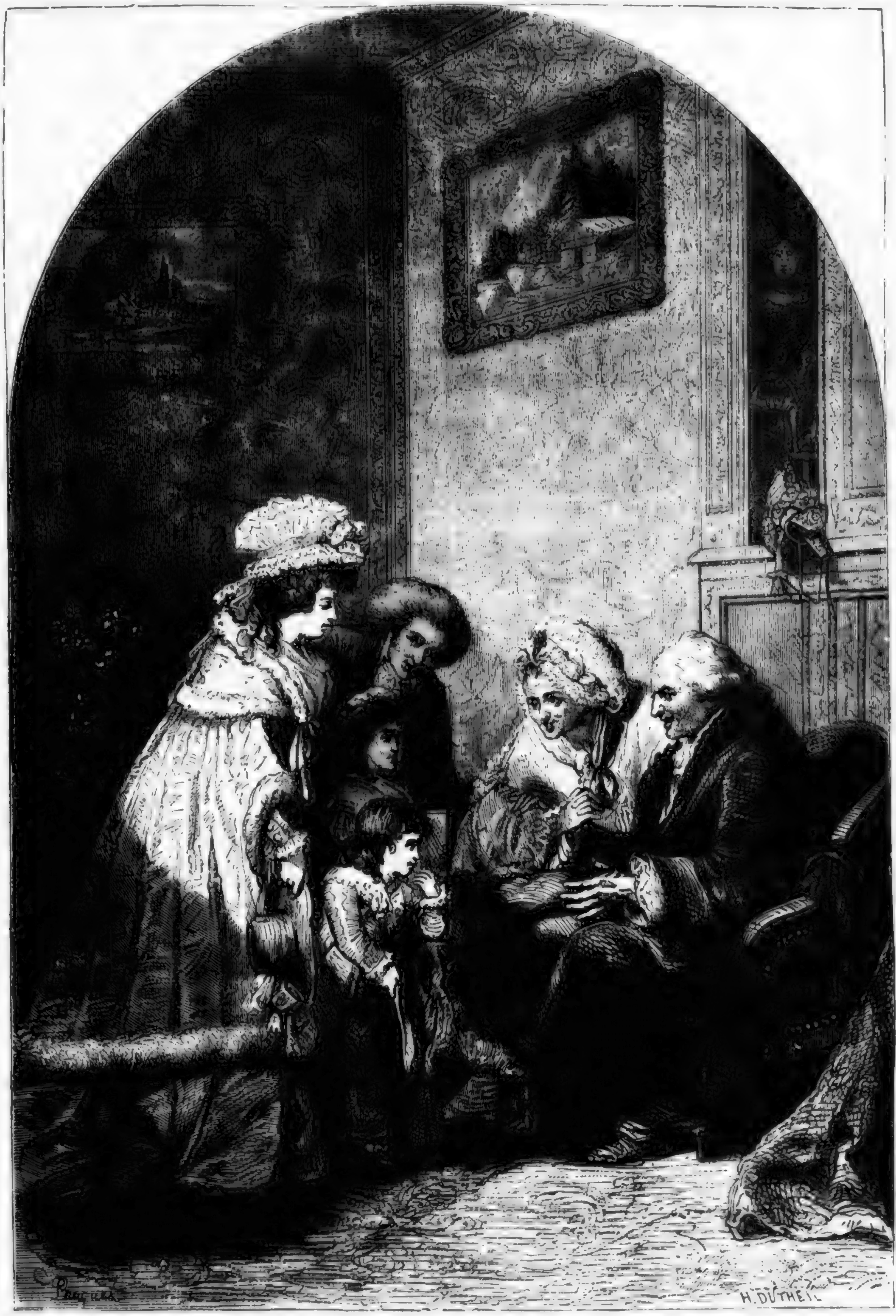
*Captain*—"No, ma'am."

*Third Lady*—"Oh, dear. Why not?"

*Captain*—"That is my business."

The fair speaker tossed her head, and said, "Well, I am sure!" but she drew back with red cheeks, and the tears in her eyes, at being snubbed so suddenly and unreasonably; the other ladies gathered round her, and the words, "Cross old thing!" were heard to issue from the party, but fell unheeded, for neither the captain nor Mr. Lewis had eyes nor ears except for the schooner and the boat. As the latter neared the ship, several faces peeped, for a moment, from the port-holes of the schooner.

Yet, when the boat ran alongside the schooner amidships, there was no respect shown to Castor's uniform, nor, indeed, common civility; it would have been no more than the right



THE VISIT TO THE GRANDPARENTS.

thing to pipe the side; but there were no sidesmen at all, nor even a side-rope.

Observing this, Captain Curtis shook his head very gravely.

But the dare-devil Castor climbed the schooner's side like a cat, and boarded her in a moment, then gave his men an order, and disappeared. The men pulled rapidly away from the schooner; and a snarl of contempt and horror broke from Curtis and his first mate. They seemed to be abandoning their imprudent but gallant officer.

XUM

They pulled about a hundred yards, and then rested on their oars, and waited.

Then every sailor on board the *Phœbe* saw, instinctively, that Castor felt his danger, and had declined to risk any life but his own. He must have ordered the men to lie-to a certain time, then give him up for lost, and return in safety to the ship. This trait, and his daring, made Castor, in one single moment, the darling of the whole ship's company.

The ladies were requested to go below, on some pretense or other; and the ship was cleared for action, as far as possible.

Meantime words can hardly describe the racking suspense that was endured by the officers, and, in a great degree, by the crew of the *Phœbe*. The whole living heart of that wooden structure throbbed for one man.

Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—thirty—yet he did not reappear.

Apprehension succeeded to doubt, and despair to apprehension.

At last they gave him up, and the burning desire for vengeance mingled with their fears for their own safety. So strong was this feeling, that the next event, the pirate's attack upon that ill-fated officer's ship, was no longer regarded with unmixed dread. The thirst for vengeance mingled with it.

At ten o'clock, A.M., the strained eyes on board the *Phœbe* saw two sidesmen appear amidships, and fix scarlet side-ropes.

Then came an officer, and hailed Castor's boat. The men pulled to the schooner. Then Castor appeared, and went down by the ropes into the boat; he and the officer touched hats. Castor sat down in the stern-sheets, and the men gave way.

The ship's company cheered, the side was piped, and the insubordinate officer received on board with all the honors. Caps were waved, eyes glistened, and eager hands extended to him; but he himself did not seem so very exultant. He was pleased with his reception, however, and said, in his quaint way, "This is jolly. I am not to be put in irons, then."

The captain drew him apart. "Well, what is she?"

"Don't know."

"Why, what do you mean? You have been near an hour aboard her."

"But I am none the wiser. Captain, I wish you would have us all into your cabin, and then I'll tell you a rum story; perhaps you will understand it amongst you; for you know my head-piece isn't A 1."

This advice was taken directly, and Castor related his adventures, in full conclave, with closed doors.

### MR. CASTOR'S NARRATIVE.

"The beggar did not hang out so much as a rope to me. I boarded his hooker the same way I should like to board her again with thirty good cutlasses at my back; and I ordered the boat to lie out of harm's way for an hour.

"Well, I soon found myself on her quarter-deck, under the awning. By George, sir, it was alive with men, as busy as bees, making their little preparations, drat 'em. Some were oiling the locks of the guns, some were cleaning small arms, some were grinding cutlasses. They took no notice of me; and I stood there looking like an ass.

"I wondered whether they took me for a new officer just joined; but that was not likely. However, I wasn't going to notice *them*, as they hadn't the manners to notice me. So there I stood, and watched them. And I had just taken out my vesuvians to light a cigar, when a middle-aged man, in a uniform I don't know, but the metal of it was silver, came bustling up, touched his cap to the deck, and brushed past me as if I was invisible; so I hung on to his coat-tails, and brought him to under all his canvas.

"This set the youngest mate giggling, but he was promptly frowned down.

"'Hullo!' says he, 'what are ye about? Why, who the deuce are *you?*'

"'Second mate of the *Phœbe*, alongside,' says I.

"'Mate of the *Phœbe*,' says he; 'then what brings you on board of *us?*'

"That was rather a staggerer; but I thought a bit, and said I wanted to see the captain of the schooner.

"Well, sir, at this some of the men left off working and looked up at me, as if I was some strange animal.

"'*Do* you?' says the officer; 'then you are the only man aboard that does.' Then he turned more friendly like, and says, 'Look here, young gentleman, don't you go to meet trouble; wait till it comes to you. Go back to your ship, before *she* sees you.'

"'She! Who?'

"'No matter. You sheer off, and leave our captain alone.'

"Now, gentlemen, I'm a good-tempered chap, and you may chaff me till all is blue; but I can't stand intimidation. If they threaten me, it puts my blood up. At school, if another boy threatened me, I never answered him; my fist used to fly at his mouth as soon as the threat was out of it."

"Good little boy," said Lewis.

But the captain was impatient. "Come, sir, we don't want your boyish reminiscences; to the point, please."

"Ay, ay, sir. Well, then, the moment he threatened me, I just turned my back on him, and made for the companion-ladder.

"'Avast there!' roared the officer, in an awful fright. 'Nobody uses that ladder but the captain himself, and, man alive, if you *will* see him, follow me.' So he led me down the main hatchway. By the chain-cable tier I came, all of a sudden, on three men in irons; ugly beggars they were, and wild-looking, reckless chaps. One of them ran a spare anklet along the bar, and says to me, 'Here you are; room for one more.' But my companion soon stopped his jaw. 'Silence in irons, or he'll cut your tongue out,' says he. He wouldn't go to the captain with me, but he pointed aft, and whispered, 'Last cabin but one, starboard side.' Then he sheered off, and I went for'ard and knocked at the cabin-door. No answer; so I knocked louder. No answer; so I turned the handle and opened the door."

"Young madman!" groaned the captain.

"Not so very. *I had my little plan.*"

"Oh, he had his little plan," said Curtis, ironically, pityingly, paternally. Then, hotly, "Go on, sir; don't keep us on tenter-hooks, like this."

"Well, captain, I opened that door, and oh, my eye! it wasn't a cabin; it was a nobleman's drawing-room; pile carpet an inch thick; beautiful painted ceiling; so many mirrors down to the ground, and opposite each other, they made it look like a big palace. Satin-wood tables; luxurious couches and chairs; a polished brass stove, but all the door-handles silver; venetians, and rose-colored blinds and curtains. The sun just forced its way through, and made everything pink. It was a regular paradise; but instead of an angel, there was a great hulking chap, squatted cross-legged on an ottoman at the further end, smoking a hookah as long and twisty as a boa-constrictor. The beggar wasn't smoking honest tobacco, neither, but mixed with rose leaves and cinnamon shavings, and, in my opinion, a little opium, for he turned up his eyes like an owl in paradise."

"Not so formidable, then."

"Formidable! Well, I wouldn't answer for that at the proper time, and at the head of his cut-throats; for he was a precious big chap, with black brows, and a wicked-looking mustache and tuft. He was the sort of chap that nigger, who smothers his wife in the play, says he *killed;* 'a malignant and a turbaned Turk,' you know. But then, it wasn't his fighting hour; he was in smoker's paradise, and it's my belief you might have marched up to him and knocked him on the head—like one of those devil-may-care penguins that won't budge for a cannon-ball—and then he would have gone smoking on the ground till you cut his head off and took away his pipe. But you'll find the 'Malignant' had a protector, worse luck, and one that didn't smoke spice, but only looked it. Well, captain, I came up to the nearest table, and hit it pretty hard with my fist, to see if I could make that thundering picture jump."

"What picture?"

"Why, the 'Malignant and the Turbaned.' Devil a bit. He took no notice. So then I bawled at the beggar—'Your most obedient, sir; I'm the second mate of the *Phœbe*, lying alongside, and the captain has sent me to compare longitudes."

"The 'Malignant' took no notice; just glared at me, and smoked his pipe. He looked just like that 'Malignant Turban' that plays whist with you by machinery in London, and fixes his stony eyes on you all the time; but, with me bawling at him, a door opened, and in came a flood of light, and, in the middle of it, oh Lord!"——

"Well, what?"

"Just the loveliest woman I ever clapped eye on. The vision took me all aback, and I suppose I stared at her as hard as the 'Malignant' was staring at vacancy; for she smiled at my astonishment, and made me a sort of a haughty curtsy, and waved her hand for me to sit down. Then says she, mighty civil—too civil by half—'Have I the pleasure of addressing the captain of that beautiful ship?'

"'I'm her second officer, ma'am,' says I; but I was too dazzled to make her up any lies all in a moment.

"'Bound for China?' says she, like honey.

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'A large crew?' says she, like treacle.

"'About ninety, ma'am,' says I, very short, for I began to smell a rat.

"'Many European sailors amongst them?' says she.

"So then I saw what the beautiful fiend would be at, and I said 'about fifty.'

"'Indeed!' says she, smiling like Judas. 'You know ladies will be curious, and I could only count twenty-five.'

"'The rest were below, coiling ropes,' says I.

"So she laughed at that, and said, 'But I saw plenty of Lascars.'

"'Oh, our Lascars are picked men,' says I.

"'I wish you joy of them,' she says; 'we don't have them here: not to be trusted, in EMERGENCIES, you know.'

"Whilst I was swallowing this last pill, she at me again. Did we often exercise our guns? I said of course we did, in a calm. 'Why,' said she, 'that is not much use; the art is to be able to hit ships, and *things*, as you are rising, or falling, on the waves—so they *tell* me,' says she, correcting herself.

"The beautiful devil made my blood run cold. She knew too much.

"'What is your cargo?' says she, just as if she was our bosom friend. But I wouldn't stand any more of it. 'Nutmegs,' says I. So she laughed, and said, 'Well, but seriously?' So then I thought chaffing her would do no good, and I told her we had landed the valuable part of our cargo at Bombay, and had only a lot of grates and fire-irons left. I put on a friendly tone, all sham, like hers, you know, and told her that tea-ships depended on the cargo they brought home, not on the odds and ends they took out just to ballast the craft."

"Well, what was the next thing?"

"Oh, I remember she touched a silver bell; and a brown girl, in loose trousers, and cocked-up shoes and a turban, came in with a gold tray, or it might be silver gilt, and a decanter of wine; and the lovely demon said, 'Pour out some wine, Zulema.'

"'No, thank you, ma'am,' said I. So she laughed, and said it wasn't poisoned. She sent off the slave, and filled two glasses with the loveliest white hand, and such a diamond on it. She began drinking to me, and, of course, I did the same to her. 'Here's to our next merry meeting,' said she. My blood ran a little cold at that; but I finished my liquor. It was no use flying a white feather; so, says I, 'Here's to the Corsair's bride.' Her eyes twinkled, but she made me a civil curtsy.

"'That's prime Madeira,' says I.

"She said, yes, it had been their companion in several cruises. 'It runs through a fellow like oil,' says I. 'Then have some more,' said she. So I did, and then she did not say any more, and the 'Malignant' sat mum-chance; and I was pumped dry, and quite at a loss. So—not to look like a fool—I—asked 'em to breakfast."

"What!—Who?"

"Why, the lady and gentleman; I mean the 'Malignant,' and 'the Corsair's bride.'"

"Young madman!"

"Why, what harm could that do, captain?"

"What good could it do? What did they say?"

"She said, 'Are there any ladies aboard?' I said, 'Yes, and tip-top fashionable ones.' So then she looked at the 'Malignant,' and he never moved a muscle. So then she said: 'We will do ourselves the pleasure—IF WE ARE IN COMPANY;' and she smiled ever so knowingly, did that beautiful demon.

"Then I pretended cheerful: 'That is all right,' said I. 'Mind, I shall tell the ladies, and they will be awfully disappointed if you don't come.'

"'I assure you,' says she, 'we will come, IF WE ARE IN COMPANY. I give you my hand on it,' says she; and she put out her hand. It was lovely, and white; but I looked at it as if 'twas the devil's claw; but I had to take it, or walk the plank; so I did take it; and, oh Lord, would you believe it? she gave mine such a squeeze."

*Lewis*—"Gammon!"

*Castor*—"I tell you she gave my flipper the most delicious squeeze you ever—it was so long, and soft, and gentle."

*Curtis*—"But what was it for?"

*Castor*—"At the time I thought it was to encourage me; for she said, ever so softly, 'You are a brave man.' But more likely it was to delude me, and put me off my guard. Well, I was for sheering off, after that, and I made a low bow to the 'Malignant'; he never got up, but he showed his little bit o' breeding, took the snake-pipe out of his mouth, and brought his head slowly down, an inch a minute, till he looked like pitch-poling over on the floor and cutting a somersault; and, whilst he was going down and up again, the lady said: 'You had better wait a minute'; it was in a very particular way she said it; and she flew to a telegraph, and her white hands went clicking at an awful rate; and I cannot get it out of my head that if those white hands hadn't worked those wires, I should have been cut to pieces at the cabin-door. Not that I cared so very much for that. I HAD MY LITTLE PLAN. However, she left off clicking just as that old picture got his figurehead above his bows again; so I made my bow to 'em both, and sheered off; and blest if that elderly officer does not meet me at the door, and march

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before me to the quarter-deck; and there's another officer hailing my boat; and there were fine scarlet silk side-ropes fixed, and two men standing by them. So I came away in state. But I'm no wiser than I went. Whether it is an Eastern prince out on pleasure, or a first-class pirate, I don't know. I hope you will order a tip-top breakfast, captain, for the honor of the ship—lobster curry, for one thing; and sharpen cutlasses, and clean small arms; and borrow all Mr. Greaves's revolvers; he is taking out quite a cargo of 'em. And that reminds me I forgot to tell you what my little plan was that made me so saucy. I borrowed one of Greaves's six-shooters; here it is, and at first sign of treachery, I wasn't going to waste powder, but just cut back and kill the 'Malignant' and the Corsair's bride; for I argued they wouldn't have a successor ready, and ten to one they would have a quarrel who was to take command; so that would save our hooker at the expense of one hand, and him a bachelor. Nobody minds a bachelor getting snuffed out."

Upon Mr. Castor revealing his little plan, the other officers insisted on shaking hands with him. At which he stared, but consented heartily; and, finding himself in such unexpected favor, repeated his advice. "Prepare an excellent breakfast for to-morrow, and grind cutlasses, and load the guns with grape, and get all the small-arms loaded, especially revolvers; for," said Castor, "I *think* they mean to board us to-night, cut all our throats, ravish the women, and scuttle the craft when they have rifled her; but if they don't, I'm *sure* they will come to breakfast. She gave me her hand on that, and the turbaned Turk nodded his thundering old piratical figure-head."

The other officers agreed with him that the ship would probably be attacked that night, and all possible preparations were made for her defense. They barred the ports on the main deck, charged the cannon with grape, armed the Lascars with cutlasses, and the white men with muskets as well, and the officers and the boatswain with cutlasses and revolvers.

The sun set, and all was now grim expectation and anxiety. No watch was called, for the whole crew was the watch.

The moon came out, and showed the cutter, like a black snake, lying abominably near.

Hour after hour dragged by in chill suspense. Each bell, as it was struck, rang like a solemn knell.

Midnight came, and passed. Morning approached.

The best time for attacking seemed to have passed.

Fears began to lessen; hopes to glow.

The elastic Castor began to transfer his whole anxiety to the cook and his mate, standing firm to his theory that the Corsair and his bride would come to breakfast, if they did not attack the ship that night. The captain pooh-poohed this; and, indeed, Castor persuaded nobody but the cook. Him he so flattered about his fish-patties, and lobster curries, etc., that he believed anything.

Day broke, and the ship's company and officers breathed freely. Some turned in. But still the schooner was closely watched by many eyes and deck-glasses, and keenly suspected.

Soon after eight bells there was a movement on board the schooner; and this was immediately reported by Mr. Castor, then in charge of the ship, to Captain Curtis. He came on deck directly.

"You are right, sir," said he, handling his glass, "and they are lowering a boat. He is coming. And—by Jove, they are rigging a whip. There's a lady. Mr. Castor, rig a whip on the mainyard. Bear a hand there forward. Bosen!—attend the side. Here, sling this chair. Smart, now—they are shoving off."

Six able oarsmen brought the Corsair and his bride, with race-horse speed, from the schooner to the ship.

But there were smart fellows on board the *Phœbe*, too. There was a shrill wind of the boatswain's pipe-call, the side was promptly manned, the chair lowered into the schooner's boat as she came alongside, and gently hoisted, with the lady in it, and she was landed on the deck of the *Phœbe*.

She had a thick vail on.

The commander of the schooner drew up beside her, and Captain Curtis came forward, and the two commanders off hats and bowed.

The captain of the schooner was now gorgeous in a beautiful light-blue uniform, the cloth glossy as velvet, and heavy with silver, as was also his cap.

The captain led the way to the cabin. His guests followed; the ladies were duly informed, and dropped in one after another. Then the Corsair's bride removed her vail, and revealed a truly beautiful woman, in the prime of youth, with a divine complexion, and eyes almost purple, so deep was their blue.

Captain Curtis seated this dazzling creature to his right, and, to the surprise of the company, her commander immediately seated himself on her other side. The ladies looked at each other, and smiled, as much as to say "He is jealous; and no great wonder." However, they talked to her across the body of her lord, and she to them, and she was a most piquant addition to the table, and full of spirit; she seemed devoted to her companion.

For all that, she had a letter in her pocket, which she intended to confide to one of those ladies she had never seen before in all her life; and she was now quietly examining their faces, and judging their voices, as she conversed with them, merely to make the best selection of a confidente she could.

The breakfast did honor to the ship, and the Corsair praised the lobster curry, and made himself very agreeable all round.

Presently one of the ladies said to Mr. Castor, "But where is Mr. Greaves?" Castor told her he had been disabled by a shot a lubberly gunner had dropped on his foot, and was confined to his cabin.

"Oh dear," said the lady; "poor Mr. Greaves! How unlucky he is!"

"Is it one of your officers?" asked the strange lady, quietly.

"No, ma'am. He is a Queen's officer, lieutenant of the *Centaur*, going out with us as passenger."

Then the lady changed color, but said nothing, and speedily turned the conversation; but the Corsair looked black as thunder, and became rather silent all of a sudden.

The ladies rose and invited the fair stranger to go with them.

"Please excuse her," said the Corsair, in a civil but commanding tone.

She seemed indifferent.

Soon after this an officer came in and said, joyfully, "Wind from the *Nor*-west."

"Ah!" said the stranger; "then we must leave you, sir. Come on deck, dear."

When they got on deck, the lady said, rather pettishly, "Wind? I feel no wind." Thereupon Mr. Castor pointed out to her a dark blue line, about eight miles off, on the pale blue water.

"Oh!" said she; "that is wind, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am, and a good breeze, too; it will be here in twenty minutes. Why, your boat is gone. Never mind, we will take you."

"By all means," said she, aloud; then, as she turned from him, she said, in a swift whisper, "Sit near me in the boat; I've something for you."

Now this conversation passed at the head of the companion-ladder, and Greaves heard the lady's voice, though not the words. He started violently, huddled on his clothes, and would have hobbled on deck, but the boat was brought alongside in full view from the port-window of his cabin. He heard her grate the ship's side, and opened the window just as the lady was lowered into the boat. The chair was hoisted. The lady, with her vail down as she had come, took her seat on the stern thwart, beside her companion; Castor sitting at the helm.

"Shove off!" was the word.

Then, as they turned the boat's head round, the lady, who had seen Greaves through her vail, and had time to recognize him in spite of his beard, lifted her vail for one moment, and showed him the face of Ellen Ap Rice—that face he had loved so well, and suffered so cruelly for loving it. That face was now pale and eloquent beyond the power of words. There was self-reproach, a prayer for forgiveness, and—stranger still—a prayer to that injured friend—FOR HELP.

*(To be continued.)*

## "THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS."

### A FAIRY TALE.

"THERE were two Princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
'Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the King.'

"They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

"A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth—
One climbed the rocks to reach. Ah! well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

"Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground—
Gems of quick fire the other found.

"One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

"Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands
The other torn and empty hands.

"At bird and rose and gem and fruit
The King was sad, the King was mute;
At last he slowly said, 'My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"'Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound.'"

## MISS CRIMME'S ROMANCE.

AT the extreme end of Main Street, in a quiet New England town, there was a low, rambling stone house. A portion of it was overrun so with vines that some of the windows were quite hidden. There was all around it a small space of ground thickly planted with trees. Miss Jane Crimme lived in the house, and had lived there for many years. Before, her mother had lived there also a long time, and when the old lady became an invalid and bed-ridden, her daughter took her place at the head of the house, and so strongly did Miss Jane resemble her mother that, when the latter passed away, things went on exactly as ever, and it seemed as if the old lady and her daughter had been merged into one person; so that people called her Mrs. Jane or Mrs. Crimme.

Miss Jane was far from being a homely person; through the traces of time and suffering might easily be seen the remains of past beauty, but hardened and so sorrow-stricken, that a great fear fell on the little maid, Elizabeth, whenever she appeared.

Elizabeth was the maid-of-all-work, and a living defiance to those rules which arrange a certain harmony between people and their names. Having been taken from some asylum or charity school, and being much astonished at everything differing from her past associations, her face had acquired a chronic look of utter amazement, somewhat heightened by a pair of perfectly round, large black eyes. Her general appearance was rather remarkable, too, on account of the evident unrestrained exercise of her own taste in matters of dress, which was not altogether above criticism. Her favorite post was at a window commanding something of a view of the main street, at which, at short intervals, during the entire day, she was to be seen leaning her chin on her two hands, and her elbows on the window-ledge, with the prominent portions of her face pressed flat against the glass, which practice had not improved the regularity or form of her features. At the least noise she vanished as though the earth had swallowed her, the fact being that she dropped herself on the floor and crawled to the scene of her duties, as though the window alone was to be feared by allowing her to be seen.

Miss Crimme was really kind and gentle, but Elizabeth could never quite accustom herself to the tall figure, and severe, sad face of her mistress.

Miss Crimme's mother had first come to the town many years before, quite alone. Her peculiarity of attending exclusively to her own affairs, and leaving those of her neighbors alone, had at first, naturally, of course, excited curiosity and suspicion; but as years passed on, and nothing occurred to feed the one or keep alive the other, they died out, and the old lady was spoken of with respect and left entirely to herself. Even the arrival of her daughter, of whose existence many were ignorant, some years after her removal to the town, caused but little remark.

Miss Jane was then a handsome woman of about twenty-three. It was said she came from abroad; indeed, several stories were set afloat, but soon were forgotten for some more interesting subject of gossip. She was quiet in her manner, and very retiring and reticent, as if under a restraint, at first, but this soon grew to a habit. Shortly after her coming, her mother was taken ill, and from that time never left her room except to be carried to her last resting-place.

From the time of her mother's illness Miss Crimme assumed the head of the house, and, as I once before said, seemed so like her mother in her ways and appearance, that she was called Mrs. Crimme, and the old lady herself was forgotten some time before she passed away.

Elizabeth was seated, one afternoon, on the back of a chair at the kitchen window, greatly absorbed in the occasional passing-by of a pedestrian, when a violent knock at the door caused her to drop instantly on the floor. She remained there some moments, entirely forgetful of her duty to open the door. At a second knock, she tremblingly went to the door. This she carefully secured with a chain, to prevent its being opened more than about four inches, and then opening it, and placing as much of herself as was possible in the opening, she said, "Please come in, ma'am!" utterly unconscious of the impossibility of any compliance with her request. It was the postman.

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Elizabeth never remembered having seen the postman at the house before, and was, consequently, greatly alarmed as well as amazed.

"A letter for Mrs. Crimme."

And he left in the hands of the trembling and still terrified maid a small note with the postmark of the city on it, and sealed with black.

It was some minutes before she sufficiently recovered to close the door. Then she carefully wiped off the letter on both sides with her apron, and folding it up in that article of dress, went to Miss Crimme's room.

She knocked timidly.

The clear, even voice of Miss Crimme came in reply:

"Come in!"

Elizabeth opened the door carefully, and squeezing herself in, shut it to hastily, as though she was afraid the occupant might escape.

"Please ma'am, it was the postman, and he's been and gone and left a letter, ma'am!" with two quick courtesies, and widely opened eyes fixed on Miss Crimme, who sat near a wood-fire, reading from a journal.

"Give it to me," said Miss Crimme, closing her book, while a slight flush overspread her face.

Elizabeth slowly approached and gave the letter, without removing her eyes from her mistress.

Miss Jane took it, broke the seal, slowly unfolded the letter and read it. As she did so, a strangely bright expression came over her face, and she looked almost lovely by the red light of the fire.

Elizabeth stood by, greatly wondering, till her mistress, suddenly remembering, said:

"You may go, Elizabeth; and, if you wish, go out for an hour, no longer; or you may sit by the window, if you choose."

"Yes, ma'am—thank'ee, miss!" and she retired as she had entered, carefully closing the door, lest Miss Jane might escape.

In Miss Crimme's lap lay the letter, while her eyes studied the red coals of the fire, and a smile played over her generally sad and stern face.

This was the letter:

> "Can you forgive and forget the past? I have suffered much, but my feelings for you are unchanged. Write me but one word. I am ill, and lonely, and dying."

Then followed an address.

Miss Crimme was thinking—remembering. She was but human after all.

There are, in the world, a few natures—weak, they are called—which neglect, inconstancy, or insult even, can scarcely change or shake in their allegiance to the object beloved. Besides, actions viewed through the vista of long years look wonderfully different.

Miss Jane arose after a few minutes, and, going to a small writing-table, wrote the answer. And the "one word" requested was: "Come."

One or two days after the letter came, Miss Jane informed the astonished Elizabeth that a gentleman was coming to stay with them, and that the best spare room, which had been her mother's, must be prepared.

The room was accordingly prepared, and toward dusk the expected visitor arrived. He came in a carriage. He was evidently an invalid, or had been quite ill.

Elizabeth let nothing escape her as she opened the door and called Miss Jane. The gentleman walked slowly and with the aid of the coachman. He was quite tall, and, but for the various wrappings around him, might have been erect and well-shaped. His face was peculiarly handsome. All the features were regular and finely chiseled; but there was a something, to any one familiar with physiognomy, painfully repugnant in the face. Utter and intense selfishness was plainly written there. Narrow and contracted thoughts seemed to be the necessary companions of such a face.

Miss Jane met him at the door.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion, as she grasped his hand, and a world of affection and pity seemed expressed in her face. She looked young again, and pretty, with that beauty which high thoughts and generous impulses give to a countenance.

"At last, Jeannette—Jeannette!" he said, and his face caught something of the brightness of Miss Jane's.

A bright light burned on the hearth of the parlor. There Miss Jane led him, while the coachman deposited a small, worn and well-traveled box in the hall. The visitor was seated in a large chair by the fire, and Miss Jane stood by him. The door was closed.

"We meet again, Edward, after so many years of separation," said Miss Jane; "and yet it seems but yesterday since we last met. The long years have rolled by—oh, how long and weary they seemed in passing!—and now that they are all past, it seems so short—so short!" she repeated in a dreamy sort of way, and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"My true, faithful Jeannette!" returned the gentleman, looking up at her with his large, beautiful eyes, and taking her hand in his.

There was a few moments' pause, during which neither seemed to know exactly what to say. At last Miss Jane broke the silence.

"And when did you leave Paris?"

Something of the sweet expression here seemed to die out of her face, and she looked away from him and took a seat near him.

"Ah, Jeannette! I am at best but a miserable fellow, but you must help me, for there was never but one in my wretched life who really made me feel what I might and ought to be."

The soulless look in his eye belied the words he spoke; he continued:

"After we parted in Paris, and you returned to your mother, what was there for me to do? I believed that I had tried your patience too far. I believed myself forsaken by you."

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Miss Jane, looking up at him tenderly.

He continued:

"Before I met you, my life had been a thoughtless, careless one. Obtaining a position in the army through the influence of my mother's relatives—who, as you remember, were French—I led a careless, dare-devil life, till I met you, just after you had left school, at your uncle's house. You were lovely, Jeannette——"

Miss Jane sighed, and smiled sadly.

Edward added, rapidly, "With that beauty which nothing can diminish, and which is the reflex of a noble, generous heart. I met you at your uncle's house. I need not recall, I think, those happy, happy days we passed together, swearing to love each other and be true. I was wrong, I admit it, Jeannette, but you have forgiven me. It was only, however, in appearance. I sacrificed myself for a friend."

Miss Jane looked at him eagerly—every word of excuse he uttered, whether true or false, was only too welcome to her.

"I frequented the house of Marie with my friend, for he had resolved to marry her in defiance of the anger of his father. You supposed it was I who really loved her. Ah, Jeannette, if you had only been less precipitate, how many years of suffering it might have spared us both!"

He sighed deeply as he looked into the fire, perhaps for inspiration.

"You would hear nothing, and you refused to see me. In vain I called, wrote and sent messages. You were decided. You left Europe. You left me that cruel note. I tried in vain to follow you, to write you, or to explain. All was useless. In desperation I married Marie; my friend had died and left the poor girl half heart-broken. For ten long years I have wandered about, now stationed in one place, now in another, till last month, when Marie died. I met your uncle by accident in New York, whither I had come, resolved to make still another effort to find you. He gave me your address, and, so soon as I was able, after an attack of illness, I wrote you; and here, at last, I am with you, my Jeannette."

How much of it all she really believed, it is impossible to say. One thing, however, was certain; she had tenderly loved him in her younger days, and long separation, with nothing in the meantime to occupy or distract her mind, had hallowed and strengthened this love till it had become a part of herself. She knew his narrow, small character; she knew how plausible and truthless he was; but there was a certain romance and sentiment about her old affection for him which was powerful still.

There was as much of sadness as of sweetness in her smile as she turned to him and said: "Edward! I do not know if you still love me; I am much older and changed since we parted; but this I know, that my old love is still strong, and that nothing has ever altered it."

"Ah! Jeannette," he rejoined, "you may think ill of me; you cannot think worse of me than I think myself. But with your love to guide me for the future, I have no fears. Tell me, dearest, shall it be, then, at last? Can you so far forgive me as to marry me?"

"It may be weakness," said Jeannette, with a melancholy in her tone. "My life for years past has not been a happy one; its one happiness has been dreaming of my younger days. God forgive me if I do wrong! You will love me at least, Edward; and in a soberer friendship, more suited to our years, we shall be happy."

Her eyes glistened in the red firelight, and were moist.

He seemed to misunderstand her.

"I spoke of marriage, Jeannette, and you speak of friendship."

"I mean the same," she replied. "The word seemed too full of happiness for me to utter."

A few days later the neighbors were somewhat surprised to hear that Miss Jane had been married quietly in the morning to a Lieutenant Edward Arton.

For a while, Miss Jane's life seemed to glide on as smoothly as before, and one heard or saw but little of her. Sometimes, early in the morning or late in the evening, she was seen walking with a tall and handsome gentleman, whom all knew to be the lieutenant, and looking happy and pretty. Soon, however, they were seen rarely together, then, not at all, and the inmates of the low stone house were as mysterious and secluded as before Miss Jane's marriage. No one knew the sorrow shut up there. The lieutenant went off for days together and returned as suddenly as he left, and generally in the night. His wife, with the blind devotion of woman, was always ready to pity and forgive. She soon found that her dream was over, her hopes a delusion; but she still clung to the memory. He squandered and wasted her fortune, and treated her with the contempt and insolence a mean and selfish nature feels for those who sacrifice all to them.

Years passed on, and told their sad story of a breaking heart on the face of Miss Jane. She still clung to him with devotion.

One night there was a noise, late, which roused some of the neighbors, as a carriage drove up to Mrs. Arton's door. Two days after, early, there was a quiet funeral there. Mrs. Arton was a widow.

She lived on yet many years, but much changed. Now she was conspicuous for doing good, and relieving the necessities of those around her. She could be seen almost daily, her hair perfectly white, dressed in gray, and going, with a basket on her arm, to the poorer portions of the town.

Elizabeth still lived with her, but grown into a pretty young woman, still with an inordinate love of dress. She regarded men with great aversion, and was a model of fidelity and devotion to her mistress, whom she regarded at any moment as likely to be carried off like Elijah or Enoch, and only wondered, as, of course, she must do at something, that the aerial journey should be delayed. Her eyes had never lost their look of amazement, but she had lost all her taste for sitting at the kitchen window, except about the time when Miss Jane, as she always called her mistress, was wont to return. She met her at the door then, with a smile. "You must be tired, miss," she would say. "No," Miss Jane would answer; "not tired, Elizabeth—one cannot be tired when one is occupied doing good, and forgetful of oneself. It is the fruitless dwelling on the past that wearies, or the pursuit of something which God does not intend us to have."

## THE HAWK-MOTH—NOCTURNAL LEPIDOPTERÆ.

The moths, almost all nocturnal in their habit, and classed as Lepidopteræ, are distinguishable by the pointed tips of their antennæ, which are often furnished with a row of projections on either side, like the teeth of a comb, giving them a feathery appearance. The wings are generally conjoined by a bristle and loop.

When the sun declines these beautiful insects begin to appear, and they are often of such size and beauty as to charm all who behold them. The class called Hawk-Moths take their name from their strength and speed of their flight. Where, as in the example shown in the illustration, the wings are so large as to reach beyond the body, these moths are much more attractive. It is the Casnea Licus, found in Brazil and Central America, bold yet simple in coloring.

## OFF AND ON AT LONG BRANCH.

There are always two sides to a story, and if mine is not the right side, then I'm no judge. It is most perplexing and astonishing that people, with apparently an equal amount of discrimination and good sense, can take such antagonistic views of the same subject.

"Variety is the spice of life!" hints one. Ah, yes, so we have been told before. Now, a certain amount of spice is pleasant—that is, the right sprinkling of condiments—but when they become so aromatically pungent as to be both bitter and acid, the writer begs to be excused. If individuals could differ amicably, could discuss the events of life with toleration and kindness, it would give a delightful zest to conversation—be just spicy enough. But I started to tell a story, and my readers will discover after a little the significance of this abrupt preamble.

Well, my name is Frank Richards, and my home is New York City; am a lawyer by choice and profession, and one year ago this very July was betrothed to the daughter of the senior member of the house of Nadgett & Co. Juliet Nadgett she was christened, and a superb-looking woman she is, too. To say that I was proud of my affianced expresses it feebly.

Julia was highly educated—could *parlez-vous* like a native,

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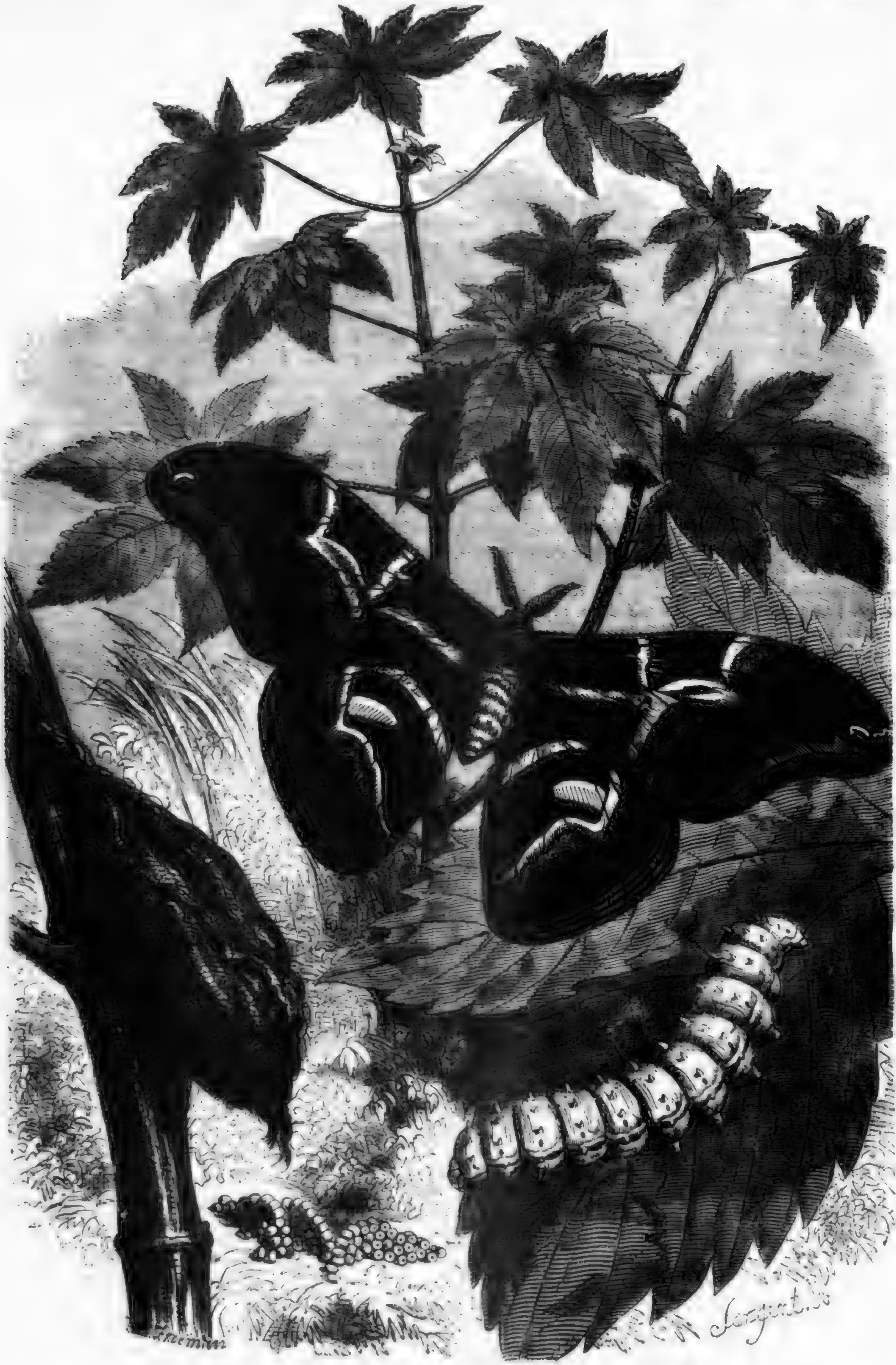


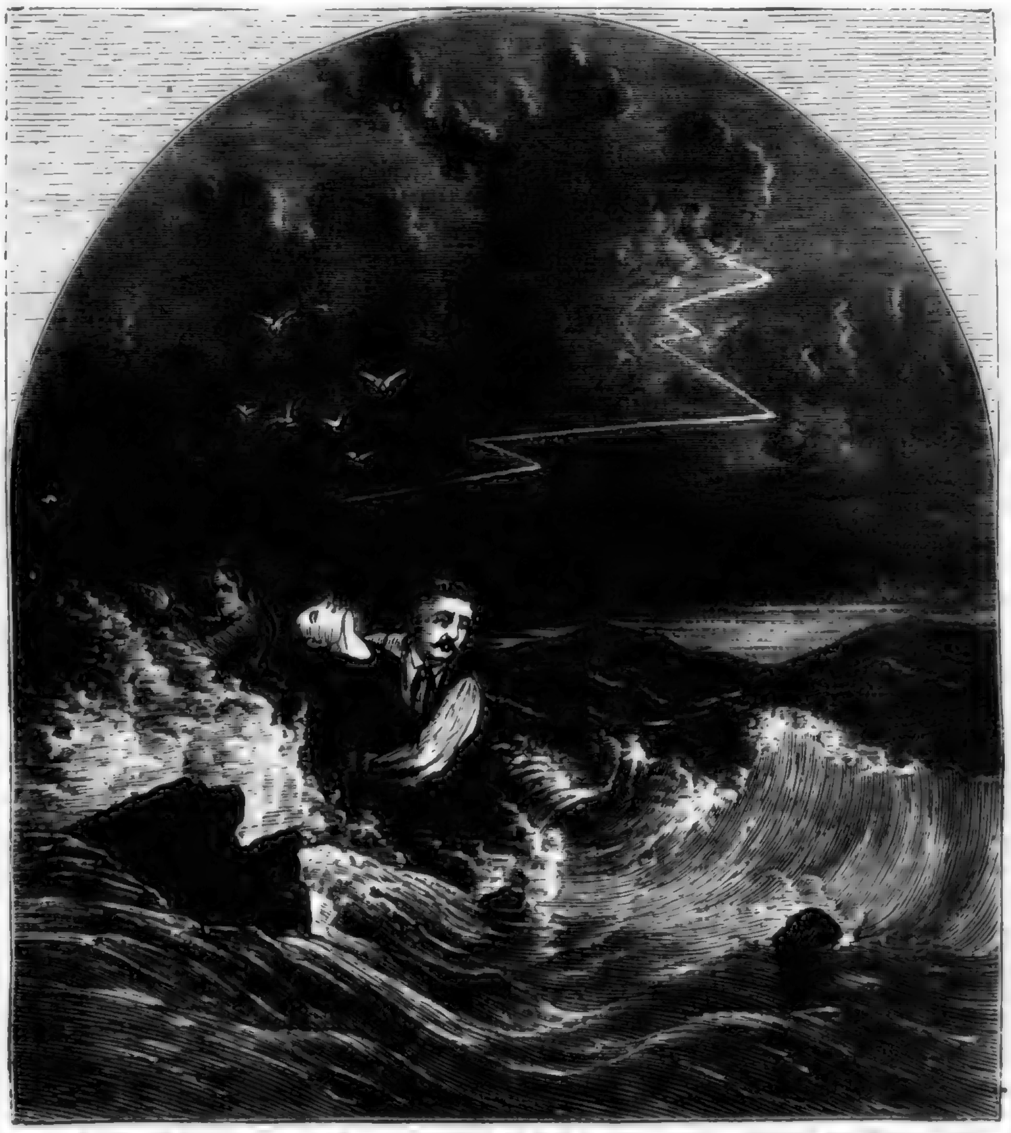
A HAWK-MOTH, EGGS, CHRYSALIS AND CATERPILLAR.—SEE PAGE 79.

sing like a Patti, dance like a houri, and walk—ah, there it was she excelled all others—her gait was *stunning*.

To watch her as she floated along Broadway was to make the most trusty member of the celibacy club unmindful of his initiatory vows, oblivious to the confirmed state of his bachelorhood, and the husband of a plain wife feel his dissatisfaction keenly.

Our engagement came about in this wise. We met at a party on Fifth Avenue, were introduced by a mutual friend, were mutually pleased, and three weeks after, I had formally proposed to the old gentleman, Nadgett, for his daughter's hand, and an expression of his willingness to transfer the support of said Julia to myself.

Strange to relate, I found him, to all appearance, as willing as a man could be. I had naturally expected opposition, for Nadgett, of the house of Nadgett & Co., was the owner of several brown-stone fronts, and a man who manipulated a certain railroad stock with the same ease and *conscientiousness* that Vanderbilt and Drew have more recently shown with Madame Erie; but, remarking that he had received good reports of my business capacity and character, he concluded by saying that he always intended his daughters to select husbands for themselves (by-the-way, Julia had several sisters), and he was only too glad that the oldest of the family had chosen so wisely. I was overwhelmed with the nabob's condescension; could not imagine what I had ever done to deserve so high an opinion, and so stated. I have thought many times since that I might have said several soft things on that occasion, and have found myself asking whether or not a decided opposition to my suit on the part of my intended father-in-law would not have been more to my wishes.



OFF AND ON AT LONG BRANCH.—"I RUSHED TO HER RESCUE—NOT A SECOND TOO SOON. THE DEAR GIRL'S STRENGTH WAS ALMOST SPENT."—SEE PAGE 79.

A nice little woman, all ready to fall into a fellow's arms, with the permission and God-speed of all her relatives, may be very nice to dream about, but, in my humble opinion, there is nothing so stimulating to love as a little maiden coyness, and a flat refusal by the old gentleman.

Well, Julia decided to spend last Summer at Long Branch, and, of course, I, her most obedient, proposed to do Long Branch also, so we all went together. A goodly family, that Nadgett family. There was Julia, and Emma, and Kate, and Minnie, and "Bob," an enterprising young man of three years, who made himself generally obnoxious. Coming after so many girls, and when all idea of a male scion had been given up by both parents, it was scarcely to be wondered at that he was spoiled by the entire household. At last we were comfortably quartered at Long Branch. Julia was fond, and exceedingly demonstrative. That I had no objection to behind the scenes, but when the eyes of an inquisitive public were upon us it was not always pleasant to have her little jeweled fingers seeking mine; to know that looks of the most loving admiration were constantly following me. To tell the truth, I was uncomfortable the greater part of the time.

Julia attracted considerable attention; I was proud of that. No voice could equal hers in depth and richness; sometimes it seemed to me that her conceptions lacked soul; but then, I was always spoony about music, and preferred, from a boy, a heart-stirring, plaintive ballad to the most brilliant selections from operas.

"My cousin will be here from Boston to-morrow, Frank," said Julia, one moonlight evening, as we strolled toward the hotel after a long walk. "My Cousin Nettie and her invalid father. Nett never allows him to travel alone. She is very pretty, Frank, and very much beloved; take care you do not fall in love with her."

"What, Julia, fall in love? How is that possible? Am I not already in love with your charming self? How could I love two women at the same time?"

"*Le monde est le livre des femmes!*" said Julia, with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

Now, I am a very indifferent French scholar, and was compelled to ask the young lady to translate.

There seemed to be a shade of anxiety and doubt on her face that I had never noticed there before, and I secretly wondered if she was really borrowing trouble in regard to this expected relative.

"Translate! Certainly," she replied, with a smile which faded as quickly as it came. "Very easy. The world is woman's book."

"Yes," said I, perplexed. "But I am unable to see the analogy."

"All right, stupid; let's change the subject," replied my Dulcinea.

So I wound my arm round the taper waist, renewed my vows of eternal constancy, and bade her good-night at the door of her room, with a determination to never give the dear girl the slightest cause of jealousy.

Two talkative young blades had the apartment next to mine, and our windows were very close together. It was a glorious night, and as I donned my dressing-gown for a good smoke, I fell to thinking how fortunate I was in the possession of Julia.

It was plain to be seen that every man envied me, and it was singular how I fought against the wish that the young lady would be a little less demonstrative. I assured myself that a man could not have too much of a good thing—simply impossible; but a queer little voice would persist in saying that "a constant diet of sugar was to the last degree nauseating."

Those fellows next door—how I wished they would stop their noise and go to bed!

Presently I heard my name mentioned. My ears were pricked open instantly.

"Decidedly well matched, I declare! two fools together," said one.

"Take Richards away from that soft cake, and he's as sensible as the next one. He acts to me as if he had a little rather she'd show less of her affection before folks," replied his companion, thoughtfully.

"I wonder where Jones is, that she was engaged to last Summer? Say, Ned, old Nadgett told me to-night that Nettie Cutbert and her father are expected to-morrow. Jones, you know, deserted Miss Nadgett for her cousin, and she refused him. Rather uncomfortable place, hey? Julia owes her one for that!"

"If Julia Nadgett had sense in proportion to her beauty, she would be a suitable companion for any man; but in her haste to get married, she simply makes herself ridiculous. Why, let's see; there's Mason—and Dusenbury—and Bardwell—and last of all, poor Richards. I expect the fool thinks he's first on the list of accepted suitors."

If anybody has the remotest idea that I slept a wink that night, let him dismiss it immediately. I had been gulled! gulled was the word; taken in, done for! and I immediately commenced to review my past conduct, and daylight found me still engaged in the same pleasant occupation.

Her former inexplicable devotion was accounted for. I could now fathom the depth of feeling which never allowed me out of her sight long enough to play a game of billiards, or smoke a cigar with a friend. She was fearful I should discover something in relation to her past engagements. No wonder old Nadgett was so willing. It may not be inappropriate to remark here that the stock of a woman previously engaged, or jilted (never mind under what circumstances), was unmarketable with me. How could I have been so stupidly blind, not to be able to see through this flimsy vail of deceit?

It was impossible, in the excited state of my senses, to decide upon any immediate course of conduct; but I resolved to lose no time in freeing myself from the silly engagement.

"Why, Frank, dear, you are late this morning!" said Julia, as I approached the door where she stood waiting for me to take her into breakfast. "I was afraid you were ill, and was just on the point of sending a servant to inquire. Upon my word, you do not look well!"

Assuring her that I was never in better health, I drew her arm in mine, and proceeded to the dining-room, passing my friends of the evening before, as we entered. It only needed this meeting to complete my chagrin and mortification. I had no appetite for the delicacies of the season, and Julia, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, declared herself unable to eat a mouthful.

"You are really sick, Frank. You had better come to our sitting-room and lie on the sofa."

Julia evidently flattered herself that she had a new field for the exercise of her sympathetic ministrations; but I received the matter in an entirely different light. To use a vulgarism, "I couldn't see it."

"I am not in the least ill, Julia, as I have assured you before, but I think I have been a little too inactive during my stay here; so I propose to accept an invitation I received yesterday for a yachting excursion."

"And leave me, Frank?"

"Certainly, Julia! no ladies are going."

I was determined to go, and left my betrothed in strong hysterics. It required no small effort of my will-power to drag away, for the whole family, even to Bob, were beseeching me to remain, and he, the little scamp, laid siege to my coat-tails, and threatened innumerable rents to my thin linen suit. However, I managed it, had a good sail, and obtained all the information I desired as to Julia's previous flirtations and engagements.

My lady did not make her appearance at dinner that evening. I was a little late, and took my accustomed seat at the table. Miss Minnie was on my right hand, and immediately opposite were an old gentleman and his daughter. Miss Nettie and her father, I supposed.

"Where's Julia?" I inquired of Minnie.

"Sick, or cross, or something," said the vixen, the youngest of the girls, and decidedly the most sensible.

After the meal was over, I was introduced to Mr. Cuthbert and daughter. Now, Nettie Cuthbert could not be called handsome. To begin with, her features were not regular; but there was something in the trim, tidy little figure—something in the modest lovable expression which instantly challenged one's admiration.

The first thing I knew, Nettie and I became engaged in an animated political conversation, and I was quite surprised at the amount of force, observation and intelligence, she brought to bear upon the subject.

I was not to blame if I did constantly contrast her with Julia. Never, since our acquaintance, had the last-named lady advanced an original idea in regard to any topic of public interest. If I attempted to draw an expression of her views, like "Doody" with his "Dora," I was immediately smothered with kisses, and requested to talk no more about those horrible dry things.

Mrs. Nadgett put an end to our pleasant *tête-a-tête* by coming over to the sofa, and asking me, with quite a show of motherly authority, if I was aware that Julia was quite unwell.

"Too ill to come down, Mrs. Nadgett?" I inquired, with great nonchalance.

"I fear so," she replied, with evident agitation. "She has suffered from a wretched headache all day."

"I am very sorry," I coolly replied. "Miss Minnie, won't you take up my compliments to your sister, and ask her to join us if she feels able?"

Ah! I knew what the dodge was: to get me upstairs, and then— Your imagination, my friends, can suggest the ordeal to which your humble servant would be subjected!

Minnie went, and returned with the message that Julia would be down presently; and, sure enough, in a half hour afterward the young lady entered the parlor, leaning on the arm of her paternal parent.

Vexed and disgusted as I was, there was nothing for me to do but to advance and offer my escort, which she accepted with a reproachful look, which would have driven a man in love to the verge of delirium. But I was disenchanted. Julia was too ill to sing, and Miss Nettie complied with the unanimous demand for a song by singing us several delightful ballads, which so magnetized her audience that a return to ordinary conversation seemed next to impossible.

"You like Nettie's singing better than mine," whispered Julia, as the last notes died away.

"I am particularly fond of ballads—*that* I have always told you."

And poor Julia, jealous, fearful that, like all the rest, I, too, was growing awry from her, looked the picture of despair. How to extricate myself from my unfortunate position, I did not know.

Some action must be taken immediately; I must burst the fetters, and revel once more in my freedom.

We had no opportunity for private conversation that evening, and I was glad of it. I had about made up my mind to leave the place quietly, and write to Julia and her father, giving my reasons for declining the honor of her hand.

There was a little too much of the sneak about this to suit my ideas of principle and decency; but how could I bear the tears, hysterics, and reproaches to which I should be subjected?

Several days passed in this state of miserable indecision. Julia recovered from her disquietude, was as affectionate as ever, and ceased entirely to remark upon the change in my behavior. This course I had not reckoned upon, and took me considerably by surprise, making it still harder to escape from the torturing meshes.

Nettie and I conversed together every time an opportunity offered. We seemed to be mutually pleased; and I did not at all wonder at Jones's conduct the preceding Summer.

Nettie was a capital swimmer, and very fond of the water. She always accompanied our party, as her father's indisposition made it impossible for him to take care of her on these occasions. I knew that Julia disliked to have her with us exceedingly, and attempted several times to prevent it; but Nettie either did not care, or did not notice Julia's rudeness, and so everything progressed pleasantly with all, except the fair Julia herself.

One glorious morning, we started for the beach. The young ladies looked very pretty in their picturesque costumes, and Nettie especially. There seemed to be no fear mingled with her love of the water, and she had once or twice alarmed me at the distance she would swim; so this time I cautioned her.

"Now, Miss Nettie, I beseech you, do not venture too far; remember that your father has placed you in my care, and I shall consider myself responsible for your safe return."

Nettie promised to behave, and plunged into the foaming billows. I had taught Julia to swim, and, with the exception of her cousin, she could excel any of the ladies at the hotel. I stopped for a moment to assist Minnie, who was taking her first lessons, when, all at once, a shriek, so shrill, so piercing, rung out from the merriment, that, for an instant, I was paralyzed with fright.

"That is Nettie's voice! Go quick, Frank," said Minnie, making for the bank.

Two figures ahead—the tide was coming in powerfully. I reached one—it was Julia.

"Who was that who shrieked so, Julia?"

"It was I, Frank. I thought I was sinking. Do get me to the beach as quick as you can."

One more look ahead—a light form struggling with the breakers. Just then another shriek, more startling than before; and, forgetful of everything save that Nettie was in danger, I rushed to her rescue—not a second too soon. The dear girl's strength was almost spent. I looked behind me for a moment, to see where the would-be murderess was, and, to my surprise, I found her by my side.

"How many times did you scream?" I inquired, with a look of horror at Julia.

"Twice, Frank; I thought I must certainly sink. What made you so long?"

"Julia can tell, if she wishes," I replied; but Julia seemed entirely dumb. She knew that I had penetrated her awful secret, and for a while was bewildered; but this did not last long. The evening found her gay and bewitching in her expensive dress and jewels, and as affectionate as ever.

I took occasion to tell her before the night was spent my opinion of her character, and excused myself from further intimacy. The whole family are everlastingly down on me in consequence; but Nettie is now my promised wife, and we don't care a snap. Julia's secret is safe with us. She has been engaged twice since then, with the same finale.

Moral—"Look before you leap."

## THE OLD SPRING HOUSE.

SUCH a delightful place it was for a Summer residence—the large, rambling old house, with its airy rooms, its ample halls and broad, shaded piazzas, through which, in those sultry days of June, the sea-breeze swept with its invigorating freshness. It had once been a Dutch farmhouse, we were told; and there was still standing in the garden a number of gnarled apple and half superannuated pear-trees which seemed to tell of the thrifty old Dutch proprietorship of the spot.

Within sufficiently easy distance of the city not to interfere with brother John's business habits, and yet allowing all the freedom of the country desired by us younger ones, our new residence was satisfactory to us all. We had no neighbors near enough to overlook us, but there were a number of pretty, comfortable-looking cottages scattered along the line of beach and the road which ran not far from the house—which latter, about a mile distant, merged into the principal street of a little suburban town.

The garden which I have mentioned was my great delight. I was scarcely seventeen—a healthy, well-grown girl, devoted to anything rural, and, truth to tell, independent to a degree which had procured for me from brother John the not very complimentary title of "Tomboy," which I was now, I flattered myself, outgrowing. Still, I loved, almost as much as the children, a game of romps, or hide-and-seek, up and down those box-bordered alleys, and amid the neglected and tangled thickets of lilac and snowball; and it was delicious in the warm Summer days to recline on the grassy bank beneath the low-drooping boughs of the old apple-trees, and there lose myself deep in the perusal of some fascinating poem or romance.

My favorite haunt was an old summer-house of trellis-work, the moss-grown roof of which seemed "inclining to a fall" beneath the weight of roses and honeysuckles with which it was overburdened. I had, with the children's assistance, carefully lopped away some of the protruding branches, and weeded and cleared the little walk that led to it; and it would have been, in my eyes, a perfect Arcadian retreat, but for the ugly, oozy little spot close by—the only disagreeable thing on the place. We had been at first puzzled to account for this little hollow being always wet, even in the dryest weather; and why a pile of rocks and the remains of a stone wall should be visible in such a spot; but we soon learned that there was a spring here, and that the stone foundation was the remains of what had been called a spring-house. The roof and walls had fallen in, choking up the little spring; and as no one had taken the trouble to repair it, or even to clear away the rubbish, a rank growth of slimy weeds and poisonous-looking plants had sprung up about the spot, spoiling the looks of the garden, and even, I fancied, affecting the purity of the surrounding atmosphere. I hated the sight of this old spring-house, but there it was, close to my loved retreat; and there, I supposed, it must remain.

XUM

"If the place were our own," said Emma, John's wife, "I should have this rubbish removed, clear out the spring and build a rustic pavilion or grotto above it. What an ornament it would be; and how pretty this garden could be made with a little cultivation. As it is," she added, looking around with a shrug, "it is but a howling wilderness, after all; and the picturesque slope of your arbor-roof, Katie, scarcely compensates for the risk of being crushed to death beneath it."

She was gathering June roses wherewith to adorn the parlor vases; and presently, having finished her task, we strolled away down the centre walk to a little green gate in the brick wall at the back of the garden. This opened into a grassy and secluded lane, overshadowed on each side by trees; a pleasant walk in the warm Summer evenings. Hearing the voices of the children at some distance, where the lane merged upon the common, we proceeded leisurely in that direction, when we were startled by the appearance of a gentleman coming toward us down the lane.

It was not the first time I had seen this man. Twice before I had encountered him in this very place, and now, fortified by Emma's presence, I looked at him more attentively as he approached. A man of about five-and-thirty, dark and pale, with finely cut features, black beard and mustache, and fine dark eyes. He was well dressed, and his appearance was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

"GOOD DOG!" BY W. HUNT.

On first seeing us, as he came suddenly around the angle of the garden-wall, he had betrayed a momentary hesitation, as if wishing to avoid us, but then came on quietly, touching his hat as he passed, with scarcely a glance at us.

"What a fine-looking man!" said Emma. "I wonder who he is?"

"And I wonder what brings him so often around our house?" I responded, with some impatience. "This is the third time I have seen him in our lane."

"The lane is not private property. I suppose he indulges in a 'constitutional,' and finds the coolness and quiet pleasant. He looks like a man in ill-health."

I unconsciously glanced back as she spoke, and saw that the gentleman had paused, and was looking in through the garden-gate, which I had left slightly ajar. At the same moment he turned his head, and, seeing that he was observed, passed on leisurely, without again glancing back.

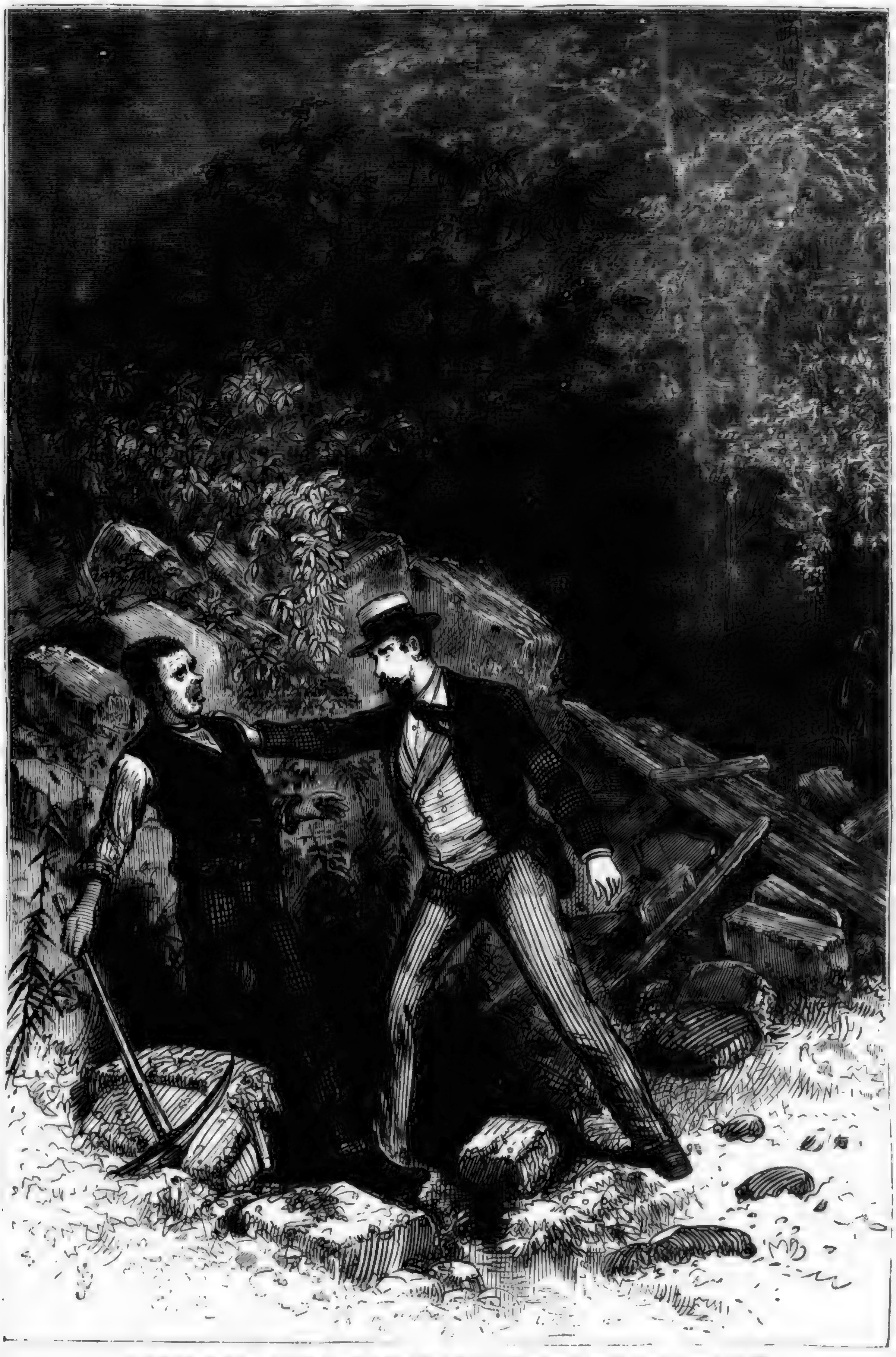
"I wonder what he means by such behavior?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I consider it quite a liberty and intrusion, his coming about the place in this manner."

For more than a week we saw no more of the stranger, and I was forgetting him, when he again presented himself to my notice, and in a rather singular manner.

I was reclining on the old rustic bench in my arbor, absorbed in the most fascinating of romances, "East Lynne," when a sound without the back garden-wall attracted my attention. It was as though some one were endeavoring to mount the wall, and presently I saw the foliage of the tall lilac-bushes agitated, and then a branch was bent aside, and a face looked through—the pale face and dark eyes of the man I had seen in the lane.

He did not perceive me, and, remaining perfectly still, I noticed the quick, eager look with which he seemed to take in every object before him. A rapid glance at the house, at the garden, at the vine-covered arbor directly before him, and finally at the ruins of the old spring-house just beneath the garden-wall; and then he softly let the branches close, quietly descended from his elevation, and I heard the sound of his retreating steps in the lane.

What could the man mean by such singular conduct?



THE OLD SPRING HOUSE.—"HE SPRANG OVER THE WALL AND GRASPED MIKE'S ARM."—SEE PAGE 83.

There had been something more than mere idle curiosity expressed in that rapid and earnest glance. Was he crazy? Was he—and at the thought my breath seemed for an instant to stop—was he a thief, a burglar, who was thus examining and taking notes of the premises, preparatory to an attempt to rob the house? I had read in the daily papers of gentlemanly-looking burglars, and in novels of highway robbers who had passed for dukes, and this man was no doubt one of a gang who had learned that we had Emma's jewelry and all the family plate with us for safety, and that John was now and then compelled to stay away late at night; and then the situation of the house was so lonely—the last of all that bordered the road from the village—and not another within reach of a call. Yes, no doubt my conjecture was right. The stranger who so persistently haunted the place was a burglar.

That evening I told Emma and John, breathlessly, of my discovery. Emma looked a little nervous, but her husband only laughed as he turned over the pages of the *Herald*.

"I always thought, Katie, that you would make a clever detective, you've such a knack for ferreting out things, and seeing more than other people. Nature certainly intended you for 'one of the strong-minded sex.'"

"But, John, if you had only seen the man's face—the expression, I mean—so sharp and—and *searching*. I can't find the right word, but as if he were ever so eagerly looking for something."

"For yourself, perhaps. Emma, you had better keep a sharp eye on her. It isn't right to have unknown and mysterious admirers hanging around the place. The neighbors will talk, you know."

"But, really, John," suggested his wife, "this man's conduct *is* rather singular."

"Well, if he annoys you again, I promise to look into the matter, and find out who he is."

He had not long to wait for the opportunity, which presented itself on the day following.

"There he is, John—the very same man!" I exclaimed, bursting into the room where John, just returned from the city, was preparing for a quiet Saturday evening at home in the bosom of his family.

"Ah, indeed! Well, let us have a look at this mysterious admirer of yours."

And he approached the window as the stranger, crossing the common from the road, turned into the lane at the back of the garden.

"Why, it is Mr. Delaney," he said, laughing. "Is that your boasted penetration and shrewdness, Katie, to take a rich, handsome gentleman for a common burglar?"

"Who is Mr. Delaney?" I asked.

"A *gentleman*, Katie, so far as I know. He is from the South, partly French, I believe, and used to live here in this house," answered John, rather more soberly.

"Do you know him?"

"Slightly."

"Where does he live?"

"At the new villa that you see on the heights yonder."

"That beautiful place? Is his wife with him?"

"I believe not. Here, child, take Dot; she wants her supper, and to go to bed early, like a wise, good little girl as she is."

Emma came up to nurse the baby, while I put Dot in bed; and from her I learned something more about Mr. Delaney than John had been willing to tell me.

"He had been very unfortunate, poor man!" said Emma. "Some years ago he had come from the South with his young creole wife, and engaged in some banking business in New York. John had known him about that time slightly, and remembered what a beautiful woman Mrs. Delaney had been. Then they had come into this neighborhood, and commenced building the elegant villa that we all admired so much, residing meanwhile in the house which we now occupied. They had many visitors from the city, principally gentlemen; and at length there began to be rumors with regard to Mrs. Delaney's intimacy with one of these—a very handsome young man of the name of Duval, a Southerner like themselves. The end of it was," said Emma, "that one morning Mr. Delaney, returning home from a short business trip, found his wife gone, and on her dressing-table a note, addressed to himself, informing him that she had left him, in company with the only man she had ever loved, she having married himself for money alone."

"And what did Mr. Delany do?" I inquired.

"He acted, John says" (Emma was always quoting John), "as few other men would have done. With the greatest indifference, or the greatest forbearance—it must have been the latter, for he had appeared devoted to his wife—he said to a gentleman, 'I shall not follow or seek them out. Let her go, and be happy if she can. I have always known that she was never happy with me.'"

"Has he ever since heard from her?" I inquired, with a feeling of growing sympathy for Mr. Delaney.

"I don't know. Something has been recently said about their having been seen and recognized somewhere in France and Italy. Mr. Duval was wealthy, and they may be traveling about enjoying themselves—that is, if such people *can* experience anything like enjoyment," added Emma, severely; thus concluding her story with a moral designed for my own especial benefit.

I never, after this, complained of Mr. Delaney's intrusiveness. Indeed, I began rather to feel a sort of sympathizing interest in a man who had been thus deceived and wronged in his dearest relations, and who had shown himself so forbearing under so great a provocation. He had loved and trusted his wife, and it was doubtless the influence of associations connected with her, and with the memory of happier days, that brought him so frequently around the spot where they had lived together. So now, whenever I saw the lonely-looking man, with his pale, classic face, and cold, almost stern immobility of expression, walking slowly down our lane, or stealthily glancing into the garden-gate as he passed, I would affect not to observe him. Once, when we were all in the lane, watching the children at a game of romps, Mr. Delaney made his appearance, and would have retreated had not John spoken to him, introducing him to Emma and myself, and inviting him to enter the house, which, however, he politely declined. As John had remarked, he appeared a perfect gentleman; and yet, despite this, and the feeling of sympathy toward him, I could not help feeling that I did not like the man. It might be his cold expression, or his reserved manner, but I did not like Mr. Delaney.

It was about a week after this that John, on returning home one evening, surprised us with the information that he had purchased the place which we were now occupying. He had been one of the first to know of its being offered for sale; and, considering it a good speculation on account of the rapidly increasing value of property in this vicinity, had immediately purchased it.

I was delighted with the arrangement. Now that the place was our own, we could do as we pleased in the way of improvement; and the first thing was, undoubtedly, I considered, to remove the rubbish off the old spring-house, clear the spring itself, and erect above it a sort of grotto of the loose stones lying around. This we could finish off with shells from the beach, and parasitic plants above the entrance, and so make quite a charming little retreat and ornament to the garden.

On the day following I set enthusiastically to work in the carrying out of my plans. Pressing Mike, our man-of-all-work, into my service, I set him to work with the spade and pickax, whilst the children assisted with their little wheelbarrows in removing the light rubbish, and depositing it in the lane, behind the garden. The greatest difficulty, Mike said, was uprooting the young saplings which had grown thickly about the spot. When this should be done, he would be better enabled to get at and remove the stones, especially the big pile just where the wall had fallen down, and which was choking up the spring.

So Mike went for a pickax, whilst I sat down on a grassy mound close by, watching the children merrily wheeling their little barrow-loads of mold and dead leaves. Presently I heard Charlie, just at the gate, speaking to some one without.

"Oh, yes, it's real jolly. You *must just ought to come* when we've finished, and see what a grand stone house there will be over the spring; for there *is* a spring there, and we're going to clean it out, we and Aunt Katie."

"Can't I come in now," said a voice in reply, "and see how you are getting along?"

And at the same instant I saw Mr. Delaney enter the gate.

He came in with a quick step, and paused on seeing me, lifting his hat, and murmuring something like an apology.

"Excuse me, I had no idea of intruding. This little fellow wished me to see——"

"We are only proposing to build a sort of a grotto over the spring," I said, seeing him hesitate. "I think you lived here once, Mr. Delaney. Was the spring flowing at that time?"

"It was very much in its present condition, I believe," he answered, quietly. "The water is rather brackish, and dries up entirely for most part of the Summer. By the time your grotto is completed," he added, with a slight smile, "there will be no water to render it complete. It will be 'Hamlet' with the part of *Hamlet* left out."

"What a pity!" I exclaimed, disappointed.

"If I may be allowed to suggest," he remarked, at length, "a very pretty piece of rock-work may be made of this now unsightly heap. These loose rocks may be added to this pile"—pointing with his cane to the fallen wall—"and the whole beautified with ivy, ferns, and other such plants."

"How delightful!" I cried, charmed with the idea. "I'm not sure but that it will be prettier than the grotto. How shall we place the rocks, Mr. Delaney?" I inquired, quite forgetting for the moment that we were still almost strangers.

"If you and Mrs. Carleton will permit," he replied, politely, with a slight, grave smile at my enthusiasm, "I shall take pleasure in assisting you. I have some work of the kind on my own place, and you can take your choice of my plants."

"Oh, thank you. I will call Emma immediately. There she is, just entering the garden."

So we discussed the plan of the rock-work, and Mr. Delaney said he would come to-morrow afternoon and assist us. But meantime the heap of rocks must not be disturbed. In their present position they would afford the best foundation for the surface work of the proposed structure.

And so he left us, and continued his walk away over the open common toward the beach.

"It is strange that Mr. Delaney, with all his cold reserve and shyness, should have entered the garden so familiarly," remarked Emma; "and very strange that he should interest himself in this work of yours, Katie. After all," she added, banteringly, "John may be right, and you are the magnet which attracts him about the place."

"He isn't in the least interested in either myself or my work," I said, decidedly. "I think he rather dislikes me, and I wonder why he should have taken the trouble just now. I suppose merely to be polite; but, despite it all, I can't like him. What a cold, hard smile he has."

About an hour after, just as the sun had fairly set, Charlie came running to me with the news that Mike had got a pickax, and was "pulling down all the rocks in that big pile." And then I remembered that I had forgotten to countermand the order I had given Mike, and I ran hastily into the garden for that purpose.

I stopped suddenly as I came in sight of the spot. Mike was heaving away at one of the largest foundation-rocks, and at that very instant a man sprang over the garden-wall and grasped him by the arm.

It was Mr. Delaney, as I could see in the half twilight, but so utterly changed from the Mr. Delaney of an hour past that I paused in a sort of bewildered affright. His face was of a dead whiteness, and his black eyes no longer cold, but fairly blazing with anger.

"Fool! idiot!" he hissed between his set teeth, "what are you about?"

Mike, after a blank stare of consternation and astonishment, recovered himself, and jerked away his arm from the intruder's grasp.

"Sure, I'm obeyin' orders, an' it's puzzled I am to think what any mother's son off the place has got to do with it," he answered, pertly enough.

Mr. Delaney flung him aside, as he might have done to a child; and then he drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, seeming, to my idea, like a man who is endeavoring to control himself. Still his eye blazed, and his upper lip lifted itself in a kind of sneer, as he said: "Who gave you such orders?"

"Miss Katie, sure," replied Mike, confidently; and I fancied that I caught the muttered words, "Curse her!" as Mr. Delaney turned round in my direction.

He had not seen me, as I stood in the vine-screened garden alley; and, slipping noiselessly away, I ran back to the house, experiencing a thrill of shuddering horror, such as I remembered once to have felt on suddenly finding myself near a snake, half concealed in the grass.

Mike related to us the occurrence, and told how Mr. Delaney had himself assisted in rolling back the big rock into its former place, explaining that it was the wish of the ladies to have it remain so. Mike concluded with an expression of his own conviction that the gentleman was "stark crazed."

"It is not impossible," said John, thoughtfully, when that evening, seated on the moonlit piazza, we discussed the subject. "Mr. Delaney undoubtedly experienced a severe blow in the unfortunate conduct of his wife, and lesser troubles have proved sufficient to upset the mind of a man, even one of less excitable temperament than I should judge him to be. He is of the fiery, impulsive creole race."

"Delaney is certainly greatly changed since the occurrence to which you allude," remarked Mr. Mason, our nearest neighbor, and a clever lawyer, who had stepped in, as he generally did in the evenings, for a social chat. "I saw a good deal of him, we being near neighbors, and found him always lively and agreeable. He was evidently devoted to his wife, who was a woman of fascinating manners, and much younger than her husband. Some people called her *fast*, but that is no unusual thing in these days."

"But isn't it strange," suggested Emma, "that Mr. Delaney should be so fond of coming about the place, instead of avoiding it, as one would suppose most natural under the circumstances? And he appears particularly interested in the arbor and old spring-house, as though they were more especially fraught with associations."

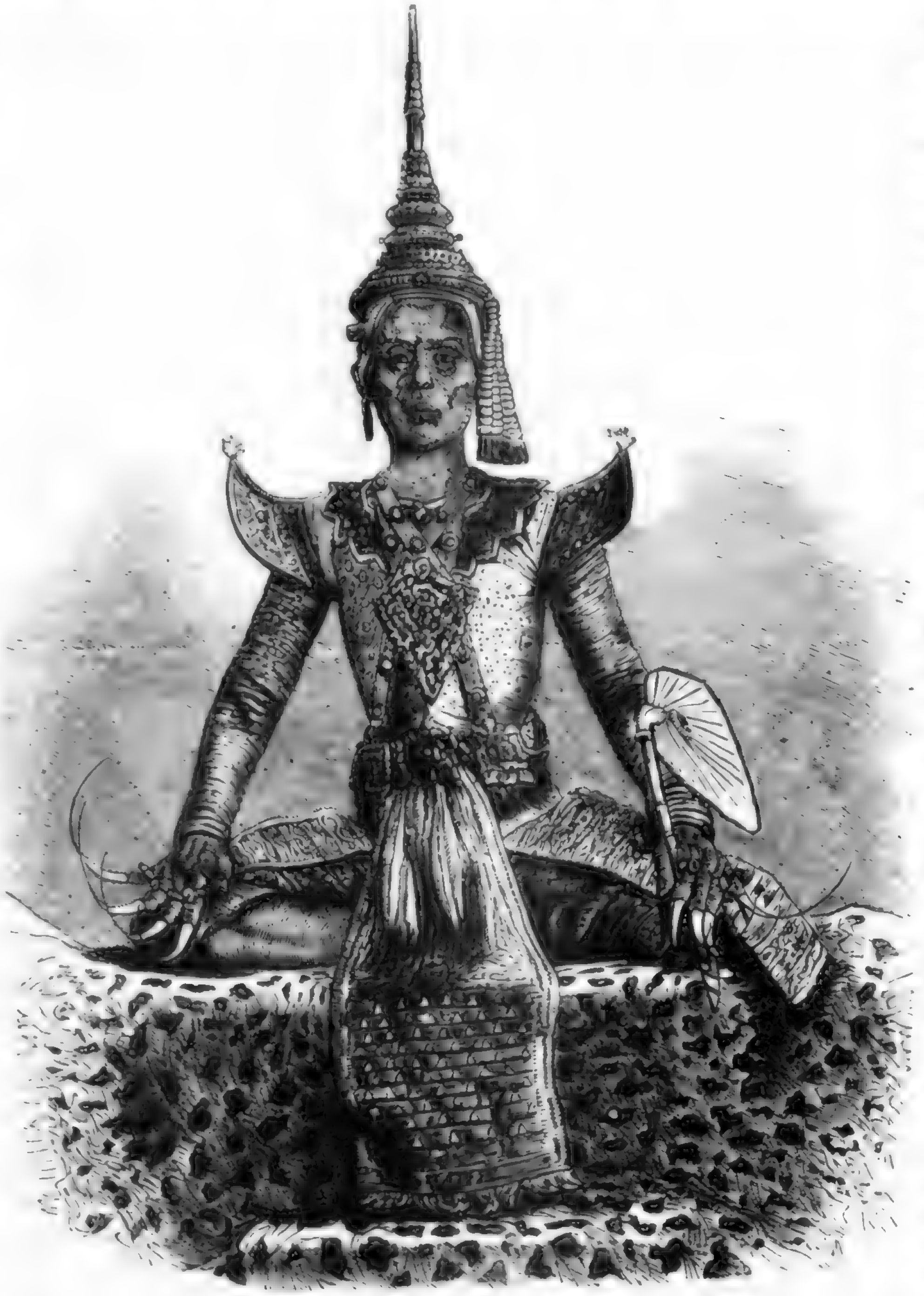
XUM

"Possibly so," said John. "The agent mentioned to me, in speaking of the spring, that the wall of the old spring-house fell down on the night of Mrs. Delaney's disappearance."

"Ah!" said Mr. Mason, suddenly. And I noticed that for some moments he sat silent, appearing scarcely to hear what was said. "Suppose we step into the garden, and take a look at this spring," he said, presently. "I used to know it well, and have taken many a draught of its clear, cool waters. It is a pity it should be allowed to remain choked up."

So they went into the garden, leisurely smoking their cigars; and presently becoming sleepy, I retired to my own room, leaving Emma to await their return.

This room was at the back of the house, and overlooked the garden. As I have said, it was a bright moonlight night, and as I stood at the open window, slowly unbraiding my hair, I now and then caught a glimpse of John and Mr. Mason moving about the spring, which was half screened from sight of the house by the intervening arbor. The sound of their voices came to me, not clear and distinct on the still air, but speaking in subdued tones, and then I caught the sharp sound of falling rocks.



A SIAMESE ROPE-DANCER.

What could they be doing but pulling down the heap of rocks, surely! I listened, but for fifteen minutes there was a dead silence, and then came the dull thud of a pickax, and again the muffled voices. I had not yet disrobed, and now, wide awake with aroused curiosity, I went down-stairs.

"I can't imagine what they are about," said Emma, in reply to my inquiry. "It is past eleven. Let us go and see what they can be busying themselves about."

We were half way up the garden walk, when John came hastily toward us. He looked very grave, and even the tone of his voice seemed changed.

"Go in—go in, child," he said to me, as I first met him. "Come, Emma; we don't wish to keep you two up. You should both have been in bed before this."

"We have been waiting for you. What in the world are you and Mr. Mason doing, working away with pickaxes at this time of night?"

"We are amusing ourselves, Mrs. Carleton," answered Mr. Mason. "We have dug away some of the rocks from the spring, and already the water flows more freely."

He took leave of us, but I noticed that John, before entering the house, fastened the garden-gate with a padlock. He had never before done so. What could it mean?

I again asked myself this question, when, on the following day, awakening at sunrise and glancing from my window, I saw the same mysterious work going on in the garden, only that instead of Mr. Mason and John alone, there were several other persons present. I could not see them plainly or distinguish exactly what they were doing, but they were all grouped together about the spring, and were, I fancied, examining something which lay on the ground; and then two of them passed hurriedly out at the little back gate, and I knew from their earnest manner and grave countenances that something serious was the matter. All at once a sudden fear and horror came over me. I ran to Emma's room; but she knew no more than I did about the proceedings in the garden.

"I *will* find out what it all means," I said, and, despite Emma's remonstrances, I went down-stairs.

I found the gate padlocked, as on the night before, and, not to be further balked, I passed out to the front of the house, and thence to the lane at the back of the garden. But here, too, I found the gate secured, and felt instinctively that if I called admittance would be denied me.

I stood still a moment, looking around, at a loss what next to do, and feeling every moment the vague horror deepening upon me. Suddenly my eye fell upon the place where I had seen Mr. Delaney looking over the wall, and I noticed that several of the old bricks had been removed, as if intentionally, so as to afford a foothold for mounting the wall.

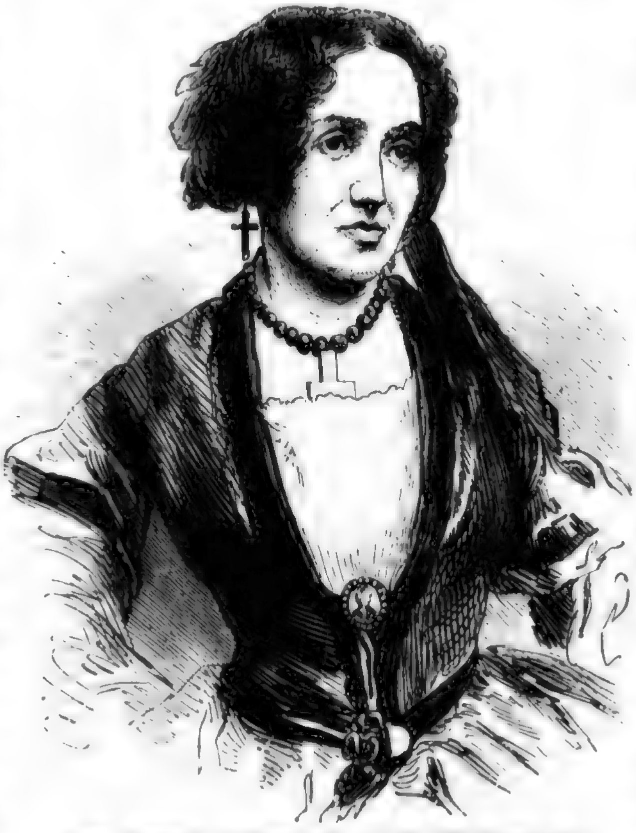
It was not a very ladylike thing—perhaps not even a strictly proper thing for me to do—but the next moment I had mounted to the level of the top of the wall, supporting myself by grasping one of the saplings near. Cautiously putting aside a branch of the matted ivy, I thus gained a view into the garden. And the horror of the sight! Even now I shudder as I recall it. I do not know how many or what persons were present. My eye fell instantaneously upon one spot, and that alone I saw.

A little wet hollow, just dug out, resembling a shallow grave. And in this hollow (*that* had once been the spring) was a mass of sodden and rotted clothes, and a glimpse of white bones, and the dark hair of a man, mingled with the long, light tresses of a woman; and, in the midst of all shone the strange and startling gleam of jewels.

"It was no doubt *this* with which they were murdered," I heard one of the men say, as he held up something which looked like a large rusted knife or dagger; and, paralyzed with horror, I dropped from my elevation, and fled from the accursed spot.

All that morning people thronged about the place, crowding into the lane, and peering over the wall, discussing with eager, excited faces the terrible discovery.

Nobody accused Mr. Delaney—no one, as yet, even suspected him, except Mr. Mason and—myself. But when I learned that upon the diamond bracelet found on the skeleton arm had been discovered the initials of Mrs. Delaney's name, and when I recalled the horrible expression of that man's face as he sprang over the wall and grasped Mike's arm—then I instinctively *knew* that he had been the murderer of his wife, and of the man whose remains had been discovered with hers.



MRS. GENERAL GAINES SOON AFTER HER MARRIAGE. SEE NEXT PAGE.

Late that afternoon a new and unexpected horror was added to the affair. Mr. Delaney had been at length suspected, officers had been sent to arrest him, and encountered him just as he was hastily preparing to go to the city. He had at first turned very pale and looked a little nervous, but had then listened calmly and quietly to what was said—asked a question or two, and then requested to be allowed to step into his dressing-room for a moment. Then the report of a pistol was heard, and the officers, rushing in, found him lying dead, with his brains scattered on the wall and floor.

Doubtless he had long meditated and been prepared for this act; and now, knowing discovery to be inevitable, he had thus avoided the fate which would have awaited him.

As to the mysterious attraction which drew the murderer about the spot which had witnessed his crime, who may understand or explain it? We have heard of these things—though in this case, doubtless, it had been partly from the desire to watch and guard against the discovery of the remains, until such times as they could be safely removed; for it was known that Mr. Delaney had been very unwilling to leave the place when the term of his rent had expired, and that he had since repeatedly sought to purchase it, though John had unwittingly been beforehand with him.

Of the double murder itself, but little was ever known. Inquiries revealed the fact that, since the understood "elopement," Mr. Duval had never been seen nor heard from by his friends at the South. Their inquiries had been replied to by the generally believed report of his elopement with Mrs. Delaney.

That the elopement was really intended there could be no doubt, and it is probable that Mr. Delaney, unexpectedly returning the night previous, and during the absence of the servants, had discovered sufficient to lead to the hasty commission of the crime, which he concealed in the only manner that on the instant presented itself—a hurried burial in the garden, where, perhaps, the murder had been committed; further securing against discovery by the throwing down of the tottering old stone wall upon the spot.

In relating this story, I have not revealed the true locality, neither mentioned the real names of the persons concerned, else there might be some among my readers who would recall to mind the tragedy to which it alludes.

## A SIAMESE ROPE-DANCER.

The juggler and the rope-dancer are among the earliest examples of the great number who devote themselves to the amusement of their fellow-men as a trade. And it is strange enough that any set of men ever took up such a means of livelihood. The great modern comic paper, *Punch*, shows, by its very name, that it is an attempt to encroach on the business of the puppet showmen; and it must be admitted that it has made a more successful onslaught than "Don Quixote" did on the ancient amusement. Extravagance of dress and manner are characteristics of rope-dancer, clown and harlequin; but that there is yet something to learn will be admitted after regarding the make-up of a Siamese rope-dancer, as given by a recent traveler. Like the Chinese, the Siamese attach honor to the finger-nails. We ourselves are not without making them a test of social rank. The well-chosen, well-made dress, the appropriate adornment, sometimes fail to hide the lack of true gentility which the nails betray. Our rope-dancer has his in all the length of Chinese sanctity and respectability, and the rest of his attire is well adapted to impress the vulgar, whom his nails have prepossessed in his favor.

The rope-dancers are very expert, and achieve feats that would win golden honors even in civilized lands, their art being the highest in the East in public esteem, more intellectual amusements being little known—the drama, a wild, confused system, still mingling with their mythology.

# HOW SHE BECAME MRS. GENERAL GAINES.

*A Leaf of Romance from "The Great Gaines Case."*

BY G. B. W.

[CONSIDERING the facts—that the following narration is substantially true (a bit of "romance in real life"); that the famous lawcase of which it forms an important chapter is public property; that every event in the life of the distinguished heroine, essential to the history of the case, may be properly given to the public, and that the event involved is one of which the lady is justly proud, the writer believes that, without further remark, it may be submitted to the public.]

THE "great Gaines case" of thirty odd years of litigations, including frequent appeals to and decisions from the Supreme Court of the United States, is, in many respects, the most remarkable case on record of the successful prosecution of an apparently hopeless claim in the outset against a powerful and unscrupulous coalition of enemies and adverse circircumstances. To establish a birthright, of which the claimant herself, in a different and distant locality, had been kept in ignorance till a woman grown—to set aside a will upon which her father's estate had remained for many years in the unquestioned possession of other parties—to prove a will in her favor which had been destroyed, involving city property which had increased from thousands to millions in value, was suggestive of the labors of Hercules. Yet, by a brave and persevering little woman, these labors were bravely undertaken, and, after a struggle of thirty odd years, were rewarded with a decisive victory.

A strictly legal narrative of the prosecution of this case, from court to court, down to the last conclusive decree from the court of last resort, exhaustive as this "brief" would be of the issues, principles, pleadings, precedents, and decisions involved—English, French, and American—would be an invaluable law book; but the surpassing interest of this extraordinary struggle between justice and power, right and possession, lies in its romantic incidents and accidents from the beginning to the end. The arrangement of the drama in this shape is singularly interesting, in its novelties, vicissitudes, and situations; and in our heroine we have a character in which are blended the rarest elements of gentleness and resolution, unfaltering faith and hope, and never failing charity. She is, too, one of those quick, sagacious and enthusiastic little women who know "no such word as fail." At sixty, after having fought through her tedious, protracted and doubtful battle, she retains, in her personal attractions and mental elasticity, the freshness of a well-preserved and charming woman of forty. And she freely declares it is due to her good cause, a clear conscience, and an unquestioning confidence in the final issue. How the chivalric soldier, General Gaines, was vanquished on sight when she was somewhere in the Summer glow of thirty, may be readily imagined.

Our leaf of romance extracted from it marks, we may say, the beginning of the great Gaines case; for, until the happy union thus secured, there was no Mrs. General Gaines, but only a destitute widow, casting about for a shelter for herself and three helpless little children. Her former husband, a Mr. Whitney, of New York, a man of many qualities, and of education and means, had died in her cause, of a malignant fever in New Orleans, contracted while, regardless of malaria and exposure, industriously employed in unearthing the mysteries of his wife's birth, her early separation from her father, and his reported will, through which strangers possessed her rightful inheritance as his daughter and only child. It is, indeed, said that Mr. Whitney's death, in the prime of life, was due as much to the remorseless persecutions which he suffered from his wife's enemies, as to the Summer pestilence of the Crescent City. With his death the widow was left helpless and without an income; and in providing for the daily wants of her three little children, even her personal trinkets had, one by one, disappeared to the last and most highly-prized bracelet. Her enemies vainly imagined that, in this extremity of their contestant, they had nothing more to fear. Without means the prosecution of her claims had, indeed, been suspended; but though she knew not how, when, or from whom material relief would come, she still believed in the support of the Heavenly Father, and never despaired.

Her last bracelet had been sold. The money thus secured must be wisely expended. Meantime, she was driven to look about for a roof for herself and little ones. In this dilemma she remembered a certain lady, who in recognition, years gone by, of an important service, had said:

"Now, Mrs. Whitney, I know not how I can ever repay you; but should you ever get into any trouble, do not forget that my house is open to you and your children, till you can do better."

This, thought the widow, is our only refuge now. The generous lady in question, Mrs. Smith let it be, kept a large fashionable boarding-house, and surely she was sincere in her invitation, and needed only to be reminded of it. The thought was acted upon, and Mrs. Whitney and her children, with their faithful Scotch nurse and follower, Janet, on comparatively easy terms, were provided with comfortable apartments.

This respite, however, from the widow's late absorbing anxieties, was of short duration. Before the expiration of the stipulated month, she was informed by the landlady, that "having an excellent offer, Mrs. Whitney, for these rooms, on condition that the party can have them this evening, I shall be compelled to transfer you to the other building without further loss of time."

Mrs. Whitney appealed for a postponement till the morning. A violent storm was raging without. Two of her children were seriously ill. It would be impossible to remove them to the other building without getting them drenched by the exposure, and this might be the death of them. This appeal was lost upon Mrs. Smith, whose charity was unequal to the opposing temptation presented, and so, leaving her orders for immediate preparations to move, she bowed herself out, and descended to give her instructions to the servants below.

But the charming little widow and her distresses had enlisted the sympathies of the servants, and, upon the hint of her removal, they came up-stairs in a body as volunteers in her defense. One of their number, as the organ of the detachment, bravely spoke out:

"Excuse us, ma'am, for coming in upon you in this way (they were armed with brooms and sticks); but you shall not, with these poor, sick children, be moved out into the rain this dreadful night, if we can help it; and if she brings anybody to try it, ma'am, there will be a fight for it, that's all."

The widow, with mingled thanks and remonstrances, tears and laughter, was pleading the cause of submission and peace, when the faithful Janet was called to the door by a suggestive rapping. In answering the call, she simply remarked, "It's a card, ma'am."

"From whom? Read it, Janet."

"It reads, ma'am, Major General Gaines, U. S. A.—which means the United States Army, and that the general and the army are here to enlist in your cause. There's the card, ma'am."

"You are a little enthusiastic, Janet. But what can be the meaning of such a call on such a night as this? I cannot imagine. I do not know General Gaines. But whatever may be the object of this call, I am in no condition now to entertain a stranger, or to see him. Go down, Janet, with my compliments and apologies. You will know how to excuse me. Tell the general I shall be pleased to see him in the morning."

"No, my dear mistress. Let me insist that you go down. The general is rich. They say he is generous. I am sure he comes to befriend you. What else can it be? Dry your tears. Prepare yourself to receive him, while I go down to tell him you are coming. I am sure he comes, like St. George, to deliver the lady from the dragon. Don't stand on ceremony on such a night, and in such a time as this. Look at the poor children. Indeed, ma'am, you must not deny me in this notion of mine;" and getting down upon her knees before her mistress, Janet concluded: "Do go down, for my sake.'

The earnestness and eloquence of the faithful servant prevailed. The widow dried her tears, changed her dress, smoothed down her hair, and otherwise hastily preparing herself, descended to the parlor with a cheerful countenance, to meet the distinguished soldier; not without some curiosity to learn what it could be that had brought him from his headquarters out in search of her on such a night, and somewhat encouraged withal by the inspirations of Janet, that the son of Mars might be an angel in disguise.

General Gaines, rising at the lady's approach, and gracefully bowing, advanced to meet her, with the remark, "I am glad, Mrs. Whitney, to have the honor, at this somewhat unusual hour, of an answer in person, to my call upon you."

"You do me honor in calling, general; but, indeed, I am but poorly qualified this evening to entertain a visitor so distinguished and so unexpected; yet, sir, as in duty bound, I am here, and await your orders. I am sure they cannot be anything very dreadful; but, sit down and tell me, first, what is the news."

"First, my dear madam, let me explain my mission. I have heard of your trials, your sufferings, your struggles and your persecutions. I have looked into the proceedings of this case of yours before the courts. Whatever the issue, I am satisfied of the justice of your cause. I come, therefore, madam, to offer you my services as a volunteer, and if with something of a soldier's bluntness, it is also with the soldier's sincerity."

"I am sure of it, general, and I sincerely thank you. It gives me renewed courage, too, to be thus assured that you are impressed with the justice of my claims. The brave are always just."

"Thanks, madam. I am at least so far impressed with the justice of your claims that, as the friend of the widow and the orphan, I am at your command. I have several swords awarded me by Congress and the State of Louisiana for my services as a soldier, and each of these swords is ready to leap from its scabbard in your defense. In plainer terms, madam, I am here to serve you, and if I have come under a sky somewhat unpropitious, you will pardon me in giving as my reason that I, as a friend, have been led to think that I may be immediately useful. Is it not so?"

The poor widow broke down in her first attempt to frame an answer to these cheering words from this strong, welcome and generous ally. She felt that the deliverer had come—that Janet was right. She was so filled with gratitude that it first had to overflow in tears and incoherent and broken sentences; but soon her self-possession returned, and with it, under the general's kindly cross-examination, a simple statement of her difficulties.

When the old soldier said "Good-night, madam," it was not only with a response from the widow, "Good-night, general; I shall be at home at ten in the morning, as you desire," but with a very cordial promise from Mrs. Smith that the lady and her children should not be disturbed, and should want nothing.

General Gaines, after a succession of agreeable and instructive visits, from which he became thoroughly satisfied that there could be no higher duty and no greater pleasure in this world than to offer all that he had and all that he could do at the shrine of this incomparable little lady, came one evening to confess that he was involved in a position from which there was no escape save in an unconditional surrender.

"But," said he, "I do not mean that you shall become a prisoner, my dear friend. I am ready to devote all that I have, all that I am and all that I can do in your cause, as your husband, or as your friend. You are still young and very charming. I am getting old. It is natural for youth and beauty to seek an alliance with some one of corresponding age and attractiveness. This may be your desire. The disparity of years between us requires a sacrifice on your part, which I cannot ask from a sense of gratitude. I cannot take this advantage of you. Be assured that you are perfectly free in this important matter. If you would prefer to await the coming of some younger cavalier, or if you have some understanding with another party, be not afraid to tell me. Only let me be your old friend, or as an old uncle who has taken this agreeable whim into his wise old head of making your cause his own. Rely upon the loyalty of an old soldier. If you are inclined to a closer relation, take your own time to think it over, and whatever your judgment, remember, I am ready to concur in it as your friend. Only, best of women, if you feel entirely satisfied, setting aside my humble services; only if you feel fully convinced that, as my wife, your future happiness may be best secured, that you love me and will love me to the end, as I do and shall love you, only in this relation do I wish your answer now. Shall I now bid you good-evening, and if so, when shall I call again?"

"Sacrifice, did you say, general? I am making no sacrifice here. Be happy with you? Yes, till death shall part us. Love you, do you inquire? With all my heart, you brave, noble, good, and generous man. Here is my hand, and all my hopes are here. How little it is with all that I can give. Think it over, must I? Yes, general, to the end of my days I will think over this happy hour. It is such joy to be deemed the best of women by the noblest of men." And sobbingly, in the hero's sheltering arms, she concluded her happy confession.

And so, with the usual arrangements, Mrs. Whitney became Mrs. General Gaines. They lived very happily together for many years. His fortune was not expended more cheerfully in meeting her expenses in Chancery than were her time and attentions in promoting his happiness. During his life she was known among her friends as the woman of two ideas—her husband and her case—love and law. After his death, with her pension as his widow, she continued her great struggle for her good name and her property as her father's rightful and only heir, and though frequently penniless in the severe and unequal conflict, she never despaired of the ultimate victory. As the merits of her case, from repeated appeals to the Supreme Court, became more and more apparent, she found it less and less difficult to meet with friends ready to respond to her applications for the sinews of war; and as for her friends, since the final and decisive judgment in her favor, covering property to the extent of some twenty millions, "their name is legion." But still she may be excused in turning from the incense of their devotions over her crowning triumph, to her first romantic meeting with General Gaines as the crowning glory of her life.

CHEERFULNESS keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with steady and perpetual serenity.

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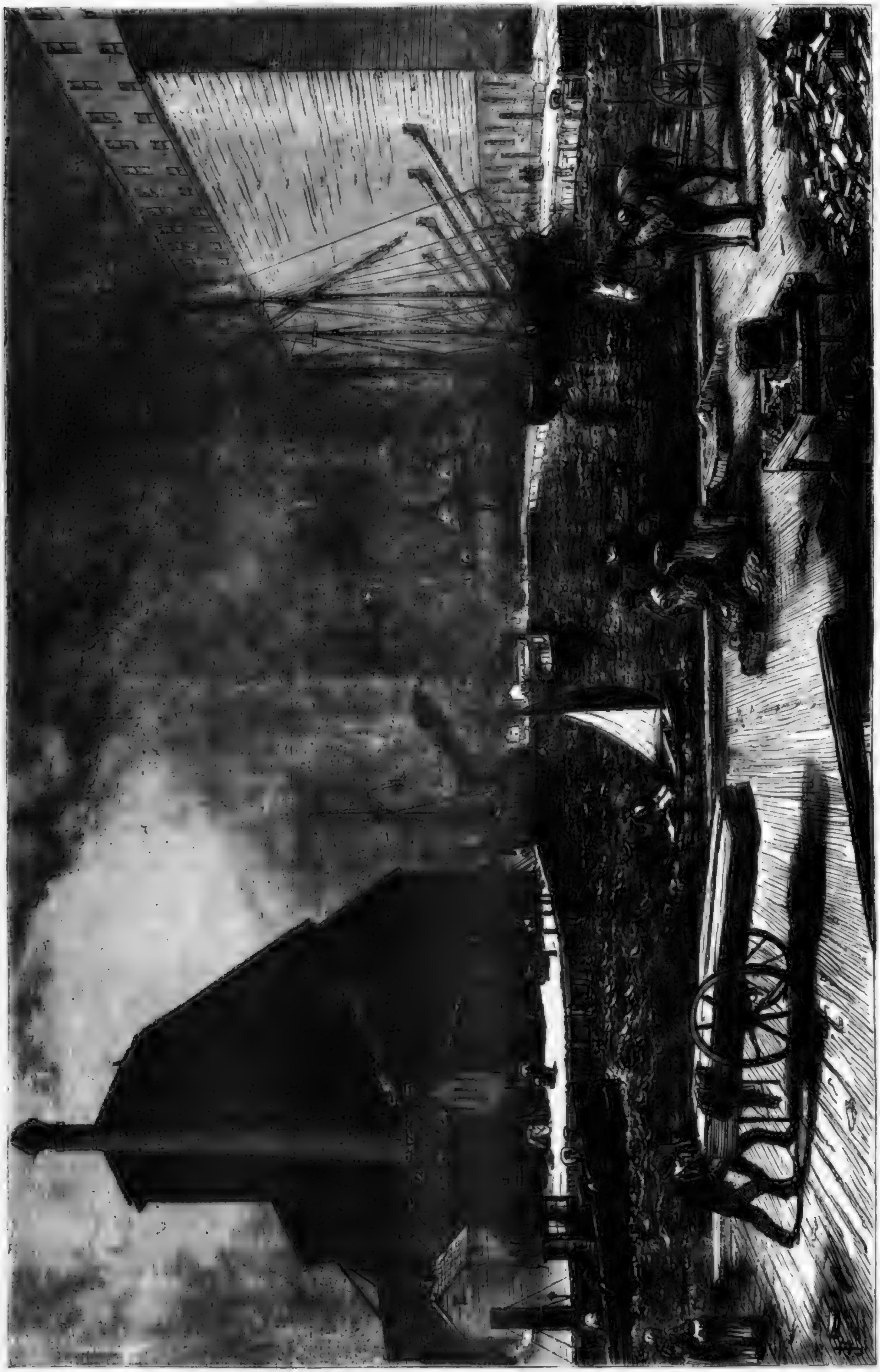
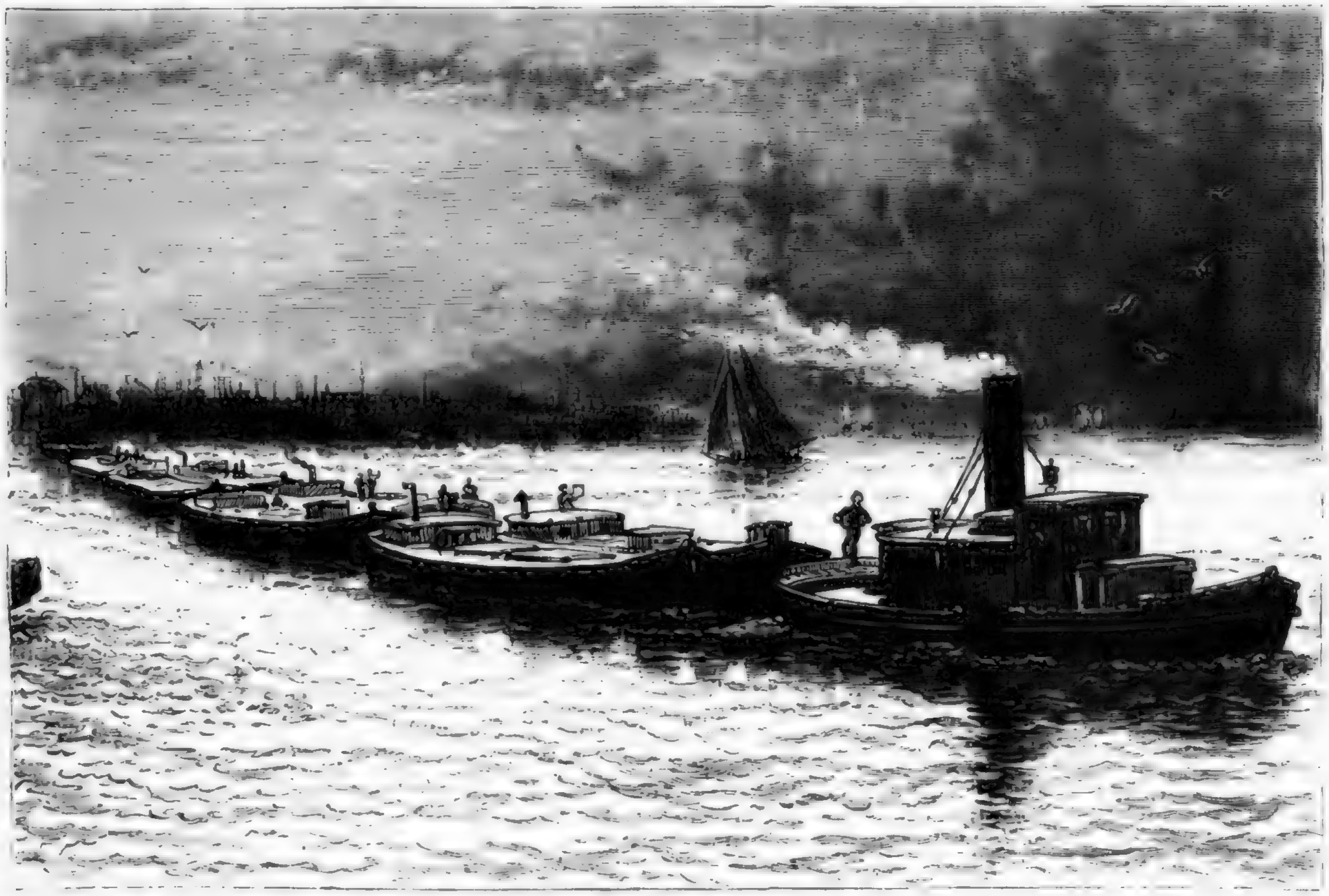


PROPELLERS AND SAILING VESSELS LOADING AT THE CHICAGO ELEVATORS.

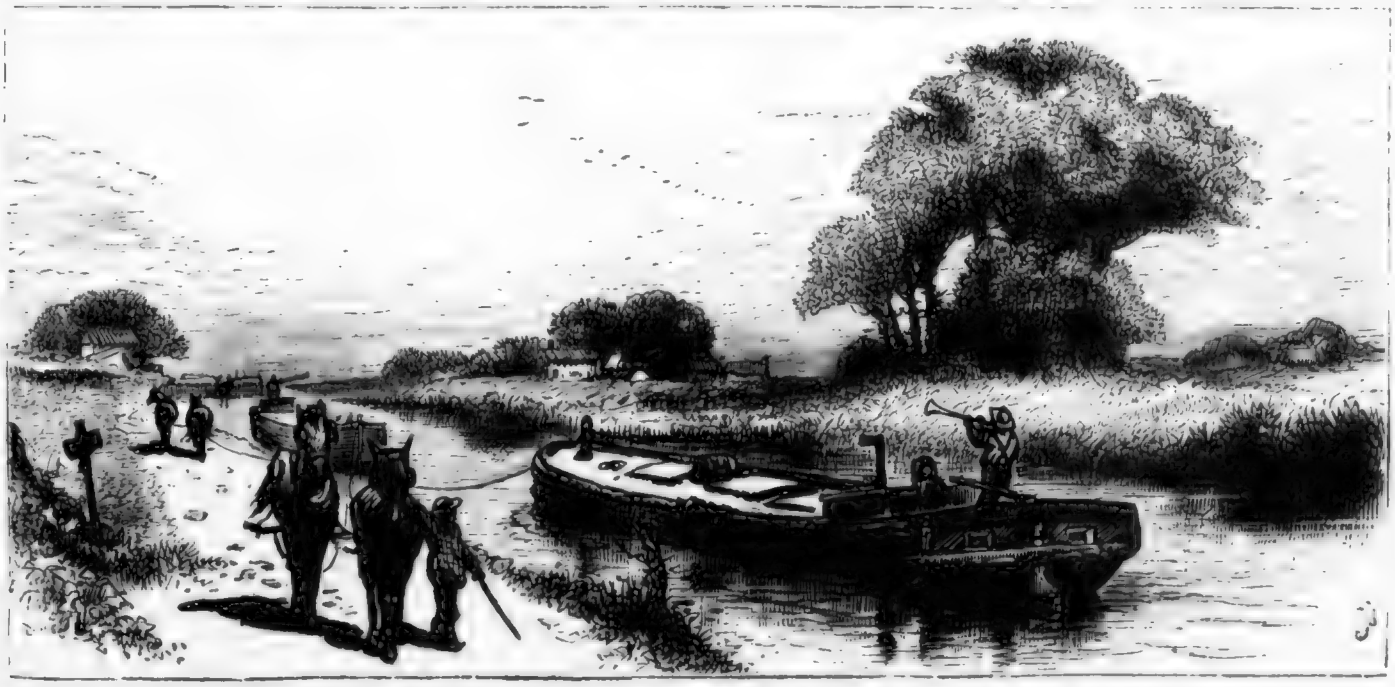


GRAIN-VESSELS TOWED FROM CHICAGO INTO LAKE MICHIGAN.

# THE GREAT GRAIN MOVEMENT.

There is certainly no other single industrial interest in the world to be compared, in the importance of its relations to the human race, as that which is involved in the culture, the gathering, and the transportation of grain.

The nutrition of the body is unquestionably the prime factor in all human power and all human product. To preserve this nutrition at its best grain is the only obvious necessity. Fortunately for the immediate wants of the great American nation, and perhaps not less so for their accumulation of wealth, and the advantages which wealth can purchase, the configuration of this country is of a character peculiarly adapted to the cultivation and production of grain in vast quantities and of the very best quality. The Atlantic coast, to be sure, presents no special advantages in this direction, though of vast importance in others. Excepting portions of the State of New York, and one or two others of the Middle States, is the section north of Virginia and east of the Ohio River, much devoted to grain crops; but west of this section, in the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and in most of the Southern States, corn or wheat, or both crops, may be found



A GRAIN-BOAT ON THE ERIE CANAL.

covering extensive tracts of territory ; while the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope are capable of furnishing grain enough for the consumption of the civilized world. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to the reader to consider for a moment the peculiar nature and constituents of wheat which render it applicable for the food of man. If you cut a grain of wheat across the middle and examine it under a glass, the central parts will be found to be composed of a white substance, which, if the grain be dry, readily becomes a pearly powder. Near the outside of the kernel the texture is more compact, and at the surface it is hardened in appearance. This added firmness of the grain is produced by the increasing quantity of the gluten, which is the element that gives flour its strongest constituents—the greater or less quantity of gluten in flour rendering it more or less nutritious. That wheat which has grain in a dry and clear atmosphere, and grown on a fresh and strong soil, contains the greatest quantity of this nutritious element. The best of all wheats are those raised in California and Oregon. The Summers of these States are long and uniform, and allow grain to ripen finely. So free are these localities from moisture, that the grain is left in the field piled in bags, one upon another, and covered with a layer of straw, for several months after it is thrashed. It thus becomes thoroughly ripe and dry, and may be transported across the equator without injury to its quality. This wheat is sown in the Fall of the year, about the time of the first hard frosts, and it generally springs a few inches above the ground, and in that condition goes through the Winter, making but little advancement, but starting into luxuriant and rapid growth in April. The ordinary harvest in countries where wheat is staple commences in the middle of May and June, and lasts about thirty days before the grain becomes so ripe as to shell and handle. The chief characteristics of wheat that grows in dry climates is, that the gluten becomes perfectly dry and hard, and will bear transportation to great distances, keeping for many months, and yet be as good as it was when first harvested.

Formerly, the Richmond flours were noted for this quality, and until the great development of the West, Richmond was the leading city in the production of the first grades of flour. Its wheats grew in West Virginia, and East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina and Georgia. The greater portion of Richmond flour is used in Cuba and the South American cities, since it bears transportation and keeps in hot climates for a year or two without injury; while the Western wheats must be kept cool, and should be consumed within a few months after they are ground. At present the greater quantity of our wheat is produced in those States which border the great Western rivers. The quantity of wheat grown in New England would not furnish its population with bread for a month, while so great is the population of the Empire State that, although the western part of New York is a fine wheat locality, and Genesee flour was long celebrated, yet all the wheat grown in the State would not feed its population more than half a year. The State of Pennsylvania can supply itself with flour, but has no surplus. Ohio, until within a few years, furnished two or three millions surplus, but at present she consumes nearly all the wheat grown within her limits. It is when we get west of the Wabash that we come to States which produce wheat in vast quantities, with a constant surplusage. The wheat crops of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota frequently reach the immense product of twenty-eight millions of bushels, while California ranges from eighteen to twenty-two millions, and Ohio and Minnesota, twenty-eight millions. The grain of the Pacific Slope, after supplying its own population, is almost wholly exported to Liverpool, but that of the Western States is stored in the great western cities of Milwaukie, Chicago, St. Louis and Toledo; but in our consideration of the production and movement of grain, we must not confine ourselves to wheat alone.

The State of California produces little over a million bushels of corn, or rather less than the crop of Connecticut, while it is less than one-half of that of Delaware. Georgia produces about eighteen million bushels, and Illinois one hundred and thirty millions. The crop of Indiana is something more than fifty million bushels, and that of Iowa nearly seventy millions ; Kentucky, fifty millions ; Michigan, fifteen millions ; Minnesota, five millions ; Mississippi, sixteen millions ; Missouri, sixty-seven millions ; New York, seventeen millions ; Ohio, sixty-eight millions ; Pennsylvania, thirty-five millions ; Tennessee, forty-two millions ; Texas, twenty-one millions ; and little Rhode Island four hundred thousand bushels.

So it may be seen that, although wheat is considered a rightful and more important product, corn is no less worthy of notice. The more particularly, since, in regard to bulk, it far outstrips its more aristocratic competitor. In 1874, the product of corn amounted to about eight hundred and fifty million bushels, and that of wheat to three hundred and nine million bushels. The entire product of the cereals in the United States, in 1870, was one billion three hundred and eighty-seven million two hundred and seventy-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-three bushels, of which wheat contributed only about one-fifth or, to be exact, two hundred and eighty-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-six bushels.

Having given thus far much of our attention to the corn question, we will return to the subject of wheat, as more directly involved in the matter we are considering—that of the movement of the grain in its relation to the necessities and welfare of humanity.

From the field where the wheat is thrashed, it is carried in bags to the nearest railway station, and poured into cars—cars made expressly for use in its transportation. The capacity of these cars being about three hundred bushels each. The cars carry the grain to the elevator, where it is inspected by the proper officer, who divides it into four grades, and after this inspection it goes into the elevator. To give some idea of the vast railroad traffic in grains, we will note the shipments of the more prominent western railroads in 1875. In that year the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad shipped four hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-four bushels of wheat, and one hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty-seven bushels of corn. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway received about two and one half million bushels of wheat, and nearly five million bushels of corn. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad received four million bushels of wheat, and ten million bushels of corn. Much of the corn counted in the receipts of these lines of railway is shipped by lake. We find that the total lake shipments during the year 1875, were sixteen million and sixty-one thousand and fifty-four bushels of wheat, and twenty-one million eight hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and fifty-two bushels of corn. The vast increase of the trade and navigation of the Western lakes—Erie, Ontario, Huron, Superior and Michigan—is one of the most remarkable instances of commercial progress known. A century ago, these great inland seas, covering an area of ninety thousand square miles, and draining nearly four times that extent of territory, were almost unknown, save to the aborigines. Now they employ a gross tonnage of six hundred and fifty thousand tons annually, including seven hundred steamers and ten thousand sailing vessels. In fact, no Atlantic seaport can boast of such a marine trade as the port of Chicago, which, in a single year, has been credited with the arrival of nearly twelve thousand vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of over three million. The lake and river commerce separated by the great inland seas is valued at more than five hundred million dollars per annum. The aggregate shipments of flour from Milwaukie, Chicago, Detroit and Toledo, during the year 1873, amounted to nearly six million barrels, and that of wheat, fifty-seven million bushels, and corn fifty million bushels. The grand total of the grain movement of the four ports just named, for the year 1873, was one hundred and sixty-two million three hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and ninety-six bushels. All of this grain moved toward the ocean seaboard; meanwhile, the transportation of grain over the Erie Canal, during the same year, amounted to more than fifty million bushels, while the foreign export grain trade of Montreal, which is the great depot of the Dominion lake commerce, amounted to over eighteen hundred million bushels, and its importations from the United States, and principally from the port of Chicago, reached about the same figures. The railroads having brought the grain from the field to the elevators, the next subject to be considered is the elevator itself.

Most of our readers have probably seen elevators—tall, tower-like structures, whose actual use it is always difficult to discern at first sight. These elevators are usually six or seven stories high. The cars run into them on the tracks, and, their doors being opened, the grain is shoveled with grain shovels into a large hopper beneath. This hopper has a bottom sloping to one side, through which, over a pulley, a large band passes, which goes over another pulley in the top of the elevator. This band has buckets of tin attached on it which contain about one-half a bushel each. As the band passes through the hopper these buckets fill themselves and are drawn rapidly up the elevator, and discharge the grain into the loft above as fast as it can be shoveled from the hopper into the car. From the buckets it passes into a large receptacle, or bin, which contains from two to three tons. Here it is weighed, and thence conducted through spouts to other bins; grades of the same kind being kept in the same receptacle. These bins are thirty or twenty feet square, and fifty or sixty feet deep. From them spouts go down to the holds of the vessels or to cars, and the wheat descends with great rapidity, so that the hold of a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons will be filled in two hours. These elevators have a vast capacity. In Chicago, seventeen of them were reported in 1875 as having a capacity of fifteen million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. The construction of elevators and the increased use of railroads and steamboats have dispensed almost entirely with the use of bags in the handling of grain. The car or vessel containing grain passes at once to the flouring-mill, where the grain is elevated directly by means of an elevator into the loft of the mill, and from this loft it is conducted through a tube to the spout, whence it pours into the hopper where it is ground. At the ending of this spout is a fanning-wheel which throws a blast of air up through the spout, thus permitting only the sound grain to fall into the hopper. All chaff and like grain is by this means blown up outside of the spout and falls on the floor. By shortening this tube at its lowest section the grain can be thoroughly winnowed, while by lengthening the lighter grain will fall with the heavier into the hopper.

The stones used in grinding are called French burr stones, though they are found in Arkansas and in other parts of this country. In some flouring-mills steel-faced stones are used. They make a flour inferior to that produced by the French burrs. From the receptacle from which the flour falls from the stones it is carried at once to the bolt. This is a large cylinder, usually eight-sided, covered with bolting cloth and made to revolve. It is set at an angle, so that the upper end of the bolt only admits the finest of the flour to pass through the cloth. At the middle more of the bran goes through out of the flour, and is therefore termed "middlings," and at the lower end of the bolt the bran falls through. After passing through the bolt the flour is carried by small elevators into the mill-room, and falls from quite a height on a clean floor, where it is allowed to cool. It is then packed in the barrels, each barrel holding one hundred and ninety-six pounds. If the flour is packed before it has time to cool thoroughly its quality is materially injured. From the mill the flour is shipped to various points where it is inspected by officers for the purpose. If it is of full weight, strictly sound, and free from any defect or fault, it is called "sound," and it is branded by the inspector according to the grade.

Chicago is unquestionably the great central depot of this country. In 1875 there were received in store in that city, one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-seven car-loads, six hundred and one canal-boat loads, and eleven vessel-boat loads of grain. The total amount of the grain received in that year being fifty-one million eight hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and nineteen bushels. Of this amount, four-fifths was reshipped by water. The shipments of flour from St. Louis, in 1873, amounted to two and one-half million barrels; of wheat one million two hundred and two thousand bushels, and of grain five million bushels. Indianapolis receives, from the region naturally tributary to that State, about one hundred and eighteen million bushels of corn, and fifteen million bushels of wheat annually. The grain trade of that city, for the year 1873, amounted to three million dollars in value, and the mill product, for the same year, to two million dollars. The receipts of grain by lake at Buffalo in 1873 amounted to thirty million bushels of wheat and twenty-eight million bushels of corn, and about nine million bushels of all other grains. In that year Buffalo had sixteen elevators, Milwaukie five, Toledo nine, Detroit two, and Indianapolis three. The local consumption of grain at Buffalo is estimated at one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand bushels annually, and that city has a good trade in Boston and New York also, with ports in the State of Pennsylvania, and directly with Europe. Eleven mills in Buffalo manufactured, in 1873, three hundred and twenty-five thousand eight hundred and thirteen barrels of flour. The estimated capacity of the Buffalo elevators for handling and storing grain was, in 1873, seven million bushels.

The foreign exportation of grain from the United States is, of course, an element of great importance in the revenue of the country. The total exportation in 1875, from New York, amounted to, flour, eight hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred and sixty-four barrels; wheat, twenty-five million seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty-two bushels; corn, eleven million nine hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven bushels. From other ports the transatlantic movement of grain amounted in the same year to about twenty-eight million bushels. Of European countries, Russia is the great grain producer, usually exporting every year about thirty-five million bushels of grain to England and other European countries; while even Turkey and her dependencies last year exported to Great Britain alone six million and eight hundred thousand bushels. It may be readily seen from these figures that a great European war involving these two countries cannot but have an important effect upon the American grain trade, since it cuts off about forty-two million bushels of grain usually distributed by them throughout Europe, and which deficiency the United States is the only country to supply.

The agricultural wealth of the country is considered by philosophical writers to be the first test of its internal

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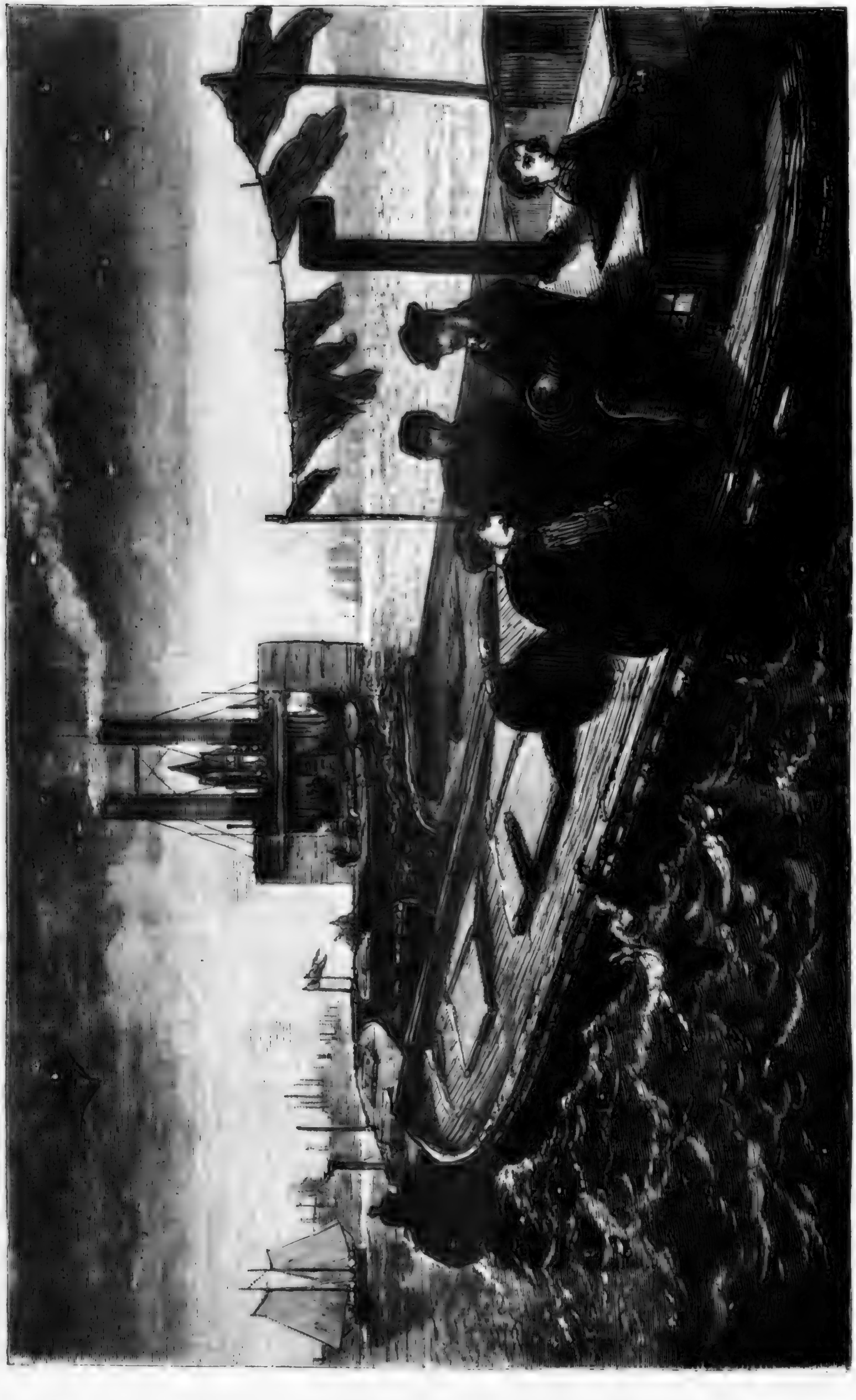
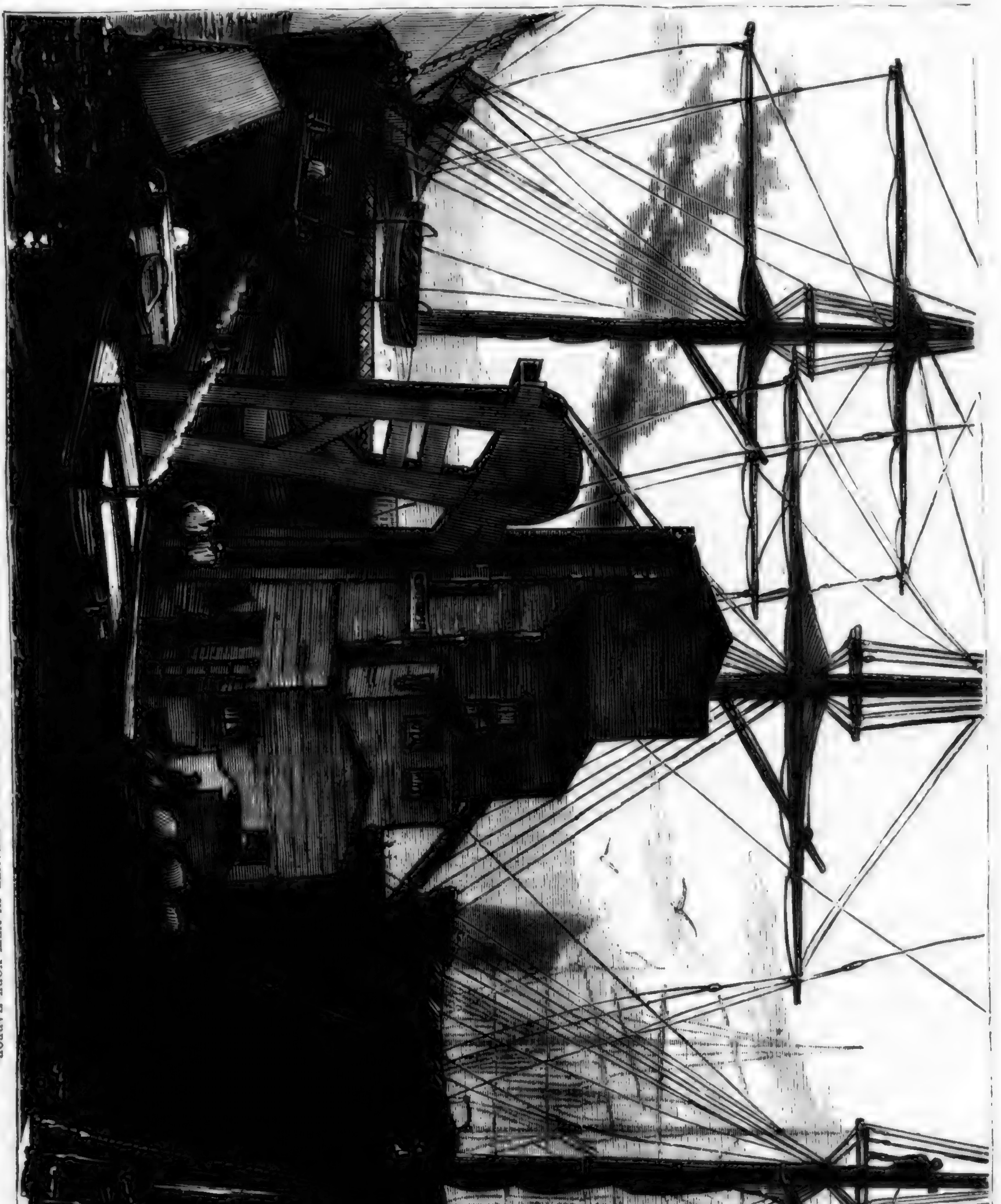


A TOW OF GRAIN-BOATS ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING GRAIN TO A EUROPEAN STEAMER IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

resources and the condition of its people. The increase of population on the Eastern continent beyond the capacity of production, of course invests the question of food with a significance which never before belonged to it, and gives a world-wide interest to the statistics of American agriculture far beyond that which this country derived merely from the wants of her countrymen. Consumption has in certain parts of Europe long since overtaken production, and in England, France, Belgium, Holland, and in the greater part of Germany, the food question itself precedes all others. In England, the turning point at which consumption overtook production is said to have been in 1824, and ever since the disproportion has been increasing. The political importance of the bread question in Europe is patent to every student of history. It will be remembered that the famine of 1847 was attended in Ireland by the loss of half a million of lives, this being the result of the loss of a single crop in a single country. It has been said by a distinguished French writer, of the time of the second Empire, that the mildew on an ear of corn is of more vital consequence to the existence and power of the French Government than the splendor of the imperial jewels or the marvels of a thousand handicrafts. Whatever in our days cuts off the small profits of the industrial classes in Europe, or threatens the crops of Europe, strikes at the stability of the political institutions of the land and wields a mighty influence whether for evil or for good. The very existence of thrones may be affected—indeed, some think their existence has been determined by causes so apparently insignificant as the rot in the potato or the weavel in a grain of wheat. John Stuart Mill admitted in his writings that America was the only source which could be depended upon to supply the food necessity of Great Britain; but added that if the British population continued to increase as it had done, the only mode in which food could continue to be supplied cheaply by America to Great Britain would be by sending the British population abroad to produce it. Yet this is a comparatively new condition, for in 1756 England was said to have grown corn enough in one year to supply herself for four years. Twenty years ago England imported food annually to the amount of two hundred and fifty million dollars; while her population was increasing at the rate of a thousand a day. As long ago as this, too, it was said by a Frenchman, in writing of the French peasantry, that the natives had not enough to eat, even to supply the natural wants of the human frame; in fact, while English laborers consume a pound and a quarter a day, this being also the usual daily ration in the British army, and while the daily ration in the United States Navy is fourteen ounces of bread, a half pound of beef, six ounces of pork, etc., in France the actual consumption of food is only about one-sixth of a pound per day for each individual, or less than half what it ought to be. Indeed, it has been alleged that the final deterioration of the standard of growth in parts of France has been the result of an inadequate supply of nutritious food, bread in particular. In one of the reports of the French Exposition of 1855 it was said that more than four million Frenchmen were not in the habit of eating bread. It is a curious fact that in Europe the increase of population is tended by a decrease of breadth of land devoted to cereal produce, and this has been particularly noticed in Prussia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, and most of the minor German States. In France this decrease has been made great by the absorption of land in the cultivation of the sugar beet; while Belgium and Holland, being grazing rather than agricultural countries, are themselves purchasers of foreign grain; in fact, it is only in Russia that a strenuous effort has been made to maintain the grain markets, and to secure agricultural supremacy. It may thus be judged that, as was stated by the eminent statistician, Hon. Samuel B. Reynolds, in his comprehensive pamphlet on the agricultural products of the United States, "The agriculture of the American Union is the broad and enduring basis of its natural strength."

The agricultural population of the United States was, in 1870, about six millions, and the agricultural wealth of the country was estimated at eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, showing an average value of about nineteen hundred dollars per head. Every million added to that agricultural population will certainly add at least nineteen hundred million to the national wealth, and an additional million is gained every thirteen years. These facts go to show that Mr. Mill was not far from right in his theory that, to obtain grain from America, Great Britain must send over her surplus population for its cultivation. The total value of the farms of the United States, covering two hundred million acres of improved land, and about as much unimproved, was about ten thousand million dollars, certainly an enormous capital to be invested in agriculture, yet paying a pretty good profit, since it yields a net yearly income of nearly four hundred dollars for every individual in the country. In speaking of the importance of agriculture in one of his addresses, delivered at Boston on his return from England, Daniel Webster made the following observation: "Agriculture feeds to a great extent. It clothes us. Without it we should not have manufactories; we should not have commerce. They all stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture." To this assertion Edward Everett adds his opinion in the following words: "There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that, as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various occupations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions." The importance of the cultivation of grain is shown in relation particularly to that of maize or Indian corn, by the fact of the occurrence of this plant in the floral decorations of Rome, painted in the time of Raphael. This plant is referred to by the most ancient Peruvian histories. It was cultivated by the aborigines in the time of Columbus, and it is still found growing in a wild state from our Rocky Mountains to the forests of Paraguay, although it was long a mooted question. There has been of late years no doubt, in the minds of those who have studied the subject, that maize or corn is a true American grain, and that the Old Continent received it from the New. As long ago as 1858, Indian corn was prominently the great staple of this country, surpassing all others in the area of its cultivation, and in the amount and value of the crop; in fact, almost equaling the united value of the three next staples in their order—wheat, hay, and cotton. It was said by Professor Mapes, in a lecture on Indian corn, before the American Institute, that its failure for three successive years would nearly bankrupt the nation. To corn we are indebted in part for our beef, and in a very large proportion to our pork, since in the far West it is fed largely to cattle and pigs. The number of hogs feeding on it nearly equals the number of inhabitants, and the lard has become a staple article of export. The sugar estates in the West Indies are mainly supported by American Indian meal, while millions of bushels are consumed in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors. As for wheat, while in New England its culture has declined to a minimum of importance, and in the Middle States is stationary, its increase in the Northwestern and Pacific States has been enormous. In 1840 Chicago imported flour and meal for her own consumption; now she has the largest primary grain depot in the world, rivaling Odessa, Dantzic and St. Petersburg, and leading all the other ports in the world in the quantity and quality of her exports.

The stupendous and constantly increasing importance of the grain interest to America and the entire civilized world, will have been sufficiently shown in the brief summary of statements and figures which we have made, and which is all that can be afforded in the short space alloted to this article. The tremendous operations required to move the grain crops of the United States will be readily appreciated on slight consideration of the facts. There should be remembered the vast capital invested in the cultivation of grain; the six million persons engaged in farming avocations; the gigantic traffic in this staple which goes so far toward sustaining our railroads, inland lake and river navigation and foreign commerce; the investments in improved and wide-spread mill interests; and all the other elements which go to make up the totality of this business. Upon the regular, safe and successful movement of the grain crop is constantly dependent the settlement of business in cities, often thousands of miles distant from the region where this crop is gathered. In fact, the balancing of business accounts among merchants, bankers and manufacturers is more influenced by the grain interest, in its various departments, than by any other single agency. Certainly, when all this is taken into consideration, no one can fail to find the subject interesting in the aggregate, and in its details; and in defining and illustrating the movement of grain, from its cutting to its final manufacture and employment as food, we have reason to believe that we supply a topic for the consideration of the readers of the Popular Monthly which will be found to be instructive and entertaining.

## COOKING SHRIMPS.

By Ella B. Washington.

The illustration on page 100 presents a scene familiar only to those who live on the southern coast of this country, especially in Charleston, S. C., and the adjoining Sea Islands.

Shrimp-catching, shrimp-cooking, and last, though not least, shrimp-eating, are unknown in the North, except to the epicurean taste that demands the stimulant of imported luxuries.

Nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains occasionally palled on the palates of such sated epicureans as Lucullus or Sallust; while another fastidiously dainty Roman fed the fish in his private ponds on the flesh of African slaves, which imparted to them a peculiarly high flavor.

*De gustibus non est disputandum.*

But to return, not to our *muttons*, but to our shrimps, and the darkies who find delight both in catching and devouring them.

Some ply a profitable business by selling them in the streets, the demand being often greater than the supply. They are much sought after, both by white and colored people, as a popular article of food. You hear the venders uttering their shrill cry of "Shr-i-m-mps!" in a drawling, nasal tone, anywhere and everywhere about the city as they pass.

The authors of orthodox cooking-books invariably begin by saying, "First, catch your fish," or fowl; after which they instruct us in the important and profound art of preparing them to be served on the table.

So, then, we will first catch our shrimps; which is done by placing a piece of netting around a barrel-hoop, forming a sort of bag, in which bits of fat meat are put to serve as bait. Then the bag-net is dropped down on the bottom of the bay or river, with a line attached, so that it can be drawn up conveniently. Into this the creatures crawl to feast on the meat, and are thus trapped very much after the fashion of mice nibbling at the dainty bit of cheese that allures their necks into a position favorable to the involuntary suicide that invariably follows.

These shrimps, or prawns, as they are also called, in species are something of a cross between a crab, a craw-fish and lobster, most resembling the lobster in appearance and flavor, though of much smaller size.

They are eaten according to taste, sometimes *au naturel*, without removing their delicate shells; but more frequently, after the shell has been removed by slight boiling, they are dressed with condiments, like a raw oyster or lobster; or made into a hot dish with the addition of pastry and seasoning similar to an oyster-pie, and very popular.

The family scene portrayed in the picture presents to view the interior of a "colored gentleman's" residence, with all the details of the domestic *ménage* admirably delineated. In the centre of the group, and most prominent, stands "madam," who is evidently the ruling spirit of the household. We will call her "Sheba" for the occasion, as the name is suggestive of authority.

She is busily engaged stirring the contents of the huge iron pot (of a size capacious enough for a witch's caldron), that hangs suspended over a fire of sticks, most probably pine or light wood. Her head is enveloped in the regulation turban that has, from time immemorial, been a stereotyped fashion among the women of her race; it is generally formed of a bandanna handkerchief of brilliant hues.

She is apparently doing double duty—with one hand stirring the pot over which she leans, resting the other arm on the chimney, while evidently delivering a lecture (possibly on woman's rights), in approved Caudle fashion, to her *cara sposa*, who presents a profound illustration of indolence, as he carelessly sits opposite, with relaxed limbs incased in big boots, one hand idly resting on his knee, the other employed scratching his head—a frequent amusement with the woolly pates—as he looks pleadingly up into Sheba's sweet countenance with a deprecatory expression, while she treats him to a specimen of that feminine commodity commonly known as "a piece of her mind."

Between the couple we see the youngest hopeful sprawling on the floor, with back resting against the table-leg, his extended limbs unencumbered by clothing, only one garment redeeming the "pappoose" from a state of nature, as he stares steadily upward at the steaming pot. On the table stands a large trayful of shrimps. One has fallen to the floor, where it looks like some anomalous animal only defined in the dictionary of Agassiz, or some other scientific student of the marvels of nature and the denizens of the deep.

In the rear of the group, lazily leaning on the table, stands the eldest olive-branch, who apparently inherits the paternal characteristic, indolence. He, too, gazes with spellbound, solemn delight at the steaming pot, evidently contemplating what might be the pleasure of absorbing a portion of its contents.

There is something seriously subdued in his temperament, which doubtless Mammy Sheba reduces to subordination, according to orthodox Scriptural advice—"Spare the rod, spoil the child."

We have observed, on such occasions of condign punishment, privately or publicly administered, as the case may be —parents not being especially choice in the selection of situations—that the involuntary gymnastic evolutions were wonderfully lively and strikingly picturesque; while the vocal accompaniment of roars and yells mingled with ejaculations and admonitory threats from mammy, of the most fearful and desperate character, such as, "I'll cut you into little pieces, you varmint, you!" "Hush that hollering, or I'll take your tongue out by the roots, you rascal!" etc., etc.— such expressions having a tendency to suppress the subject

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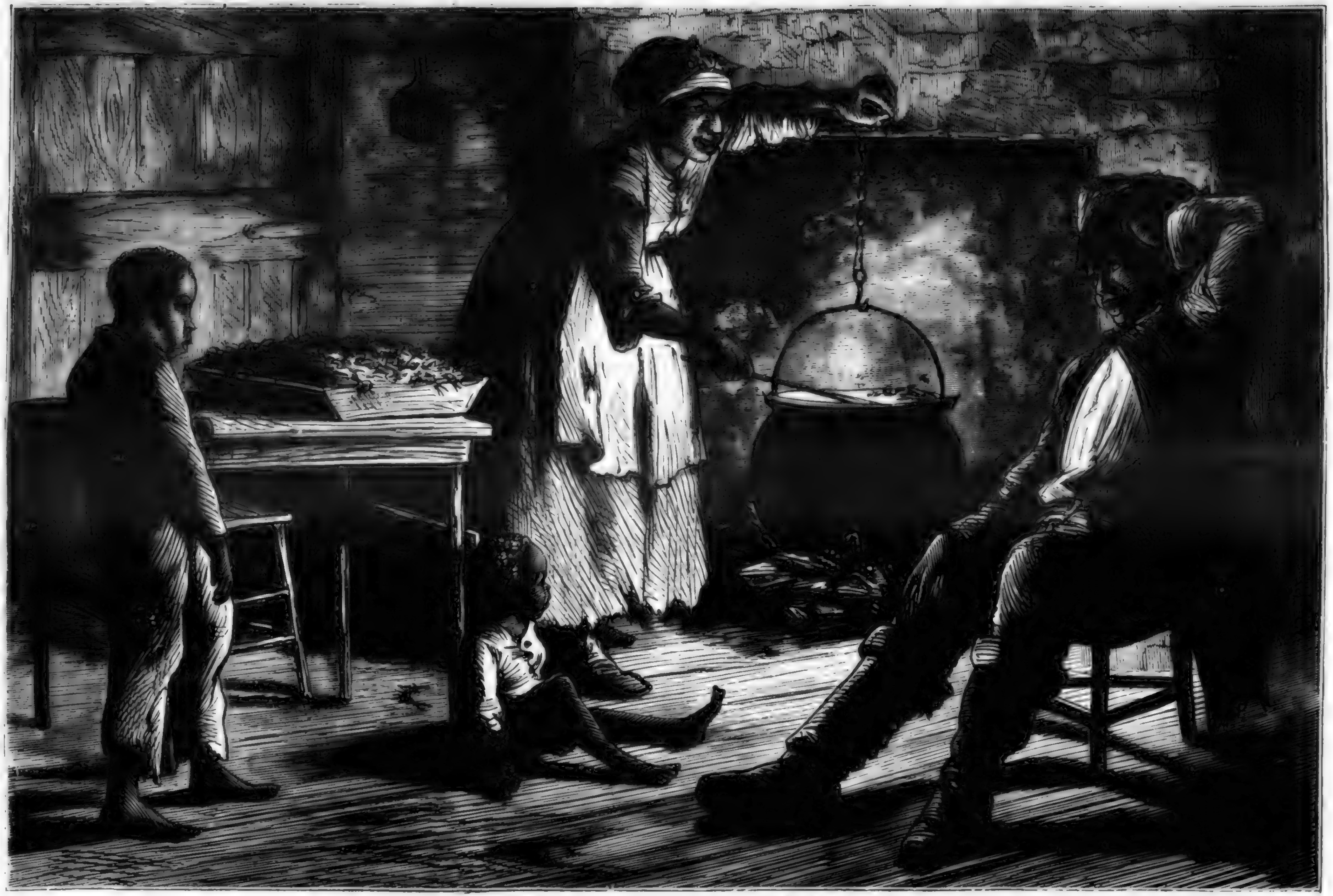
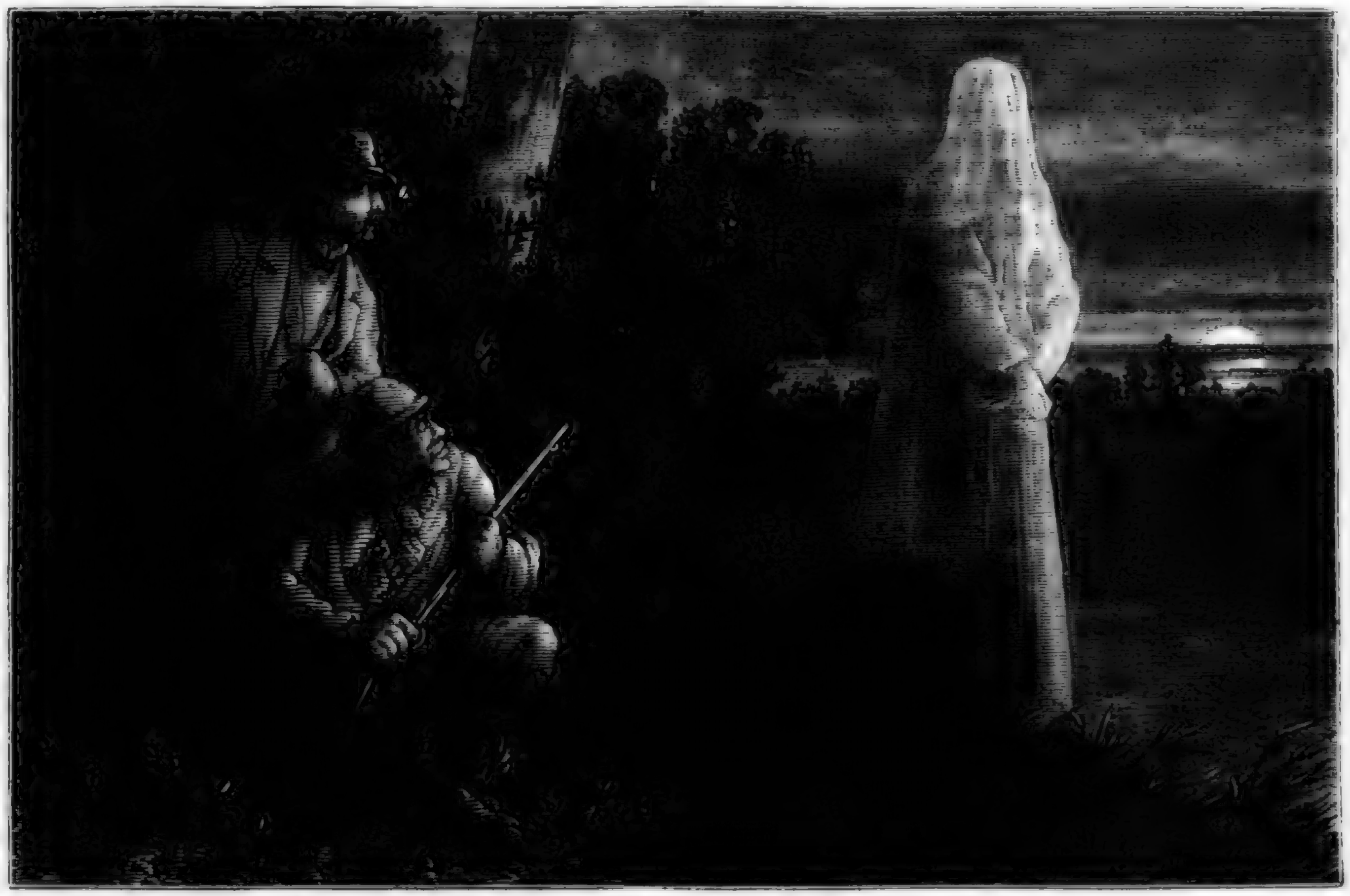


SOUTHERN SCENES.—COOKING SHRIMPS.—SEE PAGE 99.



THE UNDERCLYFFE GHOST.—"'SEND A BALL THROUGH ITS HEAD,' SUGGESTED JARVIS."

in stringent style, while the punishment, actively administered with vigorous energy, continued unabated, rendering the situation supremely ludicrous.

We cannot close our sketch without one more allusion to shrimps—an extract from the letter of an illiterate "carpet-bagger," who for a while sought profit and plunder in the South since the war; like many others of that class, which we ex-rebels *now* understand as no more representing the mass of population at the North, nor indicating the character and feelings of the honest, kindly, right-minded class of Northern people, than did such specimens as Legree and St. Clair, portrayed by Mrs. Stowe, present a *type* of Southern slave-owners and overseers. Both are exceptions, not types, of their race; for the St. Clairs, Legrees and Uncle Toms were only occasionally met with.

My readers will pardon the expression of honest and sincere sentiments on these subjects, though they were a digression.

The "carpet-bagger" before alluded to had been for a while holding some petty office in Charleston, and, returning North, brought with him a specimen of Southern luxuries in the shape of a keg of shrimps. The weather was warm, and, alas! for human expectations, the anticipated treat proved a failure.

A letter to a friend in the South set forth in pathetic portraiture his disappointment, on arriving, at the condition of said consignment of shrimps:

> "N. B.—I didn't say nothing to none of you about the keg of shrimps I brought on from Charleston. When I got here, they were a sight for mortal eyes! Nobody could tell which was head or which was tail; a perfect regiment of critters had took hold on 'em, and when I told our folks how much nicer and delicater they were than lobsters, they began to twit me, and I ain't hearn the last of it yet. I only wish I could have preserved the live stock for a museum. No more at present, from yours truly,
>
> "ABIJAH SLADE."

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EVERY day of your life is a page in your history.

# THE UNDERCLYFFE GHOST.

## CHAPTER I.

"AH, sir, it's all very well for you, who haven't seen it, to smile like that; but there it was, with its white, stony face, its yellow hair looking like dead gold in the moonlight, its eyes fixed firm on something far, far away. It's very well to smile, sir, but go stand face to face with a human soul separate from its body and bones, and see where your smiling would be then."

"You had resolved to speak to it. Where was your strength of purpose?"

"Sheer boasting, sir. When I was chatting with some of the women, the other night, I said, off-handed like, that if I knew where any spirit took its walks, I'd meet it and ask a question or two. And as to my strength of purpose, sir, why, heart and purpose failed me then. I was speechless and afraid. I'm not ashamed to confess it, sir."

Mr. Clyffe of Underclyffe looked up with a benignant smile. "You are a foolish woman," said he. "And as for your ghost—what do you think of it, Jarvis?"

The question came unexpectedly, and the gentleman turned with sudden sharpness upon the gardener. But the latter was not to be caught unawares. He blinked his ferret-like eyes repeatedly, as though by some secret process this action stirred the fire smoldering in their red depth; then, opening them widely, turned the dull glare full upon his questioner.

"What do I think, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I'm of opinion that the ghost never came from the grave as could stand powder and shot. I'm of opinion that a dose of that's as good for them as for any other night-walkers. And, finally, sir, I'm of opinion that, as to this golden-headed creature in particular, Mary saw it in her sleep, and that's where Mary saw it."

"Oh, sir!" protested the woman, too eager to be angry, "I was as nigh to it as I am to you. I saw it, sir; indeed I did!"

"Hush," said the master, softly. "You may all go now. Why, what can I possibly do? I endeavor to prove your folly. You will be deaf. You cling to your belief. All that you hear and see does not affect *me*—it should not affect you. And this sort of notoriety which, through your silly superstitions, must attach itself to the place, is unpleasant. I cannot permit it. Now, Mrs. Whitmore, if you please."

Mrs. Whitmore, the housekeeper, a matronly body, advanced toward the master.

"Well, Mr. Clyffe."

"You will question these people, discharge those who wish to resign my service, order them to leave without a half hour, provide yourself with fresh servants, and repeat my commands—that the first one among them who alludes to the cause of that fool's whining shall be turned from the house at any hour of the day or night. They may go."

And be assured they waited for no more courteous dismissal.

Reginald Denbigh Clyffe was a man of eight-and-thirty, rather small, with features sharp and clearly cut. There was nothing effeminate here, however; for the brown eyes were cruelly keen and watchful, the thin lips beneath the heavy mustache sternly set, the low voice full and sonorous.

Alone now, the gentleman wrote a letter or two, finished his cigar, then, sauntering to the window, stood there until heavy feet came tramping down the walk. These heavy feet belonged to Jarvis, the gardener, whose great horny hands were presently battling with the refractory sumach-bushes just facing the library. A muttered curse and a vicious hack of his pruning-knife revealed much of this honest fellow's true character—as much, indeed, as met the watcher's approval, and evidently decided him in his course of action; for, quitting his place of concealment behind the heavy curtains, he stepped out upon the terrace and strolled leisurely toward the worker.

Purposeless questionings followed, and in the midst of them Mr. Clyffe paused, bent low to lift a tendril of trailing vine, and said, in a half whisper:

"Follow me to the library. I wish to speak to you."

Then, confident that he would be understood, our gentleman let fall the vine and strolled back to his work as leisurely as he had left it.

Nor was he wrong, for suddenly brave Jarvis shut his knife and strode up to the terrace.

"Mr. Clyffe!" he called.

"I am here."

An impatient beckoning accompanied the quiet answer.

Jarvis now stood at the low, open window.

"Come in," signed the master, and the man obeyed.

A pause. Mr. Clyffe sealed his last letter, then looked up suddenly, to meet those ferret eyes suspiciously following every movement.

"Martin," commenced the gentleman.

"Jarvis, sir, if you please." The man's face was positively frightful now in its ugliness. A sudden pallor had overcrept the healthy glow, and upon this pallor every villainous curve and furrow was simply eloquent. "Jarvis, sir, if you please," he repeated, with an abject terror.

"And what if I insist upon calling you Martin?—Martin Holmes. Have I not the right? Come now. You are forgetting yourself, Martin. Do you remember where I found you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Where?"

"You won't make me say it, sir! You won't, sir!" The fellow's broad breast heaved and his treacherous eyes went shifting about the room. "Oh, I can't! Why, what have I been a-doin'? Every mornin' I says to myself, 'Now, steady's the word for to-day, my boy!' and steady it is, sir, till night comes again. What have I been a-doin, Mr. Clyffe?"

"I found you," Mr. Clyffe continued, unmovedly, "a poor wretch just released from prison. You had been tried for murder, convicted, and ——"

"Great heaven, sir, and I as innocent—as innocent as a baby!"

"And reprieved. When you stepped from the scaffold, where you should rightfully have swung, you rascal! you were friendless. Who busied himself in procuring a pardon for you?"

"You, sir."

"You were starving. Who put bread in your mouth, you cur?"

"You, sir. You did, Mr. Clyffe. You was an angel to a down-trodden fellow creatur, sir. For if ever a human's life was sworn away, mine was that day. I was innocent, sir."

"Hold your tongue! I do not believe you. I *do* believe that if ever a murder was done with deliberate intent, that was the one, and you were the rogue who did it. But with that I have nothing to do. It is past; let it go. Now, Martin Holmes, I chanced to be present at your trial, and if I interested myself for you, secured your pardon, took you by the hand, fed you, clothed you, changed your name and brought you here amongst strangers, what do you suppose was my object?"

"Charity, sir," was the prompt answer.

"No. I'll vow it was not. You are here to shoot poachers."

"Sir?"

"Yes, poachers—ghosts."

The restless eyes settled at last upon the tempter with a look of cunning inquiry.

"Powder and shot, sir?"

"Powder and shot. For example, if you should be up to-night—if you should see that *thing*—if you should——"

"Send a ball through its head," suggested Jarvis.

"Through its head," coolly acquiesced the master. "Why, who can tell what good fortune might not follow? You might stumble upon a comfortable sum of money. You might secure a life-lease of your present situation. Stop now—don't speak. Suppose as well that your ghost is no ghost at all. Where is the crime? You meet this in the dark. You fire. A mistake—nothing more. Bah! couldn't you try to kill a poacher, man?"

"Well, yes, better even than that—I could do it, sir."

"Then that is all. Be off now to your work. Here! look at this—think how soon it may change masters."

It was a fine sight—that yellow gold slipping through the pretty womanly fingers of Clyffe of Underclyffe. Jarvis thought as much, and stepped down from the terrace with an evil grin upon his pinched face.

* * * * * * *

*Midnight!* As the hour sounded, Reginald Clyffe, who was reading in the library, put aside his book. Quick upon the last stroke followed the sharp crack of a rifle.

"Ah, ha! poachers again!" exclaimed the master of Underclyffe. "I solemnly trust that Jarvis has dealt with them."

Which fervent aspiration was almost a prayer.

The gentleman read no more that night, although he did not leave the room. At gray daybreak there came a cautious step upon the gravel walk. Then Mr. Clyffe arose and opened the window to Jarvis. Barely had the newcomer entered the room when his master commenced:

"Quick! what of it?"

"You heard me, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Is she ——"

"She's Satan himself, or a ghost indeed. The ball never touched her, sir!"

"You villain!" springing at his throat.

"See now. Don't do that—don't. I'm not safe. Villain? Great Lord! I took a good sight, fired, and—my ball's buried deep in the tree behind where *it* stood. There!" wiping his clammy brow, "I cannot do no more than that, sir."

Reginald Clyffe frowned and bit his lips. At last, said he, with a half laugh, "Yes, you may do more. Take this for your trouble," handing him a few pieces of gold. "Now go down to the cottage by the river. Not now, but to-night. Old Esther and her grandchild live there alone. For the hag I care nothing. As to the girl ——"

"Ay, sir," ventured the other, expectantly.

Mr. Clyffe pondered a little, as though he solved a tormenting question, then said he, with that wicked smile of his, "As for the girl—well now, to-morrow I am off to town. And when I come, pray be the first to meet me and tender to me this welcome—that the girl has been found dead, with a knife sheathed in her heart! There! Go, my brave lad. Do not wait, do not hesitate, do not fail! Be off now! It is late, and I am tired."

At the window Jarvis paused doubtingly.

"What is it?"

"Only this, sir. Must you go to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly. I have no choice in the matter, for I go to bring home a wife."

## Chapter II.

REGINALD CLYFFE was speaking as unconcernedly as though the matter regarded any one in the world but himself.

"We have been married four and twenty hours," said he, "and yet you will confide to me nothing of your love affair with Ellesmere. You loved him, at least?"

"I loved him, yes. You knew that?" wearily came the answer from this bride of a day.

"Humph! An assurance upon which one may build much possible happiness. You should have remained faithful to his memory, madam!"

"Ah, sir!" she piteously cried. Then clasping her little hands, she raised them to her breast, and kept them folded there; but not another word fell from her lips.

She was very young, this learner of life's hardest lesson—forgetfulness—young and delicately fair. Rippling yellow hair falling back from a broad, low brow, eyes of violet-blue, lips tremulously sad and firmly closed upon the great woe which might never bear the telling—poor little bride!

The jaded horses dragged themselves lazily along, content to hearken at last to a positive "Whoa!" from the fat coachman.

"What is it?"

"If you please, sir," apologized the footman at the carriage-door—"if you please, sir, here's a letter for you, sent by post to the landlord at Tenford. He gave it to me, and I quite forgot it, sir, indeed, till now."

Mr. Clyffe took the letter, read it without a word, then put it by.

"Drive on, and quickly!" was the word of command; "I cannot lose one moment."

And so, with a rattle and a dash, and a haste most unseemly, did this strange bridal party make its advent.

In the library, at home, Jarvis came to the master.

"You got my letter, sir? I made bold to write——"

"Yes. They are gone?"

"Both gone, sir, the woman and the girl. Gone without one word of warning even."

"Come here! Now listen. How far may I trust you, Martin Holmes?"

"To the death, sir."

"To the death, then, let it be. Lock the door, Martin."

From the interview which followed the gardener withdrew a full half hour later. Then Clyffe of Underclyffe sought his wife's chamber.

"Now, madame," approaching the poor creature sitting there alone, "a word with you. Am I to understand, finally, that you do not love me?"

"I cannot help it," she commenced, and the tears were, in truth, not yet dry upon the cheeks of this bonny bride.

"Am I to understand that to your good aunt alone I owe my happiness?"

"That would not be just," she objected with a sad smile. "I was not forced to marry you. You simply threatened to beggar one who had been a mother to me, and I consented to save her."

"Am I to understand as well, that if Gordon Ellesmere had returned, you would have been his wife?"

"You know it!" she cried. Then softly, "I had promised, I loved him so—but he is dead!"

"Is he? Then the grave has given him up, for he is in the city, and will be here to-morrow."

The cruel blow! She neither moaned nor wept, but a calm despair settled down upon the poor pale face—a calm despair which quite crushed out all semblance of youth, and left it a wan and haggard mask. She sat gazing at him vacantly, her blue eyes wide with a wretched horror.

"Not dead!"

The lips formed but did not utter the words which he answered:

"No, not dead. And here will he come, this gallant cousin of mine, because, forsooth! my wife is here. He has been a pauper, a prisoner. Heaven only knows what, abroad, and now——"

"Did you know this yesterday?"

"Before I married you? Oh, yes, I heard from him—that is, he wrote to me from Antwerp."

"Then, may the good Lord pardon you!" she cried, and so sank down.

"Say more than that!" he exclaimed, as he spoke, tearing away her hand from her face. "Say more than that! Upbraid me as your heart dictates."

But she, freeing herself from his unmanly grasp, arose, and with a dignity strangely at variance with her former tears and trembling, said but this:

"Hear me, then. What are reproaches now! Nothing. I am lost to him, and he to me, *for ever!* I am your slave, for you have bought me. Through what treachery and deceit, through what villainy and wrong dealing, Heaven only knows and Heaven will judge. You are a man, strong, brave and victorious; I but a woman, faithless, weak and perjured. Be patient with me, sir, I pray. Give me a little time to bury these—my dead, dead hopes, dead happiness, dead peace and rest. It is not much I ask. Give me until to-morrow, and then——"

Here she arose, standing before him with a gesture half proud and half defiant.

"And then?"

"I will go the way that you lead, knowing no will but yours."

XUM

"I marvel at so modest a request," he sneered; "until to-morrow?"

"Until he comes."

"What if he does? I shall not see him."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

"And I believe. Ah, if you would but reflect, madam. Think how I love you, how dear you are to me! Great Heaven! You have the making or the marring of a life in these little hands. Remember that, and remember, too, that he sues as a slave, who might as a master *command!*"

The morning brought Gordon Ellesmere, that cousin of Clyffe of Underclyffe, who, after a weary absence, must now come back to the cruel change which spiteful Fortune had worked.

Young, handsome, clever and rich, might not this reckless fellow have slighted Fame for Love? Ay, but thus had he reasoned:

"I'll make a fine name, little one, and then I'll bring it home to you."

But the fine name did not come till gaunt suffering had first reached out its hand. His ship was wrecked (he was bound upon some self-ventured voyage of discovery), and he, escaping from a barbarous serfdom, came home to find the darling he had left.

Now, the welcome over, our wanderer fell to telling his intentions:

"I shall run down to Cordelia to-night," said he; "it was absolutely necessary to see you first, you understand. Wasn't it strange that I should have met no one whom I knew in New York but Hartley? By-the-by, he told me——"

"Who is Cordelia?" interrupted Mr. Clyffe.

"My wife, that is to be, my dear fellow. You never saw her, old boy."

"Ah! Well, what were you saying?"

"Why, that Hartley told me of your marriage. I have not forgotten it, although he could not recall her name. Don't feel neglected. I must see her, too. Well, well, so there is a Mrs. Clyffe, eh?" a little curiously.

"Yes, I have been giving my precious self away. I have a wife. You know her, Cordelia Chester?"

"Is she?"

"Mine? Yes. You will enjoy a laugh with her over that old folly. She has told me of it. Don't bear malice, my dear cousin."

Poor Gordon bent his head in silence, then passion breaking through a better judgment, he gave this enemy a sight of all his sufferings.

But very deliberately did Reginald Clyffe proceed to explain the whole affair. Of course, the other would hear nothing.

"The thought of her has brought me back, and now——" stopping in his excited walk, with cheeks ablaze and kindling eyes, before the master of Underclyffe.

"Let Cordelia tell it, then," suggested the latter, and straightway summoned her.

She came to them, quiet and self-possessed. Gordon's haughty civility she met with cool reserve.

"Tell me," said he, when the door had closed upon her—"tell me why you were false to me?"

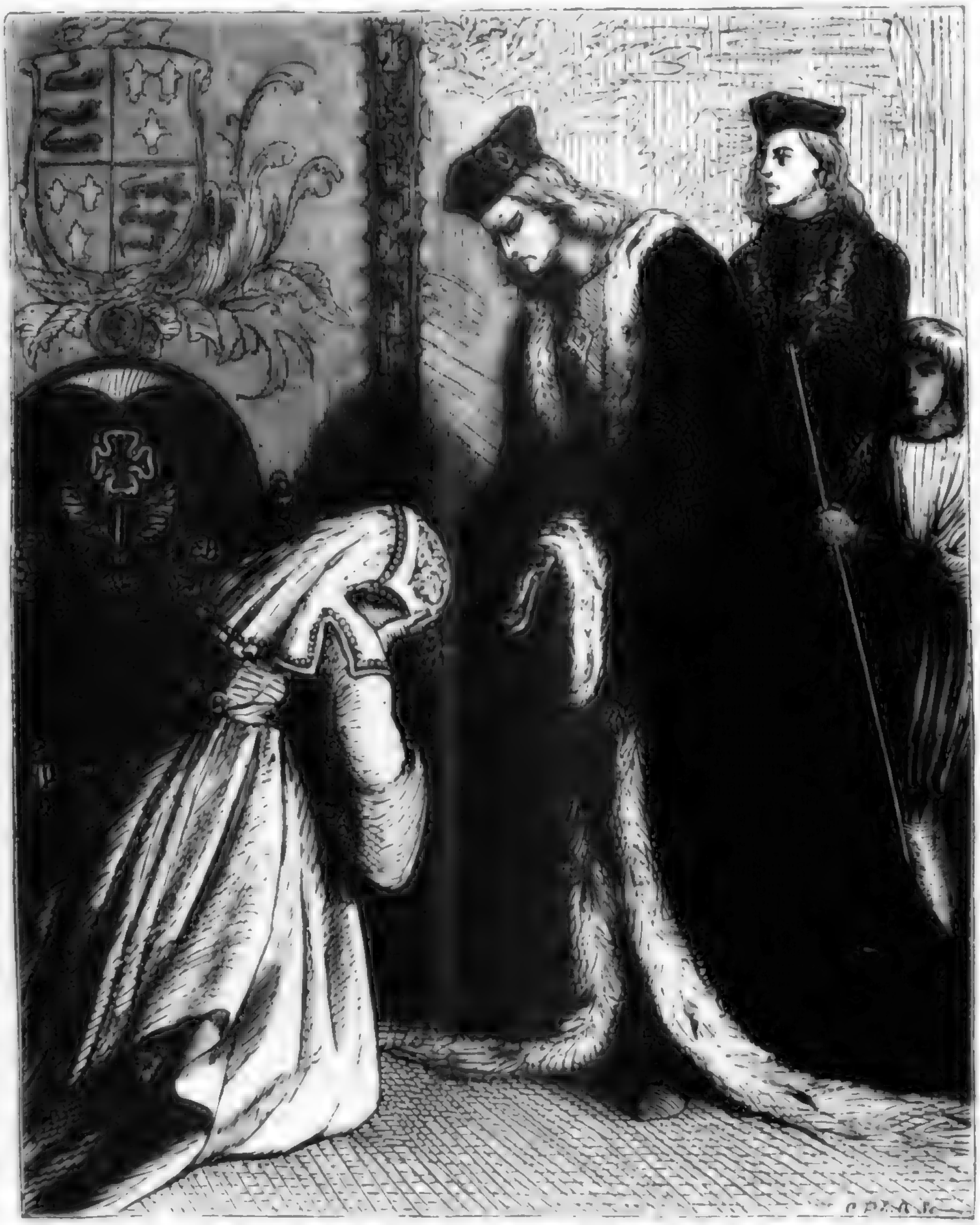
Now the husband had measured her composure and knew its little worth. Advancing, he took her hand.

"Have no fear, my child," he benignly urged. "I authorize your presence. Pray convince this gentleman that you have married me through love alone."

"Through love alone," she echoed, never looking toward him.

"This I surrender to you—I may no longer keep it honestly." 'Twas but a little ring which Gordon laid before her. "It is yours. Through good and evil fortune have I guarded it sacredly. It is yours, and may Heaven forgive you, oh, woman, so perjured, base and heartless!"

"Not heartless!" freeing herself from her husband's clasp, she crossed to him whom she had so wronged. Humbly kneeling, she said but this: "Not heartless, perjured only, for I love you, oh, my darling!"



INTERVIEW OF LADY CATHARINE GORDON, THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND, WITH HENRY THE SEVENTH OF ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 109.

And this unblushingly, before the man whose name she bore. An awkward scene, but the quiet indifference of Reginald Clyffe did battle for him here again, and left him victor.

"Come," said he, "this is in wretched taste. One might well fancy it studied from the third act of a melodrama." He was bending over her, his hand upon her shoulder, his cruel eyes gloating over her misery. "Get up! There, leave us now. The rest is an affair between this gentleman and myself."

He led her to the door, but ere they reached it Gordon Ellesmere stood between them. Thrusting Clyffe aside, he caught the woman in his arms. One kiss he pressed upon her lips, and then said he:

"There! Go now to that man—*from me.*" And before the husband could utter one word of indignant protest: "Vile wretch! Behold your triumph! A friend deceived, a woman broken-hearted, a good name tarnished—for to that shall it come, ah, hear me swear it, Heaven!"

And with this, past the fainting form he strode, regardless alike of cry or curse that followed him.

* * *

That night Reginald Clyffe, standing upon the terrace, was speaking to the woman Jane. She was within, lighting the lamp on the library table.

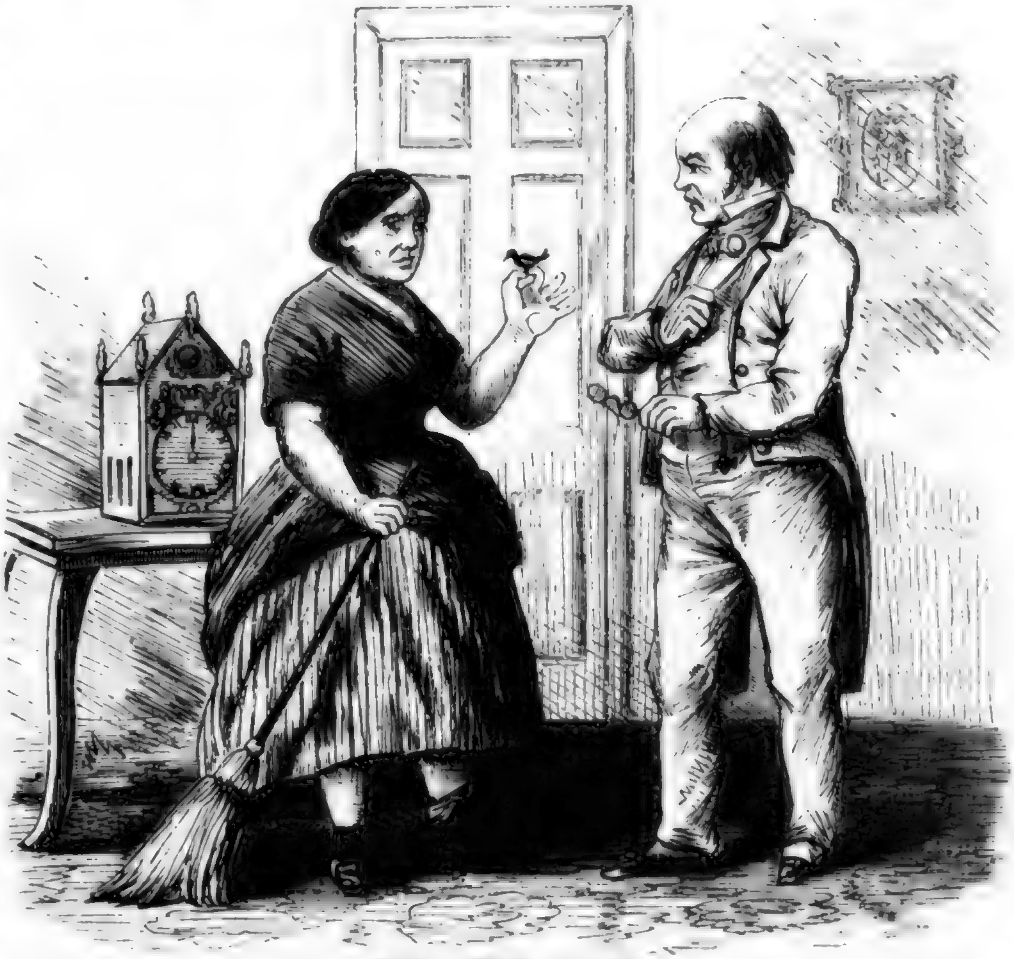
"Turn it down," said he," I shall not want it yet, and close the further window."

Then he continued his walk, falling into troubled meditations, of course, to be aroused presently by an affrighted exclamation. Jane, beside him, pointed toward the wood, which upon that side was not fifty paces distant, and there, not in the black shadow of the overhanging boughs, but standing full in the bright moonlight, was the figure of a woman.

One moment it paused, then, gliding onward, seeming scarcely to touch the ground, it reached the shadows, and the shadows kept its secret; for when Reginald Clyffe came dashing down the walk, nothing was there. Returning from a fruitless search, he found upon the terrace the woman Jane, crouched in an agony of terror.

"Oh, sir, you saw it then?"

"I saw it."



THE SWISS CLOCK.

Newly-arrived Bridget (to Paterfamilias) —"*Sure an ilegant little burd hopped out of the clock, and 'Cuckoo!' says he; and wid that I ups wid the broom and knocks him dead, and here he is.*"

"Its awful face, so white and deadly in the light; its yellow hair, like beaten gold; its——"

"Hush," interrupted the master. "Hush! Prove to me that you are a sensible creature. I was harsh and wrong. You are right, but keep a quiet tongue about this. Tell it to no one, and when you want a friend, remember where the kindest may be found.

Thus, at the price of a new gown and a piece or two of money, was this good soul's silence brought.

## Chapter III.

Reginald Clyffe stood in the hall as his wife, fresh from the long ride over the hills, came tripping past. Tripping past with a happy carol upon her lips, starting back with an ugly frown when he stood in her path.

"Cordelia!" Mrs. Clyffe drew aside with an impatient gesture. "Ah, Cordelia, one little word only. Have I not earned my pardon yet? Will you never forget, never forgive? Must this go on for ever—this mockery of marriage? Have pity, my wife!"

A prayer, tender, low and reverent. But she who listened only stooped to gather up again the long folds of the riding-habit, which in her astonishment she had let fall, and then swept past him without one answering word.

On to her chamber now with hastening steps. The key turned in the lock, and then, with quickened breath and hot, flushed cheeks, she drew from her bosom—a letter! This she kissed and kissed again, in that fond way all women have who love. Even after she had set it alight she jealously watched until the last flickering flame was dead.

"No careless act of mine shall bring trouble to him," she whispered. "He has forgiven this, and I will go to him. Away in foreign lands with him—and never, never to know sorrow more!"

Was Gordon Ellesmere's oath forgotten, think you?

As for the gentleman whom Mrs. Clyffe had so unceremoniously left in the hall, he stood listening until the door overhead closed. Then he calmly turned away, to find himself face to face with the gardener, Jarvis.

"You?"

"You sent for me, sir?"

Mr. Clyffe led the way to the library.

"Yes, I sent for you. Have you heard anything of that woman and the girl?"

"No, sir; and I've left nothing undone. It's clear, sir, the old one had money, and she's off with it, that's all."

"That has been seen again—the ghost, I mean."

Clyffe of Underclyffe said this with a forced laugh, as though in depreciation of the reference to so puerile an affair.

"By 'em all, sir; only they're afraid to say it. Never at the house, however; always at the wood. And as they're only paid to stop indoors, they reasons sensibly and stops there."

"Very well. Now, Martin, it is time to end this folly. You will go with me to-night, and we will see what powder and ball may do."

"Right you are, squire!" exclaimed the man, heartily. "There's nothing like that to settle trouble. A good rifle, a fair shot—and where's your ghost? says I."

These words came back to Reginald Clyffe that night as he drained a full glass of brandy. Although habitually temperate, this was no more to him now than a glass of water would have been.

Midnight sounded as he stepped off the terrace with Jarvis. Noiselessly they crossed the lawn, stealing beneath the heaviest shadows. Then, skirting the forest, crouched low at last in the midnight blackness thick about them. Not a word escaped them. Presently Jarvis touched his master's arm.

"Look!" he motioned.

In the very path which they had taken followed the figure of a woman!

"Good God! the head is covered. I have never seen it so," whispered the man.

"So much the better," was the cool answer. "Take aim. Steady now. Are you afraid, Martin Holmes?"

The words seemed magical. The fellow's teeth pressed hard upon his lip, his strong fingers closed about the gun, speedily was it raised, hurriedly aimed, and then—

"Fire!" hissed Clyffe.

Rudely upon the command dashed the report. A stifled cry pierced even that, and reached these men; and they, from their hiding-place, saw, as the white smoke floated away, a figure lying prostrate—there, where *that* had stood.

A dash across the moonlit space, a strong hand quick to lift that form, a nervous wrench tearing loose the dark mantle—and then, the master still kneeling there so motionless, the man bent down and touched his arm.

"Mr. Clyffe!"

Clyffe of Underclyffe looked up.

"It is my wife," said he. "And she is dead."

Words of such fearful import that anxious Jarvis fairly reeled beneath them.

"Good Lord!" he cried, below his breath. "What will follow this?"

"No harm," answered the gentleman, very calmly. "There, don't show any cowardice, man. She is dead."

"You'll leave her here, sir? Mr. Clyffe, you never knew 'twas *her?*"

"As she fell?—yes," letting the blood-stained mantle drop carelessly over the ghastly face. "I did not suppose that it was—my wife."

Rising, and taking the assassin by the arm, he resolutely turned away from the corpse.

"Come," continued he. "This is an awkward affair, best arranged behind closed doors. As for that," with a backward motion of the hand, "why, a murder more or less should be nothing to you, Martin Holmes."

Cordelia, wife of Reginald Denbigh Clyffe, was buried. They had found the poor child in the little wood with a bullet in her heart.

The bereaved husband could offer no explanation, the servants were equally ignorant. It was all a sickening mystery—one more for the clods to cover.

Through all the day following the funeral did the mourner remain alone in his chamber. The next morning, however, he was himself again—calm, collected and reserved. Looking older and more haggard surely, but meeting his great sorrow as all the world might have expected of such a man as Clyffe of Underclyffe.

## Chapter IV.

THE five years had been five gracious gifts to the master of Underclyffe. Rich he had always been, but now his name stood foremost in the ranks of those to whom Fortune had proved kindest. For, being alone in the world and well nigh broken-hearted, Reginald Clyffe would have sank beneath his affliction had he folded his hands and sat at home. But his was a nature craving excitement. So, with an earnestness which astonished not a few, he turned to commerce for good aid and comfort. He launched his wealth upon the seas, and the propitious waters bore him back a thousand fold. He dashed into hazardous speculations, and where another might have bemoaned a folly, Clyffe of Underclyffe smiled grimly at a strange success.

Now, in all this while, he had not abandoned the old home. To the contrary, a singular attraction drew him to the place. Guests never again darkened the doors, but from time to time the master would run down.

"Let me always find everything as *she* liked and left it. Let nothing be changed, Mrs. Whitmore," would be the reiterated command.

"He loves her still," the old housekeeper never failed to declare to the few allies whom she yet retained about her. "And take my word, no other mistress will he ever bring us, poor soul!"

But there came a day when the master, arriving unexpectedly, was met with a certain air of awkward welcome. He was not slow to perceive this, and so he straightway questioned Jarvis when the latter made his appearance.

"What is the matter here?" he asked.

"Matter?" responded the honest fellow. "Why, sir, they have been seeing *that* again."

"That! What?"

"The ghost," answered Jarvis, in a low whisper.

"You idiot!" commenced the master, but the man broke in upon his anger.

"Now, sir, between us, I can't stand this no longer. You won't let me be a friend——"

"Friend! Is the fellow drunk?" Clyffe of Underclyffe asked this in perfect faith.

"Quite sober, sir, and quite serious. Now wait, Mr. Clyffe, you've got that old name upon the tip of your tongue. Say it, sir. Call me by it, if you please; and then, to end the matter now and for ever, Martin Holmes can tell the *truth*. Now that's what Martin Holmes can do, and what he will."

How the matter would have ended, how far this open defiance might have led, it would have been difficult to divine; but just then there came a tap at the door, and Jarvis, looking out, looked back to say:

"It's your cousin, Mr. Ellesmere, sir."

And, without a bidding, Mr. Ellesmere strode into the room.

"You!" Reginald Clyffe exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I. Close the door."

This to Jarvis, who stood upon the threshold.

"Don't go away," called out the master.

"Excuse me," interposed the visitor. "His movements cannot concern you. It is with *me* you have to deal."

This was said very calmly, but before the relentless purpose in the quiet tones the other could offer no resistance.

Now the master of Underclyffe was no coward, yet, not being conscience clear, he had his natural misgivings. In a hand-to-hand encounter he was certainly no match for his broad-shouldered kinsman; but it would never come to that, he concluded, and so made this concession haughtily:

"Between us there can be nothing in common. Yet, since you are here, I am willing to listen to you, sir."

"I intend it so. To be brief, then, I will commence with this: You remember my last visit, of course; it was sufficiently unpleasant to merit recollection. Well, I rode from here an angered man, burning for revenge. See how chance threw it in my way. I declare to you that when I quitted the broad road and dashed into the narrow one leading through the ravine, I had no thought but that of reaching Tenford sooner. I had not forgotten the mill-stream way. I neared the bridge, reached it, went clattering over the rattling timbers, and, in my mad haste, leveled a wretched creature who turned from the forest path as I entered it. You may imagine that this calmed me. The woman was old, and through my carelessness, a sufferer. She had fainted. I succeeded in reviving her. Unwillingly enough she was forced to accept my good offices, and I led her to her home, a miserable little hovel quite hidden in the tangled woods. No matter how it came about, this I learned, that the old Esther was in hiding. More, I saw her grandchild, a woman young and beautiful—I learned why the poor creatures clung to that place, for they told me *all*. I learned why one, at least, cowered at the bare mention of your name · I learned——"

"Be careful," advised his listener.

"*I learned whose hand had sped the bullet which widowed you and robbed me of my love!*"

"Sir!"

"Be silent!" came the stern command. "Look toward the window."

Only a man passing quietly back and forth, never raising his eyes, never looking toward them, yet evidently losing no movement of either.

"Who is that?"

"An officer. I brought him down to arrest you upon the charge of murder."

"Murder?" he echoed.

"Of your wife, yes. Do not attempt to speak. Those women witnessed the deed—they saw her, saw you. Your confederate, Jarvis, has also confessed to me, not willingly, I acknowledge. Threats were needed, but I have the truth at last, and Martin Holmes has told it. He it was, in fact, who put me in the way of finding you here. His treachery should not astonish you; you were a hard master—the fellow has no love for you."

"I bought him, soul and body," politely objected Mr. Clyffe. "I paid him his price and a good sum over. I cannot understand these qualms of conscience with such as he. Ah! so you know all this, my handsome cousin? You have suborned honest Jarvis, and now come here with a false and stupid charge? Why, you are a fool, Gordon Ellesmere. Take that for your answer, sir, and be gone!"

"See now," continued the unmoved accuser, and his voice fell to a low whisper; "you always kept your pistols in that drawer, your hand is upon it at this moment—if you dared, you would kill me as you did your wife; not face to face, however, but if I were idiot enough to turn my back. Will you listen to one word of advice? Well, *kill yourself*, for I swear to you, that, going from here, you shall go to the gallows!"

Gordon was right. The treacherous hand had stolen up, it had opened the drawer, and now the death-dealing weapon lay within its grasp. With a short, hard laugh, Clyffe stole a glance at the open window. The strange man stood there.

"I'll thank you to hand me that, captain," came the twanging drawl. "Such playthings is dangerous sometimes."

With a scornful exclamation the gentleman sent the pisto crashing through the pane.

"Unless you have another you are lost, you coward!"

With this half-suggestion, Gordon sprang out upon the terrace.

"Officer!" he cried, "arrest this man for the crime of——"

A sharp report broke in upon the words. With one accord the two rushed in the room, to find Clyffe of Underclyffe stretched upon the floor, a corpse! The blue smoke yet floating in the air, the pistol yet clinched in the nerved grasp, the wide eyes staring blindly.

As they raised him, a dark stain spread upon the snowy linen.

"Be careful!"

"Shot through the heart!" exclaimed the officer. "And you just about to order his arrest for the crime of——"

"Did I say *crime?* I spoke excitedly then. It was simply a matter of money, as I told you before we came. I suspected something like this, but *I* would have been the victim had he not known that you were nigh. He was mad, surely!"

A verdict in strict accordance with that rendered by a sapient jury.

So the suicide was buried, and they who bore the body within the gloomy portals of the old vault were somewhat startled at an object lying upon a coffin, which had been placed away off from the others—white roses, nothing more; and the sexton afterward explained their presence there.

"'Twas Mr. Ellesmere brought 'em yesterday," he said, "and he would go in to put them upon poor Mrs. Clyffe."

Gordon Ellesmere, soon after the funeral, came down to Underclyffe as its master, and its master he is to this day. A lonely man, but one tender-hearted, and full of kindly deeds. Following him came old Esther, with her grandchild, Lucy. To these Ellesmere was singularly kind. Whenever he chanced in upon them at the cottage which his care had provided, the girl, Lucy, would meet him always with a little cry and a scrap of song, and then fall to her work again. That welcome told her secret—*she was mad!*

Old Esther was fond, almost to servility.

"You saved my life," she would declare. "If harm had come to me, where could she have gone?"

She, poor wreck of innocence and youth! She whom Reginald Clyffe had betrayed and abandoned, once overhearing this, looked up with a vacant smile.

"He will come to-night," she whispered, pleasantly.

"Do you hear her?" cried Esther, "do you? I never listen to her saying that but this comes to me keener yet. If it had not been for my poor Lucy, *his wife* might have been living now."

"Hush!" said Gordon, again listening to the painful story. "Hush, it was the will of Heaven."

"Nay, the wickedness of man. He used to meet my girl

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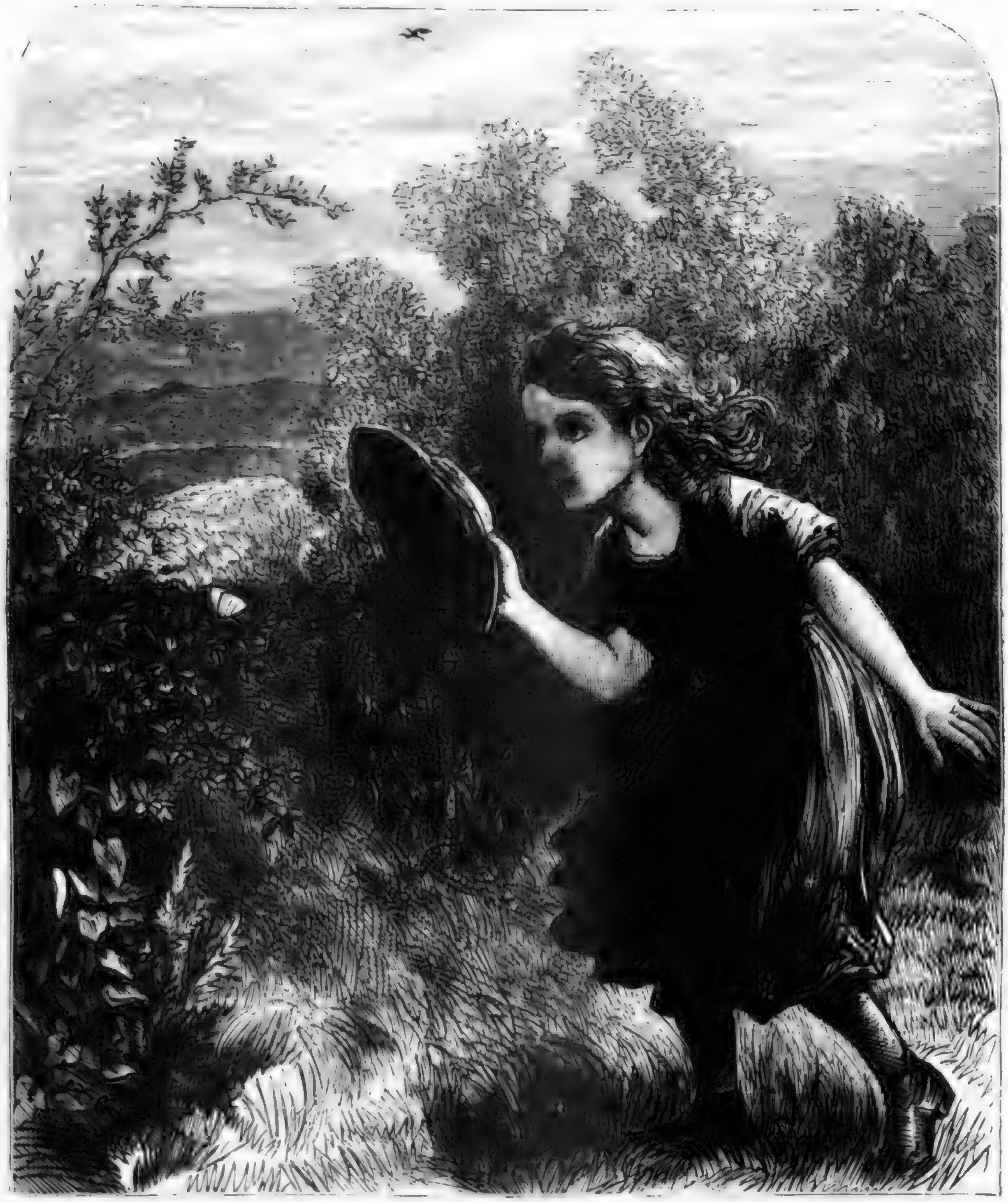
in that wood, and she, ever since her trouble when he cast her off, in spite of me, would steal out there to wait for him who never came. Ghost! Ah, he knew who was the ghost that tormented him. Oh, sir, how I have saved and starved, and almost begged, to keep her, to hide her from him! But she would be here only. 'Stay,' said he, 'I will always befriend you.' And I was obliged to stay, for Lucy would be unmanageable at any other place. Somehow I was afraid of Mr. Clyffe wasn't the man to give a servant the chance to speak to him."

"Then he knew who the ghost really was?"

"Yes, he knew 'twas only Lucy, for he met her once. That was long before she grew so bad as this. He was afraid of her after that, afraid of what she might say or do to his wife. He never told me so, but I have seen it, I have seen it. Oh, sir, two men buying and selling their souls to kill one poor, half-witted creature, and she what one of 'em had made her. Ah, but the Lord is just, for she who would take my girl's place kept it to the end. Neither of them, Jarvis nor him, suspected that we knew about the murder, and before daybreak I was off again with my Lucy. Ah, well, it's over, and I'm thankful that Jarvis is gone for good, sir; I'll breathe freer like."

For Jarvis had gone. His going had thus come about:



"NOW I'LL CATCH YOU, I'M SURE."

him; so I persuaded her, and we stole away. Jarvis gave me the word, you see. That Jarvis wasn't all bad then, sir. I do believe he pitied us, as, indeed, who wouldn't? When he found that we'd come back again, he laughed and said he'd keep our secret from Mr. Clyffe if I'd keep Lucy quiet. With Jarvis for a friend, and I believed him one, I felt safe enough. No one ever came a-nigh us, and even if any of the servants should find out that we were there, I wouldn't worry.

Guided by what he had learned concerning Lucy, and influenced by a strange suspicion of wrong-doing, Gordon Ellesmere contrived to see the gardener. That disinterested worker was sullenly uncommunicative; so the lover waited and watched.

The idea of finding an ally in old Esther never suggested itself to him. Imagine, then, his astonishment and joy when she found him and came to him with the *truth;* for she had witnessed the deed. This, then, gleaned from her gratitude, behold him once again with Jarvis. Harassed by his conscience, made desperate through his fears, the miserable wretch now made a full confession.

"I had no idea of killing her," he protested. "I thought it was Lucy, and I liked the child too well to do *her* a harm. You wouldn't think it of me, I know, but my heart was kind for the poor creature, sir—my hand must have trembled, for he had a way of calling me by *that other name* which quite upset me. He'd say it so that it seemed like as if the whole world was ringing with it. He kept me down with it like a dog. Curse it, sir, he called me *Martin, Martin Holmes,* that night, or else I'd not have *this* upon my soul! *He's* the murderer, not *me,*" frowning and with sudden spite.

"Who gave him the idea of going there?"

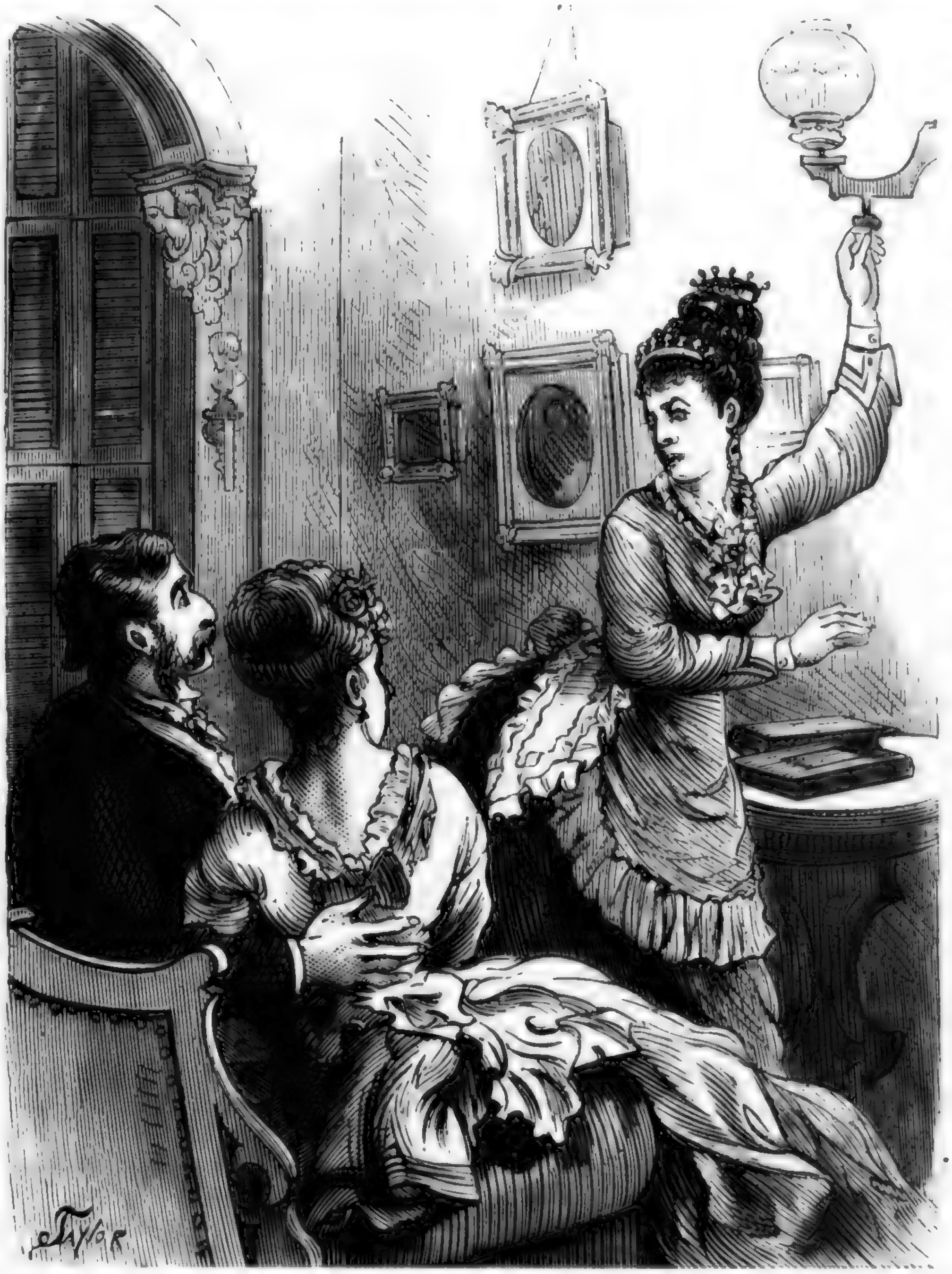
"I did. The fools about the place were frightened, and I knew he'd hear of it. I never for one moment supposed that he would act upon my old advice. He did, though, and I had no choice but to obey—and now, if I am to swing for that, I'll make his bones rattle in their fine coffin, for I'll cry out the truth from the scaffold."

"You need not fear, I shall not betray you." Mr. Ellesmere turned from *her* murderer with a sickening sensation of loathing. "You are safe."

So the ill-conditioned rogue was sent to a foreign land with but this warning: "*Never return!*" and he remained there.

Once again going to the cottage, the master found Lucy sleeping. White roses were upon her pillow, rosebuds lay upon her breast.

"She loved them so!" said old Esther, between her sobs. "Surely she may have them now that she is dead."



HOW I ASKED FOR NELLIE MAYTON.—"I SAW, UNDER THE CHANDELIER, WITH A WONDER-STRUCK COUNTENANCE, NELLIE MAYTON HERSELF."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

THIS beautiful and unfortunate lady, who was surnamed the White Rose of Scotland, in compliment to her many graces, personal and mental, was Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, and granddaughter of James, King of Scotland. In 1495 she was married to the impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who was foisted by the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy upon King James as Prince Richard of York, the veritable son of Edward IV., and who was supposed to be murdered with his elder brother in the Tower of London.

This pretended son of Edward IV. was in reality the legal son of a renegade Jew of Tournay, named John Osbeck, or Warbeck, who for many years was a goldsmith in Lombard Street, London. Becoming personally intimate with the gallant king, that amorous monarch bestowed so much favor on the Jew banker's wife that, on the birth of Peterkin, or Perkin Warbeck, he stood godfather to the child. The extraordinary resemblance between the royal sponsor and the infant strengthened the scandal of the time that Mrs. Warbeck was one of Edward's mistresses.

On the death of that king, Warbeck returned to Flanders, and took his child with him. As he grew up, his personal beauty, courtly manners, and extraordinary likeness to his royal godfather introduced him to the notice of Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, whose hatred of Henry

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VII. of England induced her to tutor Perkin Warbeck to pass himself off as the legitimate son of Edward IV., and consequently the rightful king of England. Having furnished him with means, he landed in Ireland in May, 1492, and proclaimed himself King Richard of England, denouncing Henry VII. as a usurper. Being recognized by France and Scotland as the legitimate monarch, he was enabled to make head for a short time in Ireland; but being defeated, he fled to Scotland, where he was received with open arms by James, who gave him his granddaughter, Catharine Gordon, in marriage. In 1497, Perkin Warbeck was compelled to fly from St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, before the conquering forces of Henry, leaving his fair bride behind. She was taken prisoner and sent to London, where she was kindly received by the English king, who retained her in his court as lady of honor to his queen, Elizabeth.

Our picture on page 104 represents the meeting of the English king and the White Rose of Scotland. When her impostor husband, Perkin Warbeck, was hanged at Tyburn, in 1499, she married Sir Matthew Cradock, a Welsh gentleman of large estates and influence. History adds that after his death she married twice more, surviving all her husbands. She was buried by the side of her second husband, Sir Matthew Cradock, in Swansea Church.

# HOW I ASKED FOR NELLIE MAYTON.

I AM a modest man. Modesty is in many people a virtue; in me it is an absolute fault. I have spent all my life in New York City. I have been in society for years. I have been a drygoods clerk, an advertising agent, and a Custom-house broker, and yet I am, under certain circumstances, a sufferer from modesty, or bashfulness, or whatever people may please to call it.

Notwithstanding ordinary good looks, respectable manners, a good business and plenty of affection, I remained unmarried, and even unengaged, for years after the day I determined I had been a single man long enough.

Not that I did not fall in love, for I loved often and ardently; but it always happened that, before I could muster courage sufficient for a declaration and proposal, some other man would be smitten by the charms of the lady I was adoring, and I could do nothing but hasten to relieve my heart of affection for another man's wife.

Time after time this same thing happened. I could make myself agreeable in company, and chat pleasantly with all of my lady acquaintances; but the moment I found myself feeling unusual tenderness for any one of them, I was sure to feel so terribly embarrassed in her presence that I generally put an end to my hopes by keeping out of the lady's presence as much as possible.

I finally began to doubt whether I should ever get a wife at all. I lacked but a few years of middle age, and what tender, susceptible girl, such as I should hope to win, would marry an old man?

Frightened by the thought, I solemnly resolved that, should I ever again fall in love, I would promptly declare my passion, and earnestly press my suit.

My resolution had not time to cool before I succumbed to the resistless power of Nellie Mayton's eyes. Nellie did not purposely look witchingly at me with her deep brown eyes—girls *never* do such things purposely—but by some fortunate accident she gave me a glance which immediately made me her adoring slave.

As she was an old acquaintance, I did not think a deliberate courtship was necessary; on the contrary, I determined to tell my story at once, come of it what might.

The time consumed at my toilet on that eventful night was far more than I had devoted to that duty even in my foppiest days. But, in spite of all I could do, my nose would look a little red, and a slight razor-cut on my cheek insisted on looking angry; my cravat acted as if possessed by a human soul in the most abjectly depraved condition, and my shoes took a mild polish only with reluctance.

I finally reached Mrs. Mayton's mansion, and rang the bell. Fortunately for me, Nellie had neither father, brother or sister, and as her mother was the busiest woman in her set, I felt reasonably sure of finding Nellie alone.

I was not disappointed. As I entered the parlor, Nellie was at the piano, putting into sweet sounds an exquisite reverie of her own. She did not hear the servant announce me, so her dainty fingers continued to tenderly chase each other over the ivory keys, while the balmy air of the warm Spring evening and the soft shades of the gathering twilight seemed in full sympathy with the beautiful girl and her feelings.

Never before had she seemed to me so exquisitely beautiful as now; and as the purpose of my visit suggested itself to me, I felt more hopelessly bashful than ever—it seemed that only the perfection of all manliness should dare to ask for the heart of so angelic a being. I struggled desperately against an inclination to retire before she should know of my presence, and to cut off any possibility of retreat I cleared my throat violently.

Nellie turned quickly upon the piano-stool, without recovering from the soulful trance into which she had fallen, and, with her glorious eyes, she looked into my face as if she would read my soul.

"Nellie!" I exclaimed, but I could not remember another word of the tender declaration I had composed before leaving home.

I was conscious of flushing violently, and of opening my mouth to speak words which would not come; but the searching eyes which were fixed on mine read my story there, and the ripe, tender lips below them broke into a pleased smile.

As she arose from the piano, I, with an imploring look, threw my arms about her, and the drooping of her beautiful head upon my shoulder answered all my unspoken questions.

I led my beautiful darling to a sofa, and there, with unloosed tongue, I whispered in her not unwilling ear a story which seemed to interest her greatly. In the enthusiasm which possessed me after I had regained my speech, I went beyond a mere declaration of love—I asked Nellie to be my wife. She answered in the sweetest whisper in the world:

"Yes, if mamma is willing."

In an instant I was shivering violently. Ask Mrs. Mayton's consent! I had rather have proposed to half the marriageable ladies in New York! Not that there was anything frightful about Mrs. Mayton; on the contrary, she was the impersonation of politeness, goodness, tact, kindness and all other virtues, as well as being brilliant, witty and, despite her forty years, extremely handsome. But when she listened to any one, it was with a look which plainly said, "No nonsense, now." When she found occasion to use sarcasm, she was most unmercifully sharp and bitter, and her power of mimicry was such that she could imitate to perfection every tone of her miserable victim. To think of facing her with any possible risk of her disapproving of my suit was simply dreadful.

Suddenly Nellie, asking me to excuse her for a moment, left the parlor. Out of the darkness I conjured up dreadful visions of Mrs. Mayton in every pose and feature of disdain, and, aside from any other cause, I was thankful when the gentle step and rustling dress of my darling announced her return.

As she sat down on the sofa I stole my arm about her waist, and exclaimed:

"Nellie, I am not a coward, but how *can* I ever ask your mother's consent?"

She trembled for an instant as she felt the pressure of my arm, but she made no reply.

"She is so terribly sarcastic—so cutting, when she wishes to be," I continued.

"She certainly is," said Nellie, in a very serious tone.

"So merciless—so pitiless, in fact," said I.

"Very true," replied Nellie, with considerable emphasis.

"So you—do you know what she thinks of me?" I asked.

"Well," drawled Nellie, rather reluctantly, "the truth is, she thinks you're a goose—she said so this very day."

"Perhaps she will pity me a little when she knows how I love you," said I.

"I don't know," said Nellie, dubiously. "She says she don't believe you'll ever amount to anything, and she's sorry for the poor girl who is taken in by you."

Cold drops of perspiration stood on my brow. In one terrible moment I repented of having told Nellie of my love, but the taunting she had repeated so insulted my pride that I cried:

"You *shall* be my wife, despite anything she may think or say!"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Nellie, as we heard footsteps near us, "perhaps that is mother, now."

As the unknown touched the chandelier, I attempted to remove my arm from its resting-place, but my darling, apparently determined to force an issue at once, and to uphold me in my critical moment, caught my wrist tightly with ten soft but very strong little fingers. There was a hiss of gas, and then a bright flash, and as, with a desperate attempt at calmness, I raised my head to meet my doom, I saw under the chandelier, with a wonder-struck countenance, Nellie Mayton herself, while a loud peal of laughter escaped from her mother, who was tightly locked in my arms!"

"What *are* you two people doing?" said Nellie, slowly recovering her senses.

"Why," said Mrs. Mayton, with an air of self-forgetful resignation, "I came into the parlor a moment ago, and took a seat on the sofa, in the dark, and this impudent fellow—I'm old enough to be his mother—put his arm around me, and wondered how he could ever ask my mother's consent. When your father proposed, he was thoughtful enough to ask *my* consent first, but I suppose the fashion of courtship has changed since then. It made my blood boil to hear your saintly grandma called merciless, and sarcastic, and cutting, and all sorts of dreadful things; but I've borne it meekly for your sake, Nellie, that you might have a step-father young and silly enough to sympathize with you, and——"

"He's my own lover," said Nellie, with a laugh and a blush, as she boxed her mother's ears, and hid herself in my arms.

Mrs. Mayton gave us a look of mock indignation, but only for a moment, for two motherly tears entirely hid the sharpness of her eyes; then the lips I had dreaded so much gave each of us a kiss which was likewise a blessing.

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We increase our wealth when we lessen our desires.

## HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

Nothing is, perhaps, more striking at the present day than the roaming of French, and especially English hunters and sportsmen. The days of Nimrod have come again, and it is probably from this Nimrodic tendency that a recent English writer has issued a volume to show that the Catholic Church is only the worship of Nimrod and his mother. That the English worship Nimrod is evident, whether Dr. Pusey had anything to do with it or not.

*Quæ regio in terris nostris non plera labores,* may well be the cry of the animal kingdom. No part of earth is free from the English hunter. We wondered, a few years since, to see some sprigs of the insular aristocracy coming across the Atlantic to get a chance shot at a bison on the Western prairies; but what is that to plunging into the interior of Africa, not to increase our store of knowledge, but merely to have the boast of having killed lions, giraffes, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses?

The hunting is always attended with danger, and is in some respects an excellent school. The rhinoceros, proof on almost all points against spear or ball, with his immense power, makes the hunt a most exciting one, mild as the animal is when undisturbed. Owing, indeed, to this, it retires from parts frequented by men to the dense and secluded portions yet left comparatively unvisited by those who wield the deadly rifle. The hunter has accordingly to secure the aid of a party of natives, and seek it in its chosen haunts, often in deeply excavated passages along the declivities of hills and mountains. Roused from these, and infuriated by clamor, it rushes on; the hunter, often at great peril, taking the shot he has so labored to get the opportunity of firing.

The rhinoceros is probably the leviathan of Job. In modern times, the first specimen seen in Europe was one sent from India to the King of Portugal, in 1573, and by him presented to the Pope; although his Holiness did not enjoy the pleasure of seeing it, the beast having, in a paroxysm of fury, stove in the side of the frail vessel that was bearing it over the Mediterranean, and gone to the bottom. In 1685, a live one reached England, of the one-horned kind, and many followed; but no specimen of the two-horned rhinoceros, Keitloa, has ever been seen there.

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## THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

Once upon a time there was a widow, a very worthy woman, who had two daughters, both of whom were very amiable; the eldest was named Blanche, the second Vermeille. They had been given these names because the first had the fairest complexion in the world; and the second, cheeks and lips as red as vermilion or the finest coral. One day the good widow, sitting at her door spinning, saw a poor old woman, who could with difficulty walk, even with the aid of a stick.

"You seem very tired," said the good widow to the old creature: "sit down a moment and rest," and immediately desired her daughters to place a chair for her. They both rose directly, but Vermeille ran quicker than her sister and brought the chair. "Will you take something to drink?" said the good woman to the old one.

"With all my heart," replied she; "I could even eat something, if you could give me a morsel to refresh me."

"I will give you all in my power," said the good widow; "but I am poor, and it will not be much."

At the same time she told her daughters to attend on the old woman, who placed herself at the table; and the good

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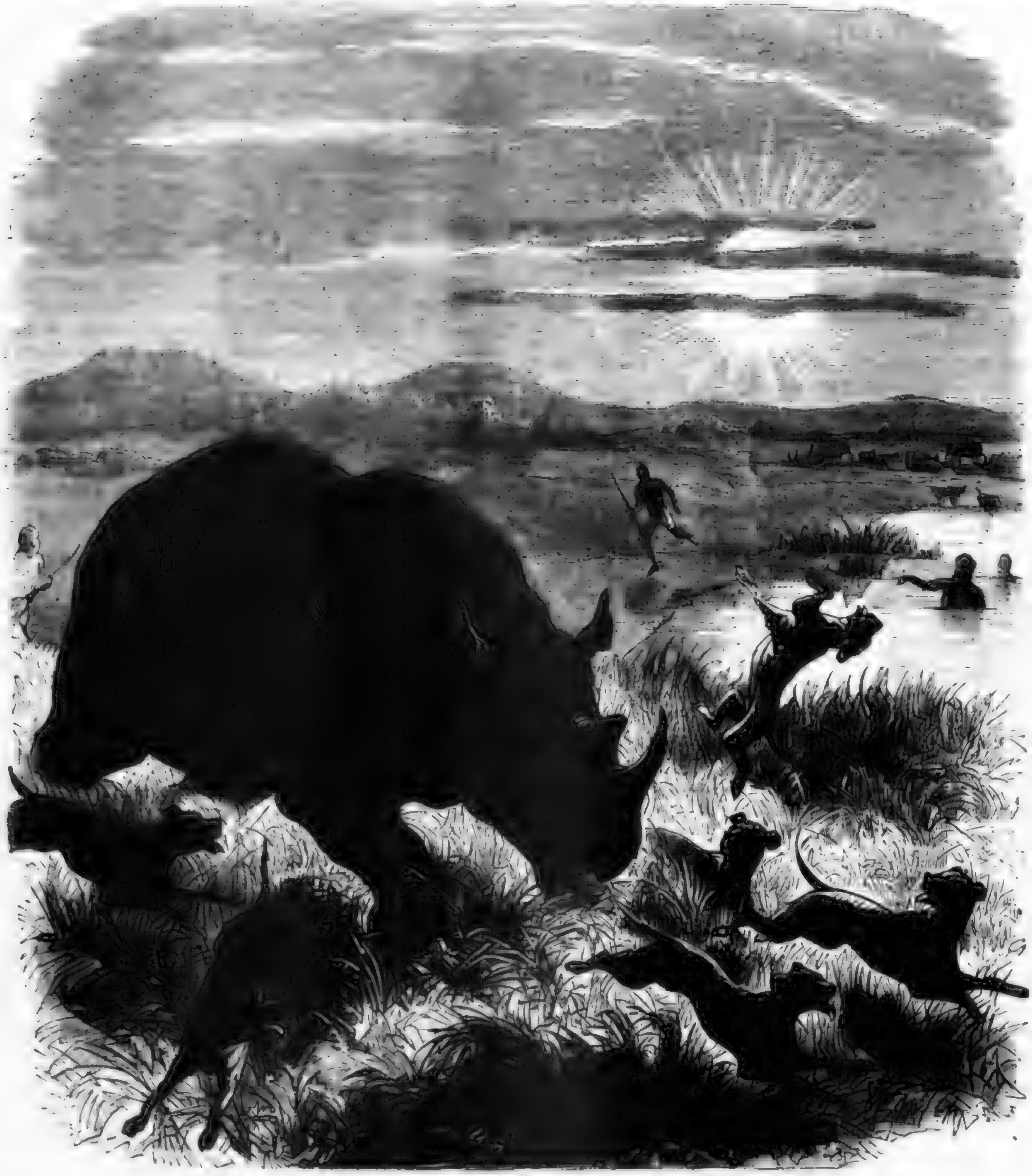
widow told her eldest daughter to go and gather some plums from a tree which the young girl had planted herself, and of which she was very fond.

Blanche, instead of obeying her mother cheerfully, murmured against this order, and said to herself, "It was not for this old, greedy creature that I have taken so much care of my plum-tree." She dared not refuse, however, to gather some of the plums; but she did so with an ill grace.



HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.—SEE PAGE 111.

"And you, Vermeille," said the good woman to her second daughter, "you have no fruit to give this good lady, for your grapes are not yet ripe."

"True," said Vermeille; "but I hear my hen cluck; she has just laid an egg, and if madame will like to eat it warm, I will give it to her with all my heart."

At the same time, without awaiting the reply of the old woman, she ran to fetch the egg; but at the same moment that she presented it to the stranger she disappeared, and they saw in her place a beautiful lady, who said to the mother:

"I am about to reward your two daughters according to their deserts. The eldest shall become a great queen, the second a farmer's wife." At the same time, striking the cottage with her stick, it disappeared, and they saw in its place a pretty farm. "There is your lot," she said to Vermeille. "I know that I have given to each that which she will like best."

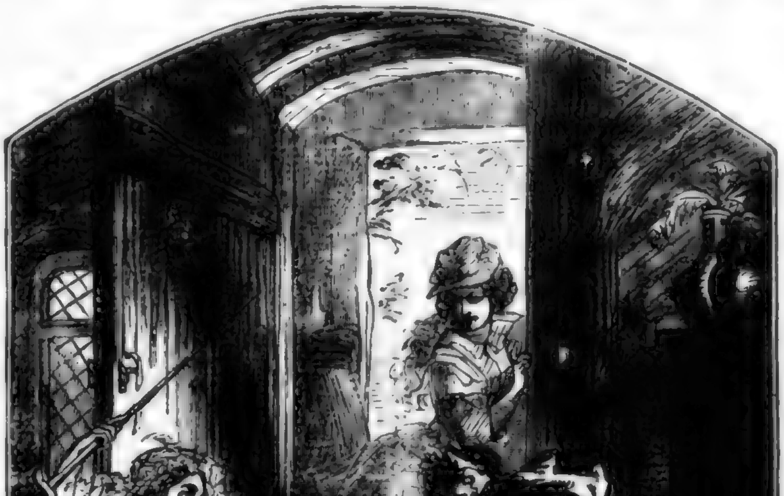
The fairy departed as she uttered these words, and the mother, as well as her two daughters, remained struck with astonishment. They entered the farmhouse, and were charmed with the style of the furniture. The chairs were only of wood, but they were so polished that they could see themselves reflected in them as in a mirror. The bed-linen was white as snow. In the farmyard there were twenty rams and as many sheep, four oxen, four cows, and in the poultry-yard all kinds of fowls, hens, ducks, pigeons, etc. There was also a pretty garden, filled with fruits and flowers.

Blanche saw without envy the present which had been made to her sister, and reveled in the delightful anticipations of being a queen. Suddenly she heard hunters passing, and going to the door to see them, she appeared so beautiful in the eyes of the king, who was returning from the chase, that he resolved immediately to marry her.

Blanche having become queen, said to her sister Vermeille:

"I will not have you remain a farmer; come with me, sister, and I will give you in marriage to a great lord."

"I am much obliged, sister," replied Vermeille; "but I am accustomed to the country, and wish to remain there."



THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.—"'I AM ABOUT TO REWARD YOUR TWO DAUGHTERS ACCORDING TO THEIR DESERTS. THE ELDEST SHALL BECOME A GREAT QUEEN, THE SECOND A FARMER'S WIFE."—SEE PAGE 111.

For the first few months Queen Blanche was so much occupied with balls, fine clothes and plays, that she thought of nothing else. But she soon became accustomed to such things, and they amused her no longer; on the contrary, she became very miserable. All the ladies of her court paid her great respect in her presence, but she knew that they did not like her, and that they said amongst themselves, "Look at this little peasant, how she assumes the fine lady; the king had a very low taste to choose such a wife."

This kind of conversation made the king reflect. He began to think that he had done wrong in marrying Blanche, and as his love for her declined he neglected her, and passed his time with the handsomest ladies of his court.

When it was perceived that the king no longer loved his wife, the courtiers ceased to pay her any respect. She was very unhappy, for she had not a single real friend to whom she could relate her griefs. She saw that it was the fashion at court to betray friends for interested motives, to appear to love those whom they hated, and to tell falsehoods every moment. She was obliged to look serious, because they said that a queen ought to have a grave and majestic air.

She had several children, and during all this time she had a doctor continually attending her, who examined everything she ate, and took from her everything she liked. They put no salt in her soup; they forbade her to walk when she was inclined to do so; in a word, she was contradicted from morning till night. They gave governesses to her children, who brought them up very improperly, without her having the liberty to find fault. Poor Blanche was near dying of grief, and she became so thin that she excited the commiseration of everybody. She had not seen her sister during the years that she had been queen, because she thought that a person of her rank would be degraded by visiting a farmer; but, being overcome with melancholy, she resolved at length to go and pass some days in the country to amuse herself a little. She asked permission of the king, who willingly granted it, because he thought it would be a good riddance. On her road she came to the farm of Vermeille, and at a distance she saw before the door a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing and amusing themselves with all their hearts.

"Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "when shall I ever divert myself like these poor people, with no one to find fault with me?"

As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to her to embrace her. She had such a contented air, she was grown so stout, that the queen could not help crying at seeing her.

Vermeille had married a young peasant who had no fortune, but always remembered that he was indebted to his wife for all that he possessed, and he sought, by his indulgent manner, to mark his gratitude for her. Vermeille had not many servants, but they were as fond of her as if they had been her children, because she treated them as such. All her neighbors also loved her, and all sought to give her proof of it. She had not much money, but she had no need of it, for she obtained from her land corn, wine and oil in sufficiency. Her flocks furnished her with milk, with which she made butter and cheese. She spun the wool of her sheep to make clothes for herself, as well as for her husband, and for two children which she had. They were in wonderfully good health; and in the evenings, when their work was done, they amused themselves with all kind of games.

"Alas!" cried the queen, "the fairy has made me an unlucky present in bestowing on me a crown. Happiness is not to be found in magnificent palaces, but in the innocent occupations of the country."

Hardly had she uttered these words when the fairy appeared.

"I intended not to reward you, but to punish you, by making you a queen," said the fairy, "because you begrudged giving me your plums. In order to be happy, you must, like your sister, only possess such things as are necessary, and wish for no more."

"Ah! madame," cried Blanche, "you are sufficiently revenged. Terminate my misery."

"It is ended," replied the fairy; "the king, who loves you no longer, has just repudiated you to marry another wife, and to-morrow his officers will come to order you, in his name, not to return to the palace."

This occurred as the fairy had predicted. Blanche passed the rest of her days with her sister Vermeille in peace and happiness, and never thought of the court but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to the village.

## JACK KETCH AND HIS WAGES.

In connection with the unfavored task of public executioner and hangman, and in the history of his office, there are some items of information which may not be uninteresting, no less to the general reader than to the lover of the curious.

The popular title of "Jack Ketch," as applied to this officer, has been the subject of much dispute, and various conjectures have been adduced to account for its origin One is that it is the provincial pronunciation of the word *catch*, with an obvious signification. In Lloyd's MS. collection of English pedigrees, in the British Museum, it is stated that the manor of Tyburn, where executions were so long performed, was formerly held by one Richard Jacquett, from whence comes the name Jack Ketch by corruption. B. E. Gent, in his "Canting Dictionary," however, gives it as the name of a veritable hangman, remaining as the (we may say) official designation of his successors.

This true Jack Ketch was the executioner of Lord William Russell and the Duke of Monmouth, in 1685. Previous to his execution, the duke gave Ketch six guineas, that he should perform his work expeditiously, and not cause him the pain that he had Lord Russell. "Pray do your work well, and do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times," said the duke; and he asked to feel the ax, remarking, "I fear it is not sharp enough."

Despite his injunctions, however, the executioner was much perturbed, and he only wounded the duke so slightly with the first blow that the latter raised his head and looked reproachfully at him. He then received two more ineffectual strokes, after which Ketch threw the ax down, saying he "could not finish his work." The threats of the sheriffs, however, caused him to renew the attempt, and with two more blows he severed the duke's head.

What seems to favor the view that it was from this official that the name was derived is, that previously the executioners were known by their own names, as appears from various contemporary allusions to the office, whereas they were afterward known by this cognomen.

In Dekker's "Bellman of London" (1608) mention is twice made of the then hangman, Derrick. In the article on "Prigging Law," it says: "For he rides his circuit with the Devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tiburne the land at which he will light." And again, "At the gallows, where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if *Derrick's cables do but hold.*"

It is stated that Derrick held his post for nearly half a century. From him came the name of "derrick," as applied to the temporary crane used by sailors and others, and formed by lashing spars together, gibbet fashion.

It is a curious instance of the strange vicissitude of fortune that this man, who served in the expedition against Cadiz, commanded by the Earl of Essex, and whose life was saved by that nobleman, when he had forfeited it through the commission of some offense, should be the one who afterward executed the unfortunate earl.

According to the late Dr. Rimbault, the earliest hangman of whom we have any mention is one Bull, who is noticed in Harvey's tract, entitled "Pierce's Supererogation," published in 1593. In the year 1616, Gregory Brandon was public executioner.

On the death of Gregory Brandon, he was succeeded in the office by his son Richard, to whom some interest attaches from the fact of his being the executioner of the "royal martyr," Charles I. There has been some controversy as to who acted in this capacity on the occasion in question, but it seems to be proved beyond doubt that Richard Brandon was the one concerned. He lived in Rosemary Lane, and appended to the entry of his death in the register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, under date June 21st, 1649, is a note evidently of about the same time, stating, "this R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First."

In a rare tract also, dated the same year, entitled the "Confessions of Richard Brandon, the Hangman," it is stated, "he likewise confessed that he had £30 for his pains, all paid in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was given, and that he had an orange stuck with cloves and a handkerchief out of the king's pocket so soon as he was carried from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterward sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane."

It is said that every article which had been stained with the king's blood was immediately removed to the Tower and reduced to ashes. His watch, the shirt, stained at the wrist with blood, and the white silk drawers which he wore on the occasion, with the sheet that was thrown over his body, are still preserved at Ashburnham Place, the seat of the earls of that name, whose ancestor, John Ashburnham, was "page of the bedchamber" to Charles I., and also to Charles II.

The place of execution in London was removed from Tyburn to the front of Newgate in 1783, and about this time, it is stated, each execution was attended with an expense of about nine pounds.

In addition to the wages, there were also perquisites attaching to the hangman's office, he being entitled to the clothes worn by the condemned persons. In More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," it is related that, on the morning of his execution, the latter put on a silk camlet gown, which had been sent to him whilst he was in the Tower by a citizen of Lucca. The Lieutenant of the Tower, however, said that a worse garment would be good enough for him whose it would become, and persuaded Sir Thomas to change it for one made of frieze.

When the Rev. Mr. Hackman was hung for the murder of Miss Reay, the Earl of Sandwich's mistress, it is said that, on throwing down his handkerchief as the signal for the cart to move on, the hangman, instead of immediately whipping up the horse, first snatched up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights. Money presents also from those executed seem to have been frequent.

*Apropos* of the clothes of condemned persons, it may be noted that Mrs. Turner, who was hanged for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, suffered at Tyburn, in the starched "Yellow Tinny Ruff and Cuff," of which she was the inventor, and the hangman's bands and cuffs were also yellow. Earl Ferrers, who was hanged, in 1760, for the murder of his steward, was attired in his wedding suit at his execution, and in consideration of his rank he was permitted to be hung with a silken rope! The highwaymen and others seem to have had some pride in appearing gayly dressed upon that last scene which almost invariably terminated their career. Rann, who was called "Sixteen-string Jack," in allusion to a bunch of sixteen strings which he wore at the knees of his breeches, as recording the number of times that he had been tried and acquitted, and who was executed in 1774 for robbing Dr. Bell, the chaplain to the Princess Amelia, is stated to have worn a coat of bright pea-green color, while he bore in his hand a large nosegay, which he received from one of the dissolute women who used, in those days, to assemble on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and there present flowers and bid farewell to their quondam associates. Swift, in his "Tom Clinch Going to be Hanged," thus alludes to another custom prevailing on these occasions:

> "As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
> He stopped at the "George" for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it—when he came back.
> His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white,
> His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie 't;
> And the maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
> And cried 'Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!'"

Stowe, in his "History of London," tells us that, formerly, convicts on their way to Tyburn were presented with a bowl of ale at St. Gile's Hospital, "thereof to drink at their pleasure, as their last refreshing in this life." There is a Yorkshire saying applied to a man who quits his friends too early at a convivial meeting, that "he will be hanged for leaving his liquor, like the saddler of Bawtry," which is thus explained: "Between the city of York and its place of execution was an inn, called for many years 'The Gallows House,' at which the procession with condemned persons was accustomed to stop, that they might regale themselves. The saddler in question, however, refused this refreshment, and hastened on to execution. Too late a reprieve arrived, which would have saved his life had he only waited, as was usual, at the inn." Hogarth, in his print of the idle apprentice going to be hanged, in the Industry and Idleness series, gives a spirited picture of the scene at Tyburn in those days. Here is the triangular gibbet, with the hangman reclining on the top, calmly smoking a pipe, the sheriff in his carriage, the cart containing a coffin, and Tom Idle, with agonized features, reading from a Bible, while the minister beside him points heavenward, and the ribald crowd shouting, fighting and drinking.

## INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH.

Along the shores of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, are many settlements of Chippewa and French half-breed Indians, who have there congregated in consequence of the excellent facilities for fishing. The scene in the midst of the Rapids, where the water boils and dashes past the boulders that rise suddenly from the river's bed, is not only exciting to the tourist, but indicative of one opportunity the Indians enjoy of gaining a subsistence.

The Columbia, as well as other rivers flowing into icy water, swarms with white-fish, a member of the salmon family, peculiar to North America. In October, they enter the rivers to spawn, and after a visit of three or four weeks, they commence their migrations. The Indians pass the Rapids in their well-braced canoes, and, furnished with stout gill-nets, scoop the fish as they attempt to leave the locality. The labor and exposure of catching this dainty marine food by such means is very great, and on Lake Champlain the Indians calculate the time of retreat, and spread seines which collect large numbers. This fish, as its name implies, is of a whitish color, and forms the principal food of these Indians and of the fur traders of British America. It resembles the shad, and its flesh is of exquisite flavor.

## A LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

There was once a German duke who disguised himself, and during the night placed a great stone in the middle of the road, near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant, named Hans, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart.

"Oh, these lazy people!" said he. "There is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way."

And so Hans went on his way, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. He had a bright plume waving from his helmet, and a sword dangling by his side, and went singing merrily on his way. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. This stopped his song, and he began to storm at the country people, and call them "boors and blockheads, for leaving a huge rock in the road for a gentleman to fall over." Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants, with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the village, near the duke's palace. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them, named Berthold, cried out:

"Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks, and nobody tried to remove it. Then the duke sent around word to all the people on his lands to meet at a deep cut in the road, called Dornthou, near where the stone lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered at the Dornthou. Each side of the cut was thronged with people overlooking the road. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so was Berthold, the merchant.

And now a winding horn was heard, and the people all strained their necks and eyes toward the castle, as a splendid cavalcade came galloping up to the Dornthou. The duke rode into the cut, got down from his horse, and, with a pleasant smile, began to speak to the people thus:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbors for not taking it out of the way."

When he had spoken these words, he stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, lined with white pebbles, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held it up, that all the people might see what was written on it. On a piece of paper, fastened to the bag, were these words, "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, bright golden coins.

Then everybody wished that he had moved the stone, instead of going around it, and only blaming his neighbors. They all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of helpfulness. And *we* shall lose many a price, as we go on in life, if we don't form this habit. The bag of money was the duke's promise of a reward for helpfulness. But that promise was hidden away under the stone so that no one could see it.

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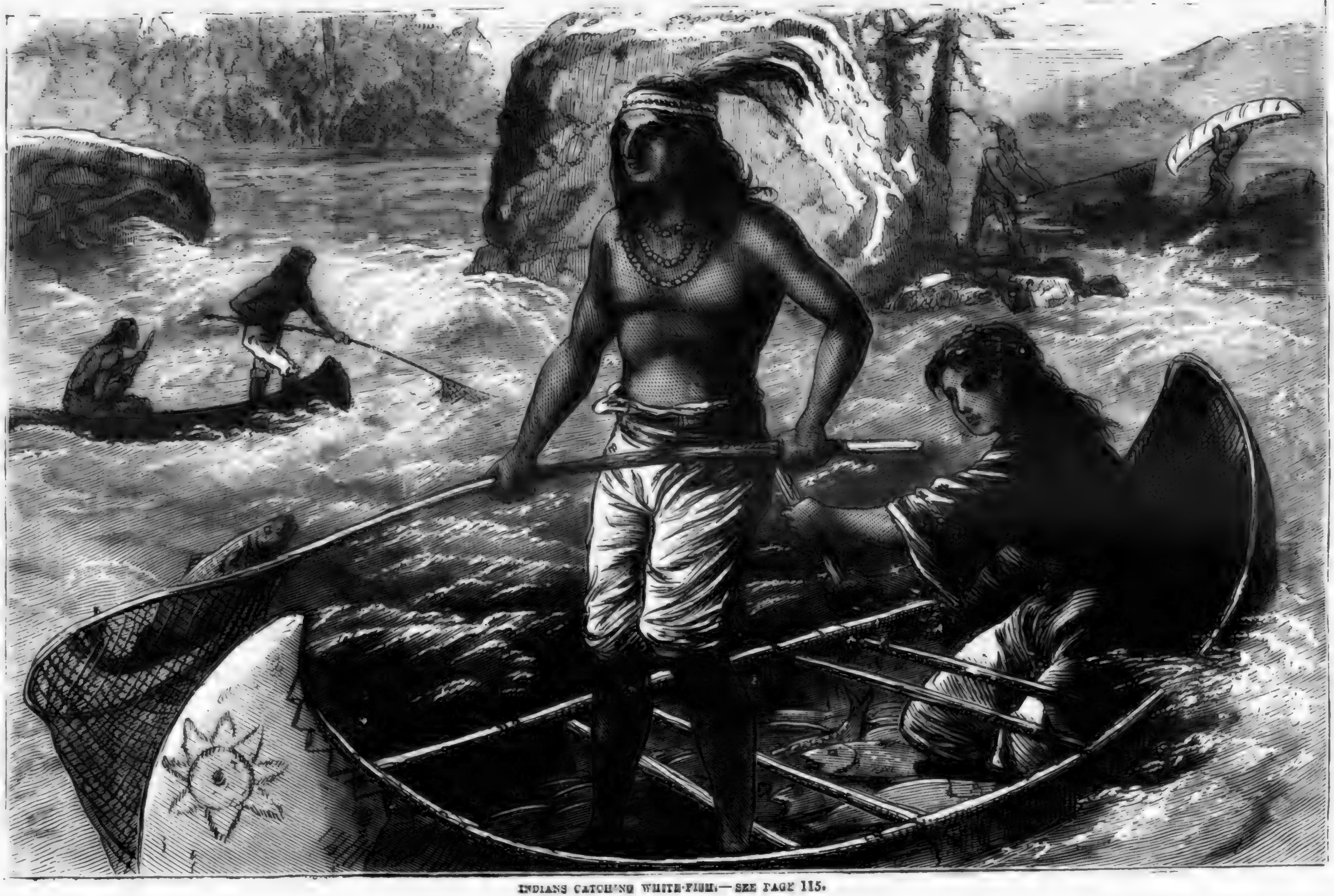

INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH.—SEE PAGE 115.

# SALT.

## Its Occurrence, Manufacture, and Uses.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy

Salt is the only mineral used directly as an article of food by all races of men It must have been known to the most ancient inhabitants of the globe, as we find tracings of workings side by side with cave dwellings; and later on, Greek inscriptions over the entrances to abandoned mines. As soon as mankind were able to produce fire artificially, they also learned how to cook food, and after that their instincts would have led them to salt as being necessary to the healthful performance of the animal functions. Many places where salt is now worked must have been visited by early Greek explorers, as the names applied to them are of Grecian origin — for example: Hall, Hallstadt, Hallein, Halle, are evidently derived from *als*, the Greek word for salt. At all three of these places salt has been manufactured for a great number of years.

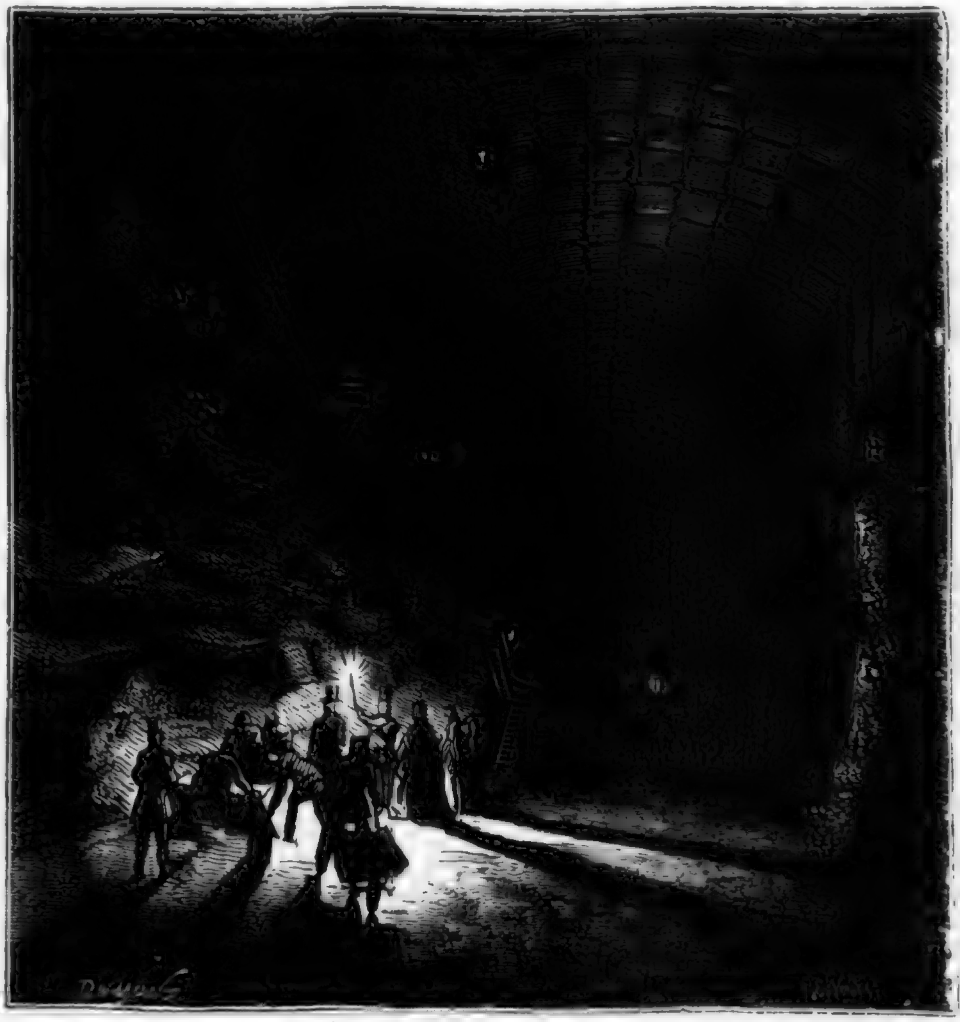

FIG. 1.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA.

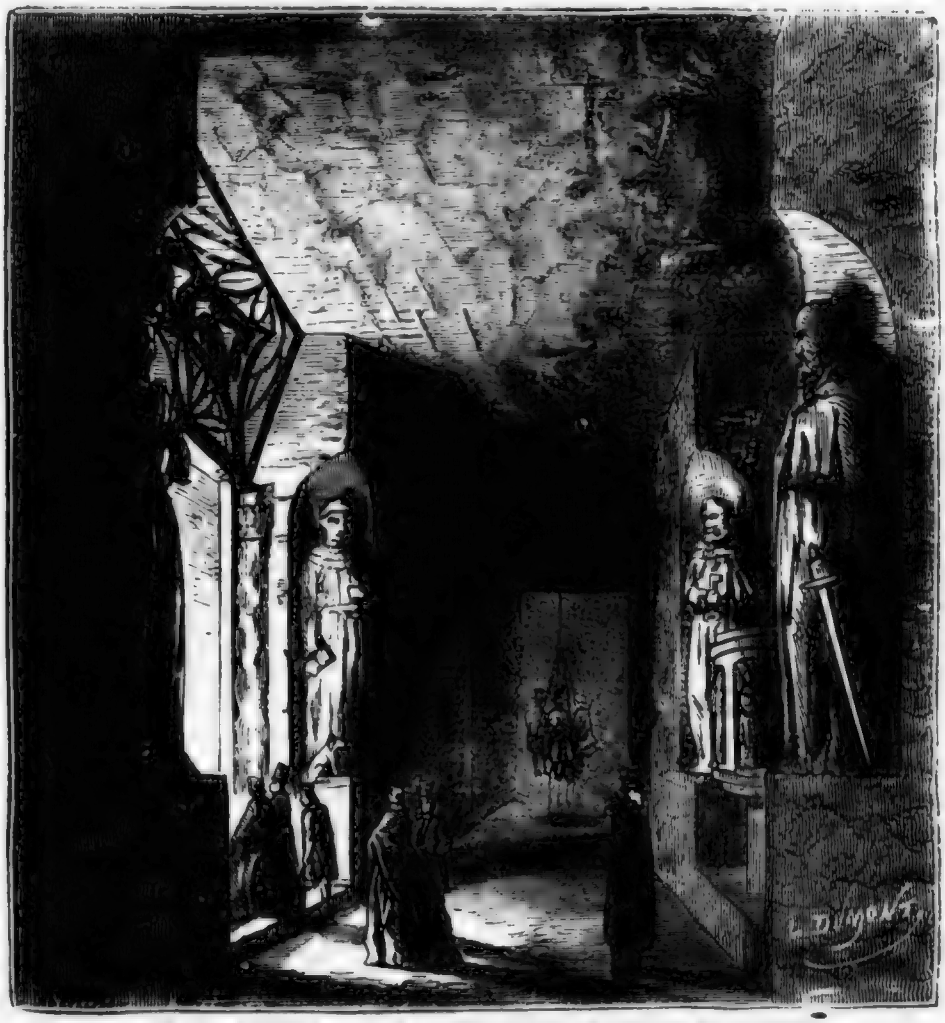

FIG. 2.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY.

Salt occurs in solid masses, in mineral springs, and in the brine of the ocean. From all three of these sources it is practically obtained for the uses of mankind. It is one of the most abundant mineral substances on the face of the earth, and, if all of it could be measured, it is estimated that there would be found to exist several million cubic miles of the solid material. Notwithstanding its exceeding abundance, the cost of production is such as to make it a comparatively expensive article, and in some parts of the world cakes of it are so valuable that they are used as a circulating medium, as a substitute for specie.

The geological position of rock salt is very variable. Sometimes occurring in sedimentary formations, from the transition to the tertiary, and after interstratified with gypsum and associated with beds of clay called "saliferous." The great British deposits are found in new red sandstone, and in Germany they lie below the sandstone. At Goderich, in Canada, strata of dolomite and marl intervene between different layers of rock salt. In the Austrian Alps, salt is found in oolitic limestone; at Cardonna, in Spain, in the green sand; and the famous mines of Wieliczka occur in tertiary strata. The New

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York springs are in the upper silurian, and most of those of Western Pennsylvania and Michigan in the lower coal measures; most of the Russian mines are in the permian; those of Sicily belong to the tertiary strata. The beds of rock salt are sometimes so thick that excavations carried on for centuries have failed to penetrate them; but in ordinary cases the thickness of the layers varies from an inch or two to thirty or forty feet.

Salt is also found as a volcanic product, which has led many persons to attribute its origin to fire—but the erupted specimens differ much from rock salt, since they contain large amounts of chloride of potassium; and in addition to this, the frequent occurrence of organic remains and of cavities containing liquids, in almost all varieties of rock salt, are held to furnish indisputable proof of the deposition of this substance from its aqueous solution. The principal mines of rock salt are those of Wieliczka; at Hall, in the Tyrol, and in several places in Upper Austria; Hallein, in Salzburg; in Hungary; in Transylvania; in Spain; at Cheshire, in England. Some of these deposits are almost pure salt, while others are only saliferous clay.

Brine springs of greater or less concentration are so numerous that it is not worth while to attempt to enumerate them. The purest and most saturated are found to be those which can be traced to rock-salt beds, while the weak springs are supposed to have no connection with beds of rock salt, but to obtain their chloride of sodium, in common with the other salts which they contain, from the strata which they permeate. The next source of chloride of sodium which demands notice is found in the inland seas, salt lakes, pools, and marshes, which have their several localities obviously independent of peculiar geological formations. The most conspicuous are the Lake Oroomiah, in Northwestern Persia, the brine pools of Southern Russia, and the Great Salt Lake of the United States. The Lake Oroomiah is 82 miles long by 24 wide, and elevated 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; it is surrounded by some of the most remarkable surface deposits of rock salt in the world, through which streams of brine are continually flowing into the lake. The Russian brine pools are situated in the steppe between the rivers Ural and Volga, and doubtless derive their saline constituents from thence.

When the water of the Great Salt Lake was at its maximum altitude, it carved and molded a beach which yet remains—a conspicuous monument to its former greatness. Within the circle of this beach-line are included also Utah and Sevier Lakes. The level of the ancient beach is 970 feet higher than Great Salt Lake, about 700 feet higher than Utah Lake, and about 500 feet higher than Sevier Lake. From the upper beach the water slowly subsided by desiccation, recording its lingerings in a series of fainter shore-lines. When it had fallen to the level of the divide between the Sevier and Salt Lake basins, it was separated into two unequal portions. In one of these the evaporation exceeded the inflow from rivers, and the subsidence continued; in the other the inflow exceeded the evaporation, and the surplus was discharged over the divide into the former portion, just as the surplus of Utah Lake is now discharged into Great Salt Lake. In the course of time, as the climate became dryer, the overflow ceased; but not until it had carved a channel of some magnitude. The Great Salt Lake is a saturated solution of almost pure chloride of sodium, but whence the salt is derived is still somewhat of a matter of conjecture.

The Dead Sea is another concentrated brine 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and, like the Salt Lake, appears to have lost a column of water of that height by evaporation.

Bischof was of the opinion that at the bottom of the Dead Sea an impure rock-salt deposit is constantly forming, similar to the saliferous clays so numerous on the continent of Europe. The water of the Dead Sea contains 6.5 per cent. chloride of sodium, Lake Oroomiah 19 per cent., the Putrid Sea of Crimea 14 per cent. The ocean waters are not nearly so concentrated, nor do they entirely agree in composition. The English Channel yields 2.5 per cent., the Pacific Ocean 2.5 per cent., the Atlantic Ocean 2.7 per cent., the Mediterranean 2.7 per cent. Notwithstanding the smallness of the contents, all of these waters can be employed as a source of common salt.

In recording the various sources of salt, I must not neglect to mention the wonderful discoveries along the Virgin River in Southeastern Nevada. I gather from the report of a recent traveler in that region the following interesting facts:

Along the Virgin River there are mountains of salt, hard rock salt, which is blasted and quarried out like masses of granite or marble. Commencing six miles up the river, these mountains of salt extend for thirty miles. At a point twenty miles up the river is a mountain of pure white crystallized salt, white as the driven snow, and transparent almost as glass. The blocks thrown out by the blasts resemble the masses of purest ice when cut for the ice-house. On placing a block six inches thick over a newspaper the fine print could be easily read. Since the deposits were made great upheavals and earthquakes have occurred, which have changed the whole appearance of the country for great distances around. The salt bluffs can be identified for a long distance by the peculiar color of the surface. According to explorations thus far made, there appears to be an inexhaustible supply of salt in this wonderful region.

### THE MANUFACTURE OF SALT.

The principal methods are from Mines, Salt Brines, Ocean Brines, and Weak Springs. The most ancient and best known salt mine in the world is situated at Wieliczka, eight miles from the city of Cracow, Poland. It has been so frequently described that it would be impossible to elicit anything new on the subject, and I shall incorporate in my article the best account of it I can find. The principal entrance to the mine is in the pleasant village of Wieliczka, which lies on the slope of a wooded hill, and is very picturesque. The superintendents of the mines reside here, and their dwellings, together with the Government offices and large storehouses for salt, occupy a pretty eminence and are conspicuous from a distance. A great many people from various countries visit these remarkable excavations, and are rewarded for their trouble. Every year, for many centuries, having added to their depth and extent, these mines are now, of immense and almost inconceivable magnitude. In order to visit them, the traveler must procure a permit from the Government, which is easily done, the proper officer being on the spot. The opening, or square shaft, through which the descent is made, is covered by a building, or office; and here the visitor is dressed in a long, coarse linen blouse, to protect his clothing while under ground. A door is opened and he goes down by stairs, preceded by boys who carry lamps only to make the darkness more visible. Or, if he is so disposed, he can descend by the windlass and ropes suspended in the centre of the shaft. More frequently visitors descend by the stairways, and come up by the ropes. No salt is seen for a depth of more than two hundred feet; then the veins begin to appear in a bed of clay and limestone. Fifty feet further down the stairs terminate, and the salt is everywhere (figure 1). Nothing but salt overhead, underfoot; on every side are dark gray masses of solid salt, whose points and surfaces sparkle in the lamplight. Galleries now branch off in all directions. Lights twinkle, and groups of laborers are seen hacking the floors or removing in wheelbarrows blocks that have already been cut out.

Onward and downward goes the visitor through halls, chambers, tunnels innumerable. Stairs descend lower and lower, and similar apartments reappear, till he loses all sense of distance or direction, blindly following his conductors, who point out, from time to time, localities or objects of peculiar interest. Everything is solid salt, except where some insecure roof is supported by huge timbers, or a wooden bridge is thrown over some vast chasm from which thousands of tons of salt have been quarried and removed. The air grows dryer and purer the deeper you go, the points and faces of the rock more crystalline and brilliant.

One enormous hall, out of which has been cut a million hundredweight of salt, has the appearance of a theatre. It is over one hundred feet high, and the blocks, taken out in regular layers, represent the seats for the spectators. Massive chandeliers are pendent from the ceiling for lighting on grand occasions. Passing on through one of these galleries, a chapel is reached (fig. 2 and 3), which is one of the first and oldest of many apartments thus designated, differing only in size and decorations. It is called the Chapel of St. Anthony, and is supported by columns of salt left in quarrying the solid rock. It has an altar, crucifix, statues of saints large as life, all of pure salt.

The air in this part of the mines, near the surface, is much more moist than that of the deeper excavations, so that the process of dissolving goes on slowly, and in consequence some of these statues of salt are gradually losing their shape. The head of one is nearly gone, the limbs of another, while deep furrows are observable in many places on their bodies, making them present a very grotesque appearance when lighted up for exhibition. The smoke of the torches and lamps, added to the dampness of the air, blackens the surface of all objects not recently cut, so that these statues might be mistaken for black marble. In another spacious vault stand two obelisks of salt, which commemorate the visit of the Emperor Francis I. and his Empress. Further on you come to a lake more than twenty feet deep, intensely salt, which is crossed in a heavy square boat. In this you are paddled through a tunnel which connects two immense halls. While in the middle of the tunnel, the walls behind you and before you are brilliantly lighted up, and a gun is discharged which, with its echoes and reverberations, almost deafens you. Both air and water tremble visibly under the strange and frightful concussion, and you are only too thankful to reach the end of your voyage and stand once more on solid salt.

Francis Joseph's Ballroom (fig. 4) is another of the wonders of this subterranean world. It is an immense apartment both in height and extent, and on some festive occasions is used for dancing. It is lighted by six large chandeliers, which resemble cut-glass, but are in reality of crystalline rock salt. Statues of Vulcan and Neptune, sculptured from salt, also adorn this hall, which, when well illuminated, exhibits a marvelous splendor, the light being reflected from innumerable brilliant points and angles of the glittering rock.

Down, down, down, hundreds of feet further through labyrinths of shafts, galleries and chambers, crooked passages, vaulted archways and openings which have no name and seemingly no end. Groups of miners, naked to the hips, are everywhere busy with the implements of their darksome labors; pick, mallet and wedge are employed incessantly in blocking out and separating the solid mass. Their manner of work is the same simple process in use centuries ago, perhaps by the remotest ancestors of these very men, in these very mines; for they are immensely old. The blocks are marked out on the surface of the rock by grooves, one side deepened to the required thickness, and, wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then divided into pieces of one hundred pounds each, and in this shape is ready for sale. It is removed in carts or barrows to the shaft, where it is hoisted up, stage after stage, to the surface. Horses and mules are employed, and it is said that some of these animals are born and raised in the mines. The number of laborers constantly at work is from one to two thousand. They all live outside the excavations at the present day, although traditions exist of times when the families of some of the miners had their abodes in these fearful depths, and where children were born and reared to the occupation of their parents, seldom or never visiting the outside world. The thing is neither impossible nor incredible, as the air in the lowest part of the mines is considered more salubrious than in the upper regions. But the practice was long ago discontinued, if it ever existed to any extent, which is very doubtful.

The miners, who are fine, muscular and healthy-looking men, are divided into gangs for work, and relieve each other every six hours. A gang will quarry in that time about one thousand hundredweight. The temperature is very even all the year round, and the preservative power of the air is such, that wood never decays, but retains its qualities for centuries. People with pulmonary affections are said to have been much benefited by inhaling freely the atmosphere of the mines. When and how this wonderful deposit of salt was originally discovered is unknown. It was worked in the twelfth century, and how much earlier none can tell.

Some traditions are held, by the ignorant and superstitious peasants of the country, which ascribe the discovery to a miraculous or supernatural agency. Others say that Kunigund, wife of the King of Poland, having lost her ring in a fissure of the rock, some workmen, while searching for it, discovered the salt. The story is varied into a search for treasure by order of the princess, and in the finding of a crystal of salt which was set in a ring as a royal gem, and kept as a heirloom in the family.

The extent of the deposit at Wieliczka has not yet been fully ascertained. It commences, as we have before stated, about 200 feet below the surface, and has a solid depth of nearly 700 feet, and rests on a bed of compact limestone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains, which it seems to follow. It has already been explored to the continuous length of two miles and a half; and it is estimated that the aggregate length of all the innumerable excavations of these mines amounts to more than 400 miles.

The mines in Upper Austria, Salzburg and Bavaria are of a different character from the one we have described. They are generally in saliferous clays, which have to be thrown into water and thus lixiviated, and when the water is sufficiently concentrated, it is drawn off to be boiled down and purified.

Some years ago I visited the mine at Hallein, near Salzburg, one of the most interesting of the workings in this part of Europe. Just back of the village of Hallein, and three-quarters of an hour's walk to the top, is a mountain called Duwenberg, 1,200 feet in height, which is almost entirely composed of salt. Here are salt mines which have been worked at least 600 years, and, the miners would have us believe, were even known and worked by the Romans 2,000 years ago. Be that as it may, there are galleries and excavations to such an extent that it would take two weeks to explore them. This mine at Hallein is very much visited on account of the novelty and ease of descent, and because visitors are not obliged to toil up again, as the outlet is at the foot of the mountain in the valley. We first obtained a permit from the superintendent, and then climbed up to the miners' house in the summit. Here we were provided with a mining dress, a pair of overalls, a coat, a stout cap, and

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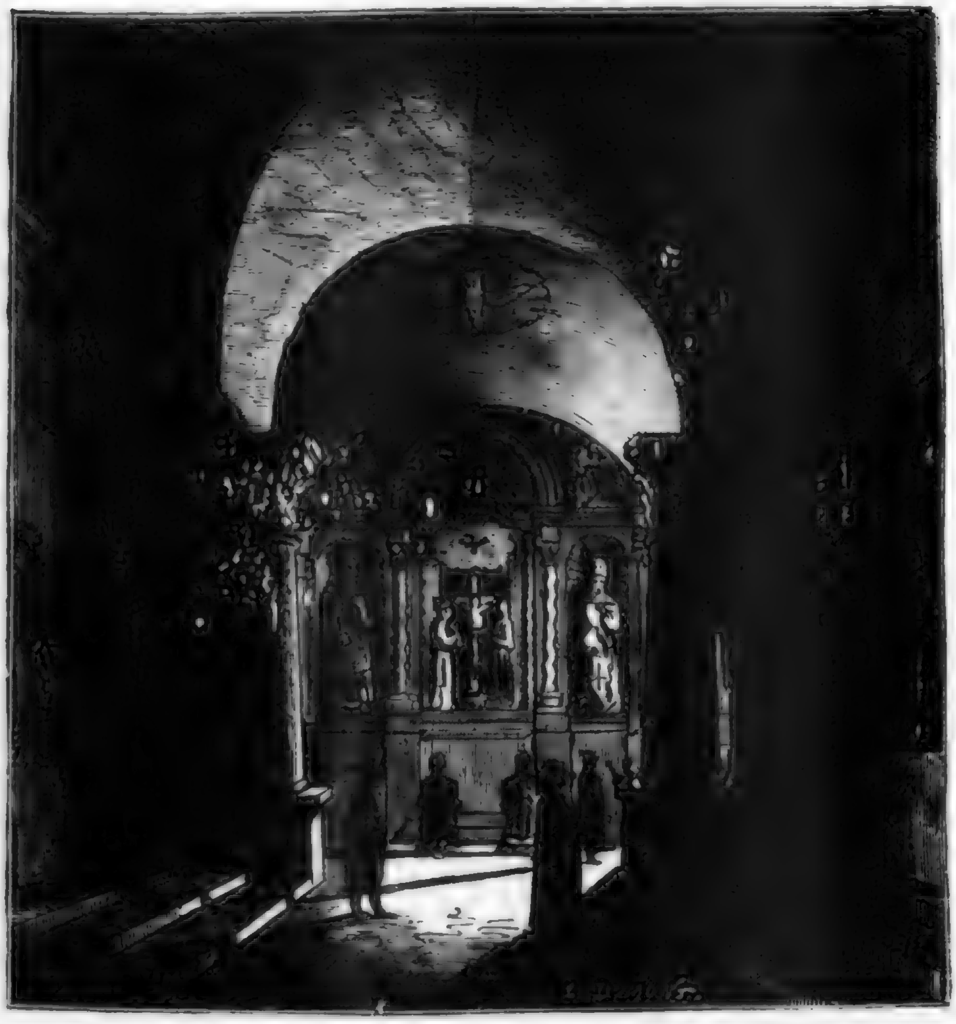

FIG. 3.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY.

a buckskin glove for the right hand and a lamp for the left, including a thick leather apron fastened on behind.

All arrangements being completed, and provided with the necessary guide, we started upon the exploration. We walked at first 3,000 feet through a gallery, which was walled up the greater part of the distance; then came to our first inclined plane, which was about 130 feet long. Two smooth poles, inclining at an angle of 45 deg., are placed side by side about a foot apart. You sit down on your leather apron, with your legs across these poles, seize a rope at the side which serves as a balustrade, and by slackening your hold so as to allow it to slip through your gloved hand, away you go like a shot, or as slow as you choose, until you fetch up at the bottom. The sensation of finding yourself "coasting" down into a dark abyss, the bottom of which is invisible, and by such a novel mode of locomotion, is decidedly strange. We walked through a second gallery 900 feet, and then came another slide; and thus it alternated—a long walk, and then a slide. Far down into the bowels of the mountain is an artificial lake (fig. 5), which we crossed in a ferry-boat, and which was illuminated on all sides for our benefit.

These artificial lakes are filled with fresh water, and the saliferous earth of the mine is dissolved in them until the water contains a sufficient percentage of salt, when it is conducted off in logs to the valley and evaporated.

At the bottom of all the descents we were to make, we came to an alit level about a mile in length, and perfectly straight. Here a hand-car on a tramway, with two men fore and aft, stood ready for us to mount. We went at first a little slow, until we reached a point from which we could see the opening. The first appearance of light at this great distance is precisely like a brilliant star. And now the runners attached to our car, encouraged by the promise of a liberal *trink geld*, put on extra speed, and away we fairly flew through the narrow passage.

This fearful speed through a gallery barely large enough to admit of our passing without grazing the top or sides made our blood run cold; but, fortunately, it did not last long, as the mile was accomplished in a marvelously short period of time. We shot out of the gallery into the

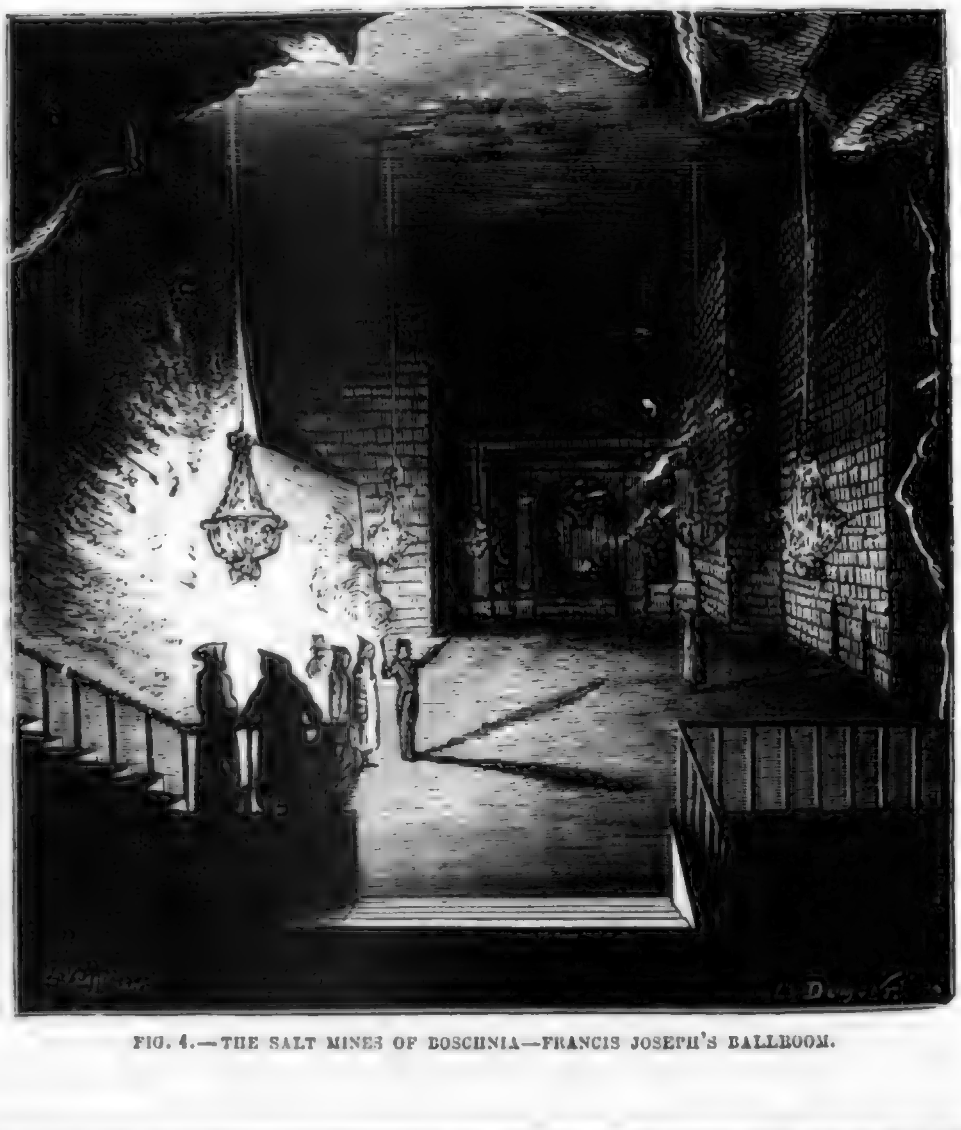

FIG. 4.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—FRANCIS JOSEPH'S BALLROOM.

dazzling light, opening and shutting our eyes like so many owls, but glad to see daylight once more.

The second method of obtaining salt for commercial purposes is from brines derived from springs. The works at Syracuse, N. Y. afford the best illustration of how this is done.

The first white man who visited the Onondaga springs, undoubtedly long previously known to the Indians, was Jerome Lallemont, a French Jesuit, who, in his relations of 1645-46, makes mention of them. In the year 1653, another Jesuit, Father Le Moyne, relates that, "On the 16th of August we arrived at the entrance of a small lake (Onondaga). In a large basin, half dry, we tasted the water of a spring, which the Indians are afraid to drink, saying that it is inhabited by a demon, who renders it foul. I found it to be a fountain of salt water, from which we made a little salt, as natural as from the sea, some of which we shall carry to Quebec.'

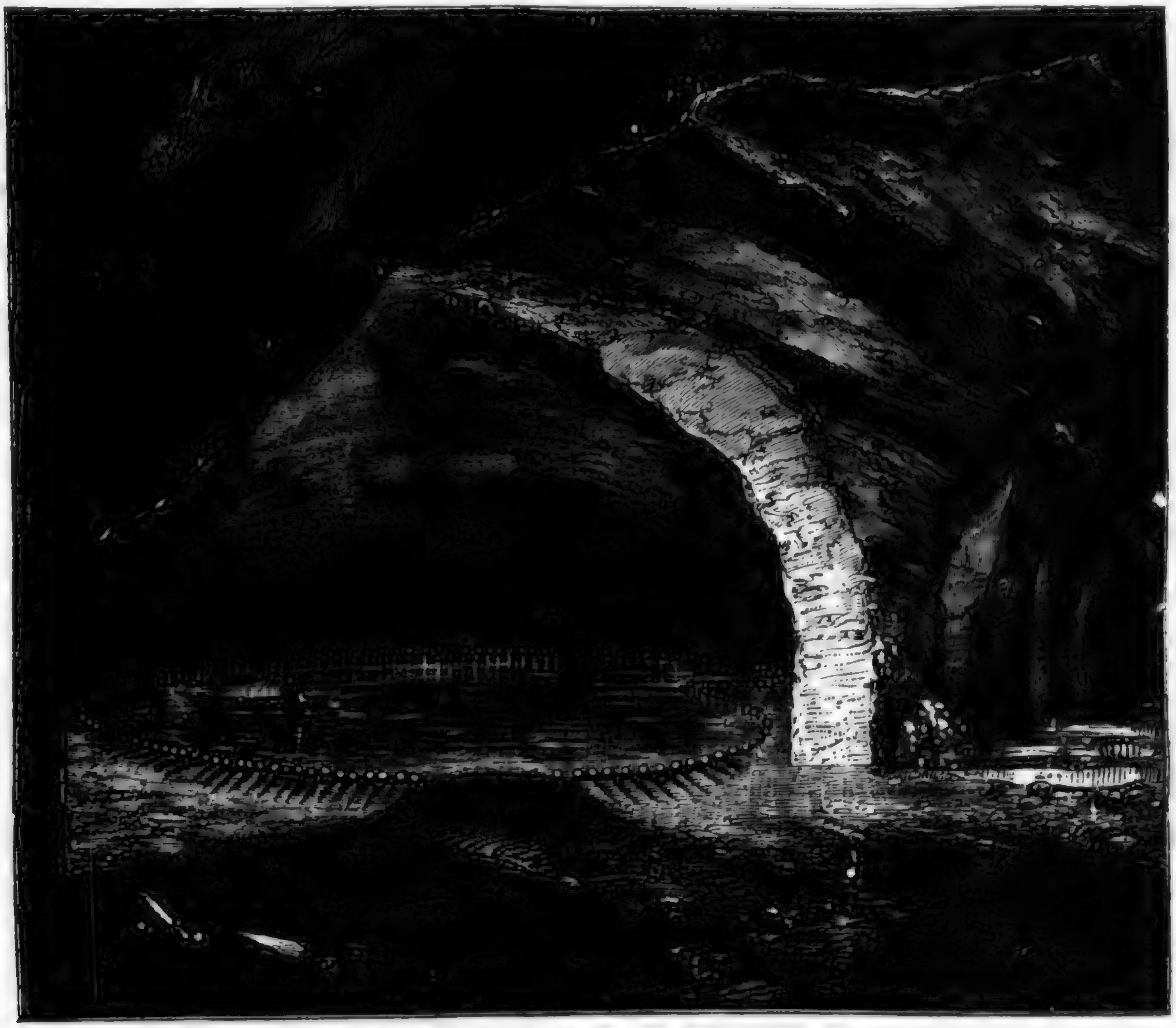

FIG. 5.—THE LAKE IN THE SALT MINE OF BERCHTESGADEN.

In the year 1788, the Onondaga tribe sold to the State of New York the so-called Salt Reservation, comprising the lands for one mile round the lake, more than 15,000 acres, on condition "that it shall remain for ever for the common benefit of the people of the State of New York and the Onondagas, for the purpose of making salt."

In the same year Comfort Tyler, having been shown a spring by one of the Indians, procured a 15-gallon kettle, and at once commenced making salt. This was the humble beginning of an industry which was destined to become one of the most important in the country.

Owing to many quarrels among the early settlers, it soon became necessary for the Legislature to interfere, which it did in 1797, by passing laws regulating the granting of rights and the appointment of a superintendent; and in this year the first salt lots were leased by the State to the settlers, and they produced 25,474 bushels, of 56 pounds each, for that year.

Since that time the product has gone on steadily increasing, until it reached the enormous amount of 9,000,000 bushels in 1862; for several years thereafter it amounted to 8,000,000 bushels; but in 1876 it decreased to 5,392,677 bushels of 56 lbs. each. The total royalty paid to the State of New York, by the manufacturers, for the use of the brine, since 1797, amounts to $5,000,000. To this could be very properly added $1,000,000 received by the State in the shape of canal tolls, on salt transported and on fuel required in its manufacture. This has not all been a clear revenue, as the State is at considerable expense in sinking wells, building reservoirs, pumping water in order to furnish the brine to the consumers. The brine from the wells is forced up into large reservoirs by powerful pumps (fig. 6), where it is allowed to remain until some of its impurities are deposited (fig. 7). This operation is sometimes hastened by the addition of various chemicals. About ⅓ of the whole salt product is separated by solar evaporation, and ⅔ by boiling. The reservoirs of the solar-salt grounds cover about 700 acres of land. They are divided into tanks of about 16 by 18 feet each and 6 inches depth, which are provided with movable roofs in case of rain. The annual product of one of these tanks is 50 bushels of coarse salt, a measured bushel of which weighs 70 pounds. The boiling is conducted in large iron kettles holding

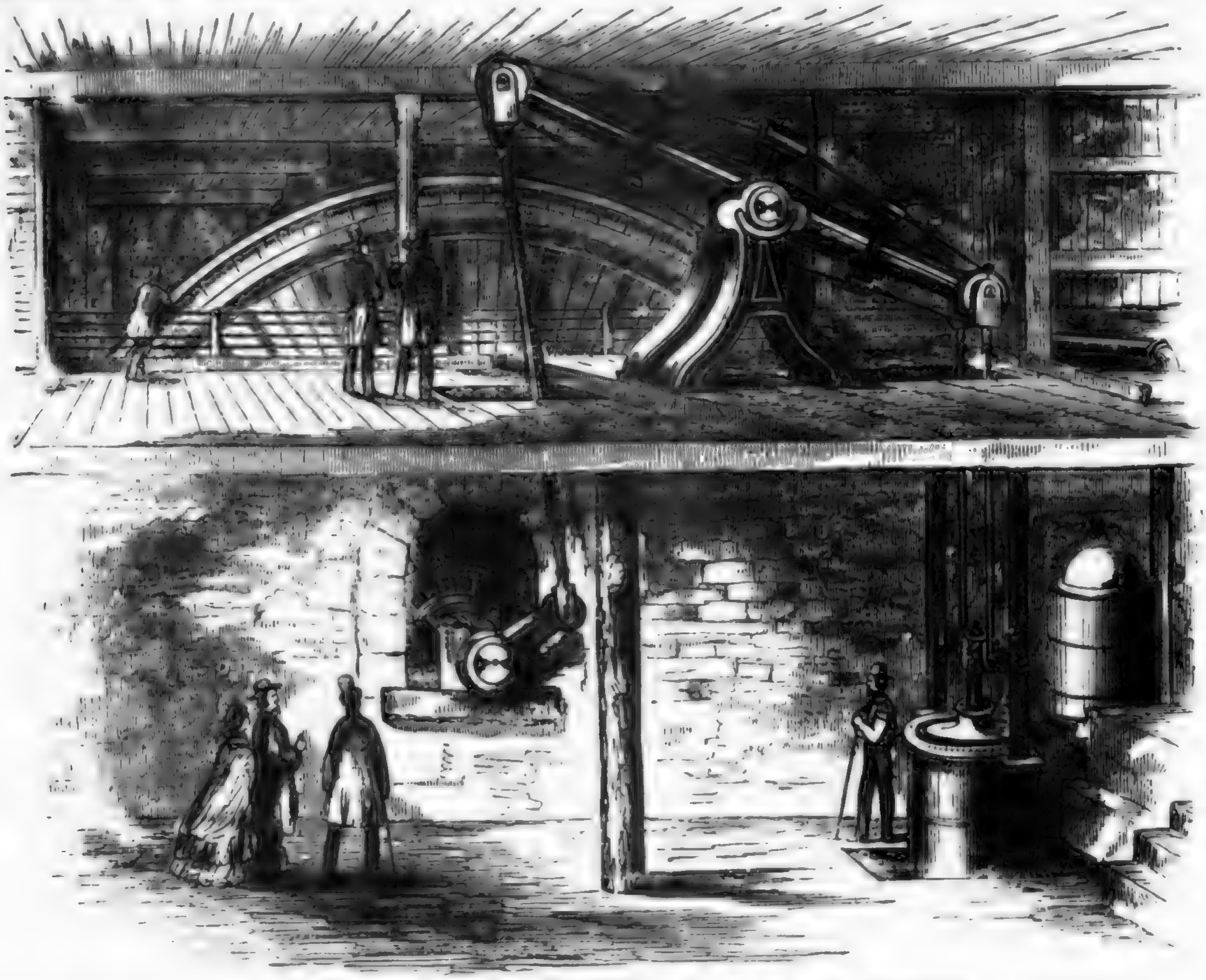

FIG. 6.—SYRACUSE SALT WORKS—PUMPING THE BRINE INTO THE RESERVOIRS.

about 100 gallons each, and set in "blocks" of brick-work (figs. 8 and 9), close together and in a single line, or in two parallel rows, the whole length of the building. In 1876 there were 316 blocks in existence on the reservation, capable of producing 15,000,000 bushels of salt annually; but only 106 were in operation in that year. The sulphate of lime is the first impurity to settle, and it is caught in a pan placed for the purpose in the bottom of each kettle. Methods have been introduced for separating the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which give a bad taste and keep the salt moist. In general, great improvement has been shown in the quality of the salt at Syracuse, through the exertions of the former chemist to the Company, Professor Charles A. Gössmann, now of Amherst Agricultural College, and of the present incumbent, Dr. F. E. Engelhardt. In the last Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs, Mr. A. C. Powell, Dr. Engelhardt gives a summary of the geological explorations of this interesting region, and calls attention to the probability that sufficient borings would reveal vast deposits of fossil salt, such as have been found at Goderich, in Canada, and at Stassfort, in Germany. His observations are well worthy of the attention of the Legislature, and help to confirm the opinion of scientific men generally, that there ought to be a thorough topographical survey of the State of New York, in order to determine the true horizon of the salt group.

The engraving on page 125 (fig. 10) will afford a comprehensive view of the entire salt basin at Syracuse. The Onondaga Salt Company sunk a well in 1867, 705 feet deep, which, according to Professor Gossmann, passed through 82 feet of alluvion, 279 feet of red and green shales, 32 feet of calcareous shales, 106 feet of limestone formation, and finally 215 feet of various veins of shales.

There seems to be very little doubt that deep borings will bring to our knowledge beds of pure rock salt of inestimable value to the whole country, and it is to be hoped that they will be undertaken before many years.

The manufacture of salt from weak brine is accomplished in Europe by a system of graduation. A water-wheel raises the brine to the top of long evaporating houses, which are filled with stacks of thorn fagots from 57 to 77 feet high, where it is distributed along a trough furnished with spouts alternately on the one side or the other, to discharge it over the thorn stacks, which is seven feet wide at the top and seven feet at the bottom. It takes half an hour to trickle to the bottom, and, according to the dryness of the atmosphere, is raised from five to twenty per cent. in saltness. These graduation works are very common in Germany, as mineral water is concentrated by them to a strong brine at a trifling expense, and at a great saving of fuel. Sometimes the railroad passes under one of these stacks of fagots as under a great viaduct.

The manufacture of salt from sea-water is extensively carried on in Europe, and, to some extent, in this country. Portugal produces more than 10,000,000 bushels annually in this way. In preparing salt from sea-water, a system of shallow ponds is dug, in some well-selected spot on the coast. The bottoms and sides of these ponds are well-clayed several inches thick, so as to prevent the water from percolating into the ground. They are called "salt-gardens." The basins are made shallow, in order to expose as great surface as possible to the evaporating influence of the sun and air. The first reservoir into which the water flows is usually very large, frequently covering a surface of two acres, and from two to four feet deep. It is connected with the ocean by means of sluices, which are opened at high-water to allow the basins to fill. In this first reservoir all the mud and mechanical impurities are deposited, and, when perfectly clear, the water passes gradually through a pipe into a second, smaller and shallower, pool, which is divided by partitions in such a manner that it must flow from one into the other. When it arrives at the last basin, it enters a narrow and shallow channel, sometimes over 16,000 feet in length, by which it is conducted into a third partitioned pond—the flow of the water being regulated during its entire passage by the attending workman, in accordance with the weather.

The average specific gravity of sea-water is 1.029 to 1.030. When it is so far concentrated in the basins as to have acquired a specific gravity of 1.116, the sulphate of lime begins to separate, and when it has attained a density of 1.21 this impurity is all removed. The water is now conducted into two rows of shallow basins, when the actual crystallization commences. As soon as it reaches a specific gravity of 1.263, it flows to the crystallizing tables, which are never more than three inches in depth. Here it remains until the salts of magnesia begin to crystallize, when it is emptied either into the sea or into another reservoir, where it is used for the manufacture of such salts as sulphate of magnesia, bromides, and iodides. The rough crystals obtained from sea-water furnish the bay-salt of commerce.

At the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, the industries of France suffered greatly for want of soda-ash, which could not be procured on account of the English blockade. A large reward was offered to any one who would invent a method of making soda-ash directly from sea salt; for, however efficient the English navy proved to be in closing the avenues of trade, they could not, at any rate, stem the tides of the ocean and prevent the manufacture of salt. The celebrated chemist, Le Blanc, succeeded in inventing a practical method, and thus a great industry, closely associated with the manufacture of salt, was established.

### PROPERTIES OF SALT.

Salt is a solid mineral substance, nearly as hard as gypsum, and having the specific gravity of 2.1 to 2.5. It is transparent to translucent, and its color varies according to minute portions of metallic oxides contained in it. It is a substance through which heat passes more freely than it does through any other solid, and on this account is often used in experiments in physics.

Clear rock salt transmits 92 parts of heat out of 100, while plate-glass transmits only 24 parts. Salt is fusible at a red heat, and volatile at a still higher temperature. When heated suddenly, the crystals decrepitate with violence; at a bright red heat they fuse, and by a stronger heat are converted into vapor. This volatility is a property which renders it available for glazing stoneware. Salt has great antiseptic properties, and, as it is not poisonous, it can be employed for curing meat and preserving other articles of food.

We have previously seen that the timber in salt mines resists decay for a great length of time. Chloride of sodium is insoluble in pure alcohol, but is taken up in considerable quantity by dilute spirit. It not only precipitates silver, but dissolves it in excess, and hence must be used with care in recovering photographers' waste. Salt crystallizes in the cubic system, and has a very perfect cubic cleavage, which generally displays itself even in the great masses of rock salt, parts of which, however, are frequently massive and granular, and rarely fibrous or columnar. The most characteristic peculiarity of the crystallization of salt, however, is the formation of hopper-shaped crystals on the surface of a saline solution during evaporation. A single cube appears at first, which partially sinks in the liquid, and new cubes then form and attach themselves to its upper edge, till, by a repetition of this process, a hollow rectangular pyramid, sometimes of considerable dimensions, and with the apex downward, is finally produced. Crystals of this form occur in some salt mines, and casts of them in clay are found in the New York salt region and some other places. In the mines of Wieliczka the crystals of rock salt present very curious properties, first pointed out by Dumas. They not only decrepitate on being heated, but also on being thrown into water, and in the latter instance they give out numerous bubbles of gas. It is evident that the gas is imprisoned in microscopic cavities under a heavy state of condensation.

The principal uses of salt are in the curing of meat, the flavoring of butter, the preparation of food, the glazing of pottery, the manufacture of salts of soda, and of hydrochloric acid, in agriculture for sheep and cattle. In medicine, salt is employed as a remedy for dyspepsia, as an emetic, and as a styptic. Salt-water baths, natural or artificial, are considered stimulating and tonic in their effects.

Salt has been employed by iron founders in metallic cements and in rendering bar-iron very malleable. It is used by whitesmiths and cutlers in case-hardening, in tempering files, and some other edge tools; mixed with other substances, for reducing metallic ores, assaying minerals, and

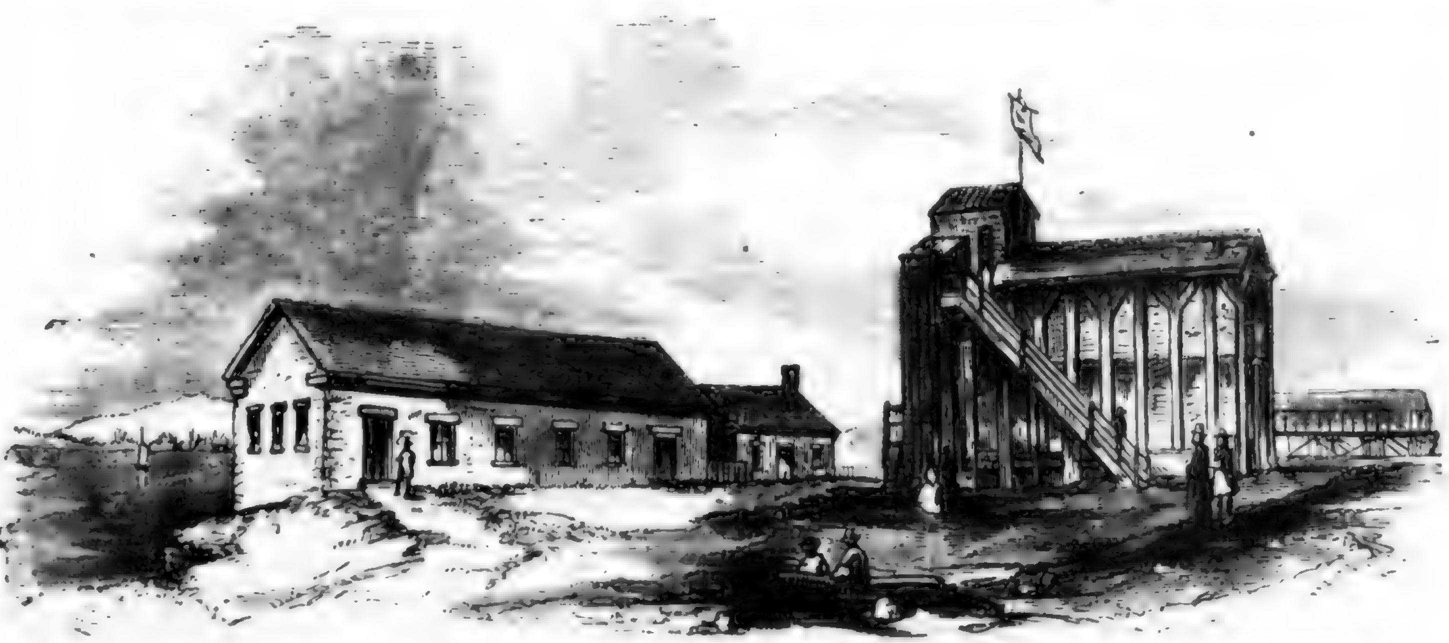

FIG. 7.—SETTLING RESERVOIR.

XUM

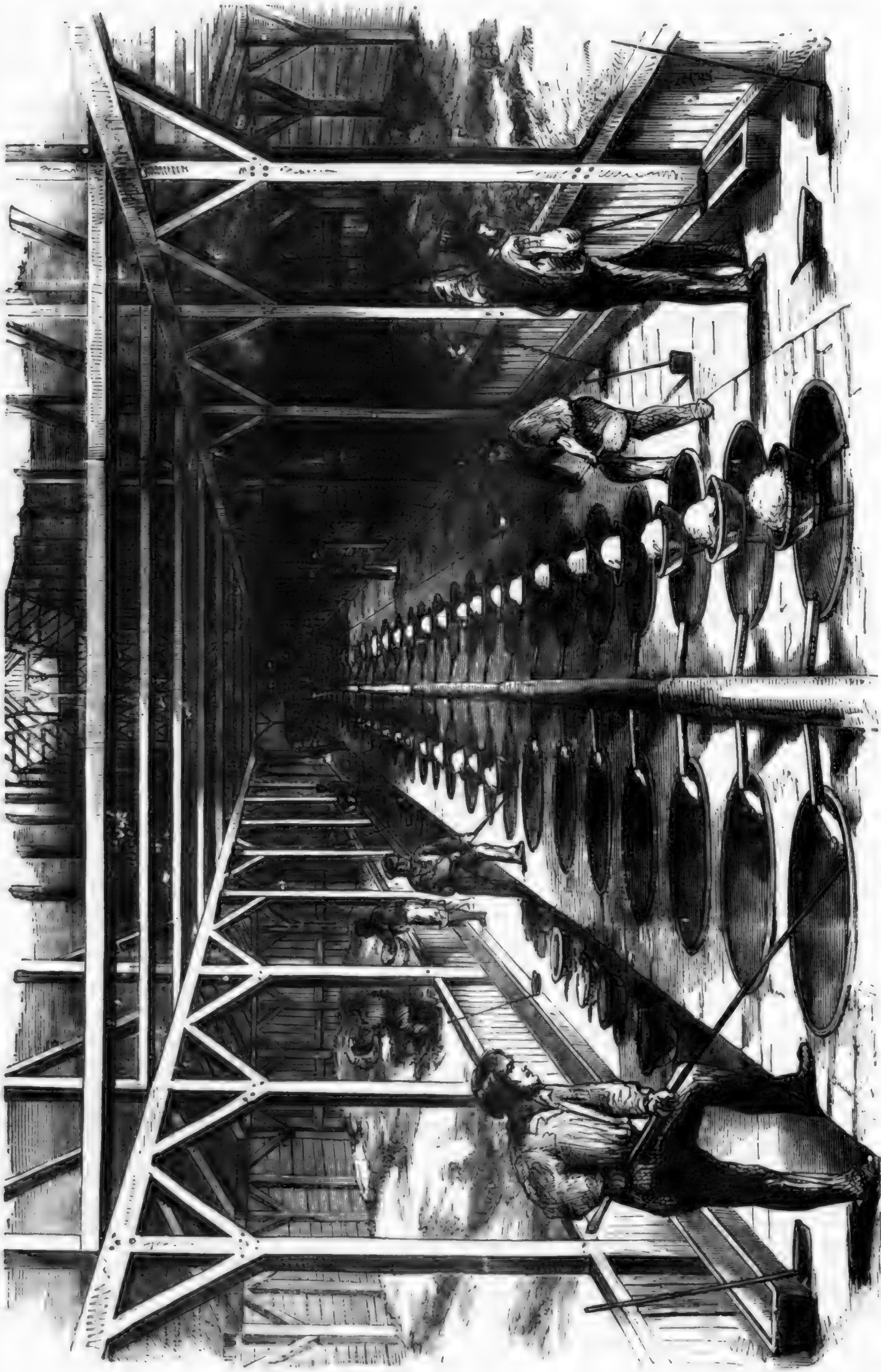

FIG. 8.—MAKING SALT.—THE "BLOCKS" FOR BOILING DOWN THE BRINE

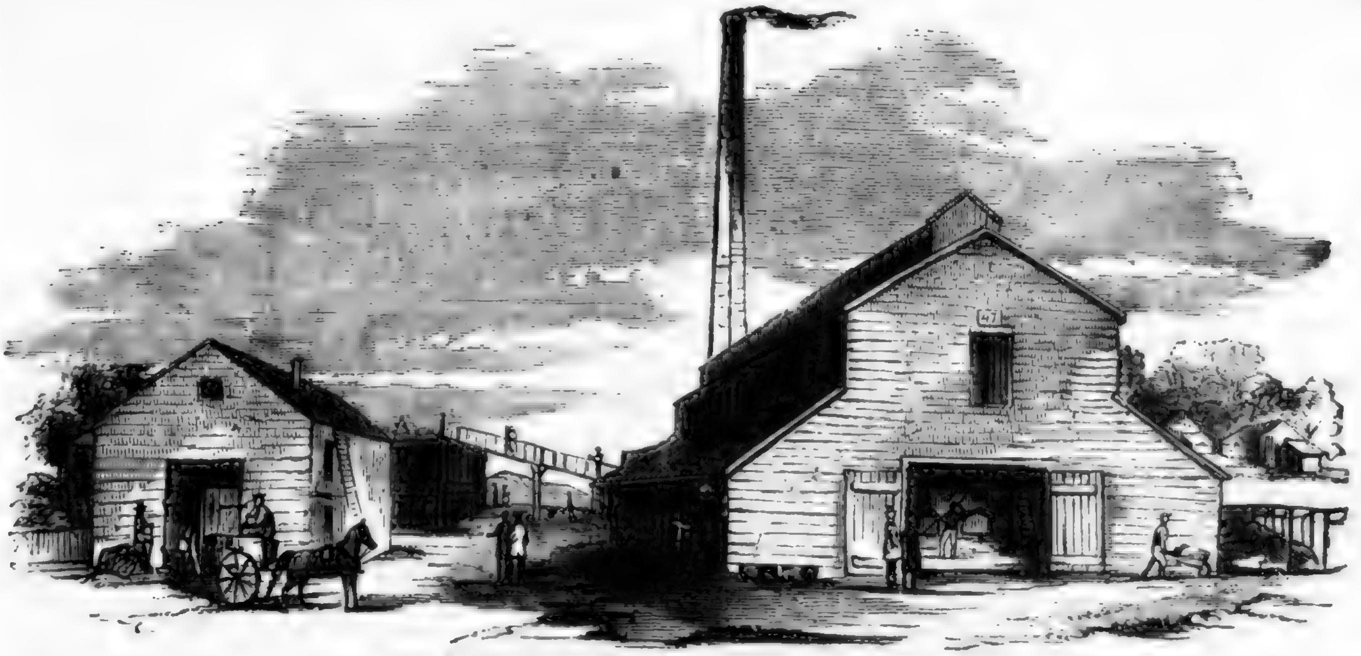

FIG. 9.—THE "BLOCK" FOR CONCENTRATING THE BRINE.

rendering metals fusible; and by the refiners of silver, to prevent the oxidation of some metals. It is used to moderate the flame of combustible bodies, and is extensively employed by the philosophical and manufacturing chemist, and by the druggist for a variety of pharmaceutical purposes.

Whether common salt is of any value to plants, is still a mooted question, and one that finds advocates on both sides. The luxuriant growth of marsh-meadow grass is taken as a proof that salt-water must be favorable, and farmers attempt to imitate this state of things by putting salt on the grass, without reflecting that all other conditions are omitted in the experiments. They are generally astonished to find that the grass is killed instead of being promoted in its growth. It is a remarkable fact that this same salt-marsh grass, on analysis, is found to contain very little soda, but to have its full complement of potash. This would seem to indicate that it had grown in spite of the salt, rather than in consequence of it.

According to some recent researches made in France, potash is a hundred times more valuable to plants than soda. It is true that small quantities of soda have been found in plants, but, generally, under circumstances that seem to point to its accidental, rather than essential, presence. Direct experiments have shown that salt is injurious to tobacco and to the sugar-beet. An examination of the plants growing near salt springs and salt marshes shows that the vegetation is of a limited and peculiar character. All of these observations point to the conclusion that the direct use of salt, as an artificial fertilizer, is only applicable to such plants as grow on the seashore or near salt springs, and not at all to the usual grass and cereals of our farms. The whole system of manuring farms is based upon the principle to restore to the soil the constituents that have been removed by the crops. As the crops carry away no soda, it follows that none is necessary to their growth. There is another objection to the use of common salt, and that is the chlorine contained in it. This element is decidedly injurious, as has been shown by the experiments of Wolf and others. Public opinion in Germany has set so strongly against the use of salt, that, in the famous mines of Stassfort, where both qualities of artificial fertilizers are manufactured, the exclusion of chloride of sodium, or common salt, is now considered necessary, and the value of a manure is made to depend upon its percentage of potash. Salt for dairy use must be very pure, and should be especially free from the chlorides of lime and magnesium, as these substances not only impart a bitter taste, but absorb water and deliquesce. The most celebrated brand for this purpose is the Ashton Liverpool

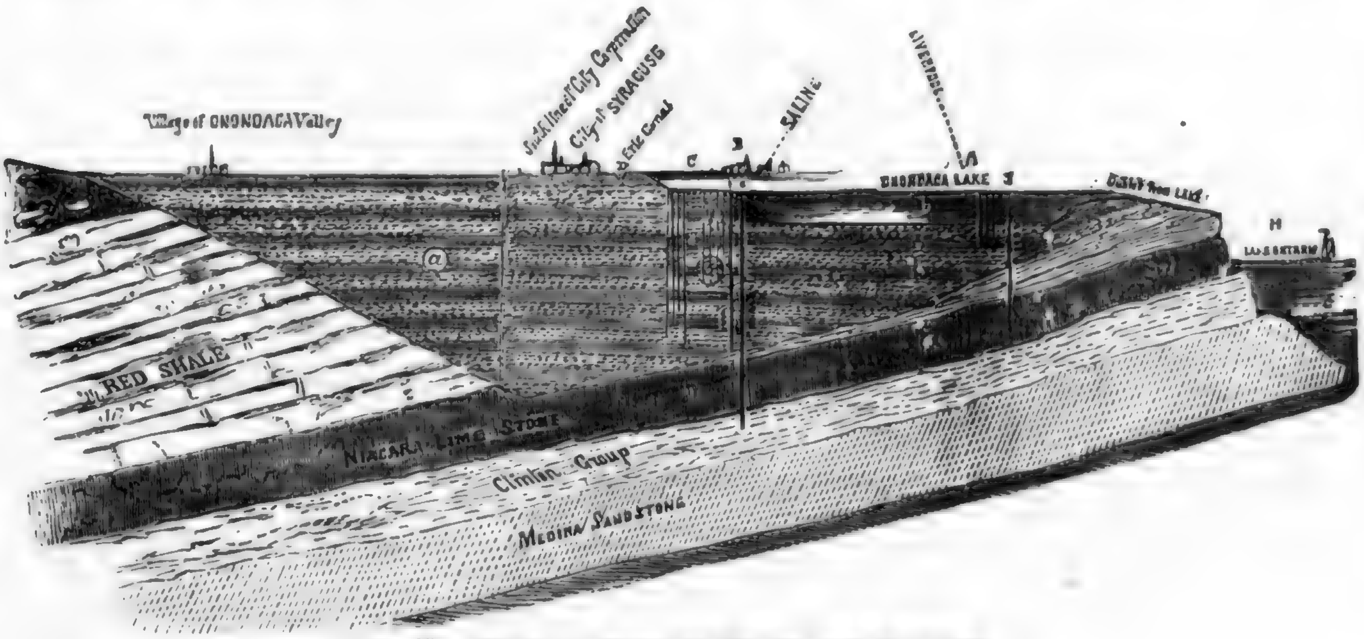

FIG. 10.—GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE NEW YORK SALT BASIN.

salt; but the best quality of Syracuse and Saginaw salt is fast gaining favor, and bids fair before long to drive the foreign article from the market. In reference to the statistics of salt, only an approximation can be made of the total amount manufactured. England produces from thirty to thirty-two millions of bushels of salt, of which seventeen millions are used for the manufacture of soda-ash, sal-soda, caustic-soda, bicarbonate of soda, hydrochloric acid, bleaching-powders, etc.; while about two-thirds of the rest is exported, leaving scarcely one-fifth of its whole production for domestic consumption.

The production of salt in the United States amounts to about twenty millions of bushels, and the consumption to from thirty-two to thirty-four millions of bushels; in other words, one bushel, or 56 pounds, for every individual of its population. This large consumption of salt in the United States is due to the extensive meat-packing and dairy business of the country; the consumption for manufacturing purposes being scarcely worth mentioning. The importation of such a large quantity of salt would scarcely seem to be necessary in a country where the supply is unlimited.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | can supply | annually, | if required, | bushels | 15,000,000 |
| Ohio | " | " | " | " | 25,000,000 |
| Virginia | " | " | " | " | 50,000,000 |
| Michigan | " | " | " | " | 100,000,000 |

And the supply is said to be illimitable in Louisiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Idaho, Texas and Nevada. It would be possible to furnish ten times the present population of the country from our own resources, and geological research is every day strengthening the proof that scarcely any mineral substance is more widely distributed over the country than salt. For salting butter and cheese, and for table use, the purest salt is required, and to obtain it, the consumer will be justified in incurring any reasonable expense; for, if salt used in butter has any acrid chlorides in it, the butter will soon become rancid and bad, especially in warm weather; hence the dairy trade prefers to pay a large price for the imported article rather than run any risks.

At the Centennial Exhibition, the United States was well represented in the matter of salt, and some of the companies received special commendation from the jury of award. From Michigan there was a very creditable show of common, fine and coarse salt, and also samples of the brines. Ohio had samples of common, fine, coarse and dairy salt; and the Syracuse companies were well represented. Other countries sent representations of their products. Mexico had salt from some of the inland lakes; Brazil exhibited sea salt from Cape Frio. Portugal had no less than thirteen samples of sea salt, while Spain had four samples of sea salt and eleven other varieties. There were only two exhibitors from England, the Stock Prior Salt Works, with common, fine, coarse and dairy; and Higgins, with factory-filled salt. The German Empire had a magnificent exhibition of the products of the Stassfort Mines; while France, with her enormous production of sea salt, was conspicuously absent.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

**Electric Illumination.**—The light now used in several of the Paris railway stations is economically obtained by means of the Gramme apparatus. A single light is used, placed at considerable height, and its blinding intensity is relieved by glass shades. But much inconvenience is occasioned by the deep shadows cast by the single light. This last difficulty has been partially overcome by a new arrangement of the carbon-burners, admitting of their distribution at different points, and of their being run by a single battery power. Formerly a regulator and battery was indispensable for each lamp; now the carbons are placed horizontally, and as they are kept at a constant distance by insulating material, they burn uniformly at their lower extremity, and no regulator is necessary. Under the improved arrangements, the use of the electric light appears to be both feasible and economical.

**Different Methods of Steel Manufacture.**—The manufacture of steel, by a process as simple as possible, at the lowest cost and of the best quality, has called forth, especially of late years, the exercise of much inventive ability on the part of both chemists and engineers in all countries. There has resulted such a variety of different methods, that some systematic classification of the process has become very necessary. Professor Heeren, of Hanover, Germany, has perfected such a classification, which will be found both instructive and of value for purposes of reference. Steel occupies nearly the middle place between cast and wrought iron in its proportion of carbon; it may be prepared either by decarbonizing pig-iron, or, on the contrary, by causing wrought iron to absorb carbon. The processes to accomplish these ends may be arranged under five principal heads: 1, fabrication of steel by decarbonization of pig iron; 2, by carbonization of wrought-iron; 3, by mixing a wrought-iron poor in carbon with pig-iron rich in the same; 4, by mixing pig-iron with ore; 5, directly by means of ore. No. 1 is made by the Bessemer process: a current of air finely divided is passed through the liquid crude iron. The carbon, silicon, and a part of the iron, burn, and the temperature is so highly elevated that the iron, decarbonized in part or transformed into steel, remains molten. It is then run into molds. No. 2 is generally known as case-hardening. No. 3 is crucible steel and also reverberatory furnace steel, according to Martin-Siemen's invention. No. 4 is Uchalius steel. No. 5 is Siemen's direct process: the ore is melted alone, without addition of reducing material, at a very elevated temperature; then the iron is reduced and transformed into wrought-iron or into steel by adding coal.

**Cognac Brandy.**—A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an interesting account of the production of brandy in France. There is a small district in the south of France, known as the Deux Charentes, which has a commercial centre called Cognac. From the grapes of this district there comes a wine, and from this wine there is distilled a celebrated liquor, which is named after the place, and called Cognac brandy. The word brandy, formerly written brandy-wine, is of German origin, and means burnt or distilled wine. In the Cognac district, a grape is used, known as "*the white fool,*" on account of the inferior wine which can be made from it. The fruit is gathered, for the most part, by women, who use a hook-shaped knife to sever the stems. They throw it into small wooden boxes, with sloping sides, which, when full, they empty into the baskets of the men, who carry the grapes to the cart at the edge of the vineyard. The grapes are conveyed to the mill, where they are crushed, and the juice is led into a tank whence it is emptied into casks, and then left to ferment. After fermentation, the juice is distilled in stills holding about fifty-five gallons. In a vintage of good quality, the yield is one gallon of brandy to six or eight of wine. The quantity of alcohol varies from forty-eight to fifty-five per cent., the latter being the standard strength called "proof." Nearly all Cognac brandy goes to England, where it is sold to consumers from 11 to 12 under proof. Hennessy & Co., and Otard & Co., are the two principal houses for the sale of Cognac.

**Glass Silk in the Laboratory.**—Glass silk, which was exhibited in Vienna in 1873, is now extensively used for filtering purposes in laboratories. It is made by winding fine threads of melted glass on rapidly rotating and heated cylinders. Under the microscope the threads appear as fine as the ultimate fibres of silk and cotton, and to the naked eye they bear the closest resemblance to raw silk. From the inalterability of the substance, it is very well suited for filtering acid or alkaline solutions, also for nitrate of silver, albumen, collodion and Fehling's liquor. It is preferable to asbestos, which, from the arrangement of its parallel fibres, cannot be formed into a flexible ball, and lets floating fragments pass through. The glass slik may serve an indefinite time if only after each operation it be abundantly washed with acid and water and dried in air.

**Lime Burnt by Petroleum Gas.**—The Cedar Hollow Lime Company is burning lime successfully with petroleum gas at their works in East Whiteland, Pa. They use Baird's and English's patent vaporizer to produce the gas, and one small machine affords enough gas to run six kilns, making about 2,000 bushels of the whitest and purest quality per day, without wood or coal. Their lime commands from 20 to 25 per cent. higher prices in Philadelphia in consequence of its uniformity in quality and freedom from over-burning incident to the old method. The use of gas for fuel in a large number of industries, notably in the glass-house and in the manufacture of steel, is one of the characteristics of the age.

**Chemists in North America.**—A list of chemists and physicists in North America has just been published in Salem, Mass., by Mr. Samuel E. Cassino. The list comprises 562 names, among which we recognize a few whose reputations extend beyond the Western Hemisphere, and many who are hard workers for the advancement of science. A few years ago, it was indispensable for a chemist or physicist to go to Europe to complete his education. We now observe an encouraging number who have depended upon native schools, and are yet deservedly distinguished for originality and extent of acquirements. It is no longer necessary to go to Europe to obtain a scientific education.

**Salicylic Acid.**—Salicylic acid possesses, in all outward respects, a close resemblance to quinine. It combats malarial poisoning, though not so effectually as quinine, and stops fermentation in nearly all cases. Even the ringing in the ears and the slight deafness characteristic of the administration of quinine are not wanting with salicylic acid. In acute articular rheumatism, quinine has no effect, while salicylic acid is a powerful remedy. Salicylic acid is fast assuming the first rank as a therapeutic agent in numerous diseases. It is now made in large quantities from benzole, and the price is much below that of quinine.

**Nest-Building Fish.**—One of these, the Gourami, has lately been studied by M. Carbonnier, in his private aquarium. The male animal constructs a nest of froth, of considerable size, 15 to 18 centimetres horizontal diameter, and 10 to 12 centimetres height. He prepares the bubbles in the air (which he sucks in and then expels), strengthening them with mucous matter from his mouth, and brings them into the nest. Sometimes the bucal secretion will fail him, whereupon he goes to the bottom in search of some confervæ, which he sucks and bites for a little, in order to stimulate the act of secretion. The nest being ready, the female is induced to enter. Not less curious is the way in which the male brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. He seems unable to bring them up in his mouth; instead of this, he first takes in an abundant supply of air, then descending, he places himself under the eggs, and all at once, by a violent contraction of the muscles in the interior of the mouth and pharynx, he forces out the air he has accumulated, by his gills. This air, finely divided or pulverized, in some sort, by the lamellæ and fringes of the gills, escapes in the form of two jets of veritable gaseous powder, which envelopes the eggs and raises them to the surface. In this manœuvre, M. Carbonnier says, the Gourami quite disappeared in a kind of air-mist, and when this had dissipated, he reappeared with a multitude of air-bubbles, like little pearls, clinging all over his body.

**Exploration of the West India Islands.**—Mr. Frederick A. Ober has recently sailed from Boston for Martinique, to commence an exploration of the West India Islands, under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Ober proposes to begin at Martinique, and to collect the vertebrates on all the Leeward Islands, visiting each one in succession, and proceeding east and south by the Windward Islands, to the Spanish Main. The work will probably occupy several years, and with it will be combined the taking of photographic views of the scenery and inhabitants. It is believed that, should Mr. Ober be as successful as he anticipates, a critical investigation of his collections by specialists will not only bring to light species long ago described and not met with for many years, but will include some new to science, and at the same time elucidate many interesting problems in physical and zoological geography.

**Discovery of a New Element.**—Professor George A. Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania, announces the discovery of a new element. From a mineral resembling schorlamite, occurring at Magnet Cove, Ark., he obtained, in the place of titanic acid, a white oxide, which differs from the former very materially, and he regards the existence in it of a new metal as highly probable. The Russian chemist, Mendelijef, predicted the discovery of ek-aluminium, which was afterward found under the name of gallium, and, at the same time, he stated his conviction that another metal, similar to titanium and silicium, for which he proposed the name of ek-silicium, ought some day to be found. It would look as though Professor Koenig was on track of the missing link of Mendelijef's series, and that we were to have the honor in this country of contributing to the list of elements.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

**Harmless Revolvers.**—Planets.

**A Branch Concern.**—The limb of a tree.

At a spiritualist *séance* in Paris recently, the ghost of a long since dead Atheist put in an appearance and was interrogated. At last inquired one: "How about the other world?" "There is no other world," replied the spirit.

"Larry, my wife and I have both noticed that the townpeople stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?" "Me tell 'em, sor? Is it likely I'd go agin my express orders? Why, whiniver anybody thried to pump me, sor, I tould 'em ye wasn't married at all!"

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand; "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife." The moralizer was cornered, and this is why the wife appeared in a new bonnet the next day.

"I understand you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, you go pring a mugful." Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to the astonished visitor, said, "Dere, now, if you dosh not tink dat is goot citer, yoost schmell of te mug."

**Served Him Right.**—An Irishman was indicted at the assizes at Tralee for felony. His innocence was clearly proved, but, notwithstanding that, the jury found him guilty. The judge was astonished, and said: "Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proved." "Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now brought against him; but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A man being annoyed by the habitual sleeping in church of one of his neighbors, whose pew adjoined his own, determined to rebuke him. Meeting him one day, he removed his cigar, puffed out a mouthful of smoke, and said, "Neighbor ——, there's no sleeping carriage on the road to Heaven." "Eh!" exclaimed the neighbor, thoroughly wide awake; "no sleeping carriage? Nor any *smoking carriage* either, I reckon!"

Theodore Hook was a clever man. "A friend of mine," says an author, "has a letter from him addressed to a well-known lady, since dead. In this letter Theodore says, 'Will your ladyship be so kind as to ask me to-day at dinner whether I will venture on an orange?' The question was duly asked, on which Theodore promptly replied, 'No, my lady, I should be afraid of falling off.' Everybody laughed at the readiness of the impromptu."

Writing of lady-helps, "Sylvanus Urban," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says that in America they have "helps" who are by no means "ladies." The difficulty of procuring good servants in that country is vastly greater than in England. "I was talking to a New York friend upon this subject lately, who told me that it was the rarest thing to retain the services of a help beyond a year. 'My wife had one, however, who lived with us eighteen months—and it would have taken much to part us; but at last she had to go.' 'Why, what did she do?' inquired I. 'Well, she did this—she boxed my wife's ears.'"

**The Movement of the Sea.**—One day, being at Etretat, Monnier, the French actor, perceived on the beach a worthy couple from the Faubourg St. Denis, an elderly shopkeeper and his wife, who were taking their first look at the ocean. "What bothers me," remarked the lady, "is the perpetual movement of the sea—the waves, the tide." Here Monnier came forward and volunteered an explanation. "Madame," he said, solemnly, "that motion is produced by the fish, which wriggle about a great deal and wag their tails violently, thus causing the waves. When they get weary of swimming near the shore, they all retire simultaneously, and the sea follows them—hence the tide."

A correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* tells the following story: A—— P——, forty-five or fifty years ago, a farmer of Westford, Massachusetts, was noted by all who knew him for the slow, deliberate manner of his speech, the more than Chesterfieldian courtesy of his address to all persons on the most ordinary business occasions, and his excessive care of the pennies. He often visited Lowell, and was well known by the traders there. On one occasion, calling at the grocer's: "Say, Mr. Jones," he said, in his usual extremely polite style; "Mr. Jones, have you any very nice Maccaboy snuff?" "Yes, first-rate." "And have you any very nice rappee snuff?" "Yes, the best." "What do you ask per pound for them?" Mr. Jones named his prices. "Well, I will take a cent's worth, half of each kind, put up in separate papers, for sample, for my aunt."

A prominent pisciculturist lately sent a very valuable present of trout spawn to a San Francisco magnate, who is more remarkable for wealth than refinement. The donor's idea was that the trout might be hatched, and would thrive in a small artificial lake which was a feature of the millionnaire's grounds. He was much surprised at receiving the following note some days afterward: "My dear friend—Them water-peas as you sent was way up, and was excellent fried. I had considerable railway people and one or two bankers to dinner the night as they came. We never would have knew what the concerns were only for Maria, who has just graduated at a phemale school, and knows a sight. She told us as them peas were quite common, and that they grew under water same as you sent 'em. We all sends kind regards, and would be pleased to have some more water-vegetables when you are sending to the city."

Judge Pitman came down-stairs in response to a call from his servant-girl, and found standing at the front door a man with a carpet-bag. The man said, "Is your piano out of tune?" "No, I don't think it is," said the judge. "Ain't you sure about it?" "No; I never tried it to see." "How long since it has been tuned?" "It has never been." "Then of course it ought to be tuned at once. You'll ruin it if you don't have it attended to." "I don't believe I will." "Oh, yes, you will, though. Nothing's worse for a piano than standing untuned." "Do you think you can tune it?" "Certainly I can." "I don't believe you can," said the judge. "I'd like to know why not. I never saw a piano yet that I couldn't tackle." "There is one mighty good reason why you can't in this case." "I'd like to know what it is." "You want me to tell you, do you?" "Yes." "Well, it's because I haven't got any piano." Then the man lifted his carpet-bag, rubbed his nose thoughtfully, and left.

An amusing story has reached this country from Russia. A noble lady, at the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, gave birth to a son, for whom it was impossible to find a suitable wet-nurse. The mother was reduced to despair, when a young nobleman, her neighbor, offered her one of his peasant-women. Thereby the child's life was saved. Then the young lord said to the mother, "Madam, you owe me the existence of your son, and I hope that in return you will grant me a favor." It is not known what the nobleman asked for, but at all events the mother refused to grant his request. He threatened, in consequence, to deprive her of the wet-nurse, who was the wife of one of his serfs, and the mother had no other resource left than to appeal to the justice of her country. Time went on. The Czar Nicholas died, and Alexander II. mounted the throne. The other day, while the latter was holding a brilliant review, all eyes were fixed upon a colonel of his staff, a very handsome officer. Suddenly a messenger rode up. "Colonel," said he, handing up a large envelope, "here is the judgment of the Senate." "The judgment! What judgment?" asked the colonel. He broke the seal, and read with stupefaction, "The Senate, in its high wisdom, decides, after ripe deliberation, that the wet-nurse of Lord X. shall nurse the son of the noble Lady Z. for the space of twelve months and six weeks." The baby mentioned in the judgment was the handsome colonel! He was then thirty-four years of age!

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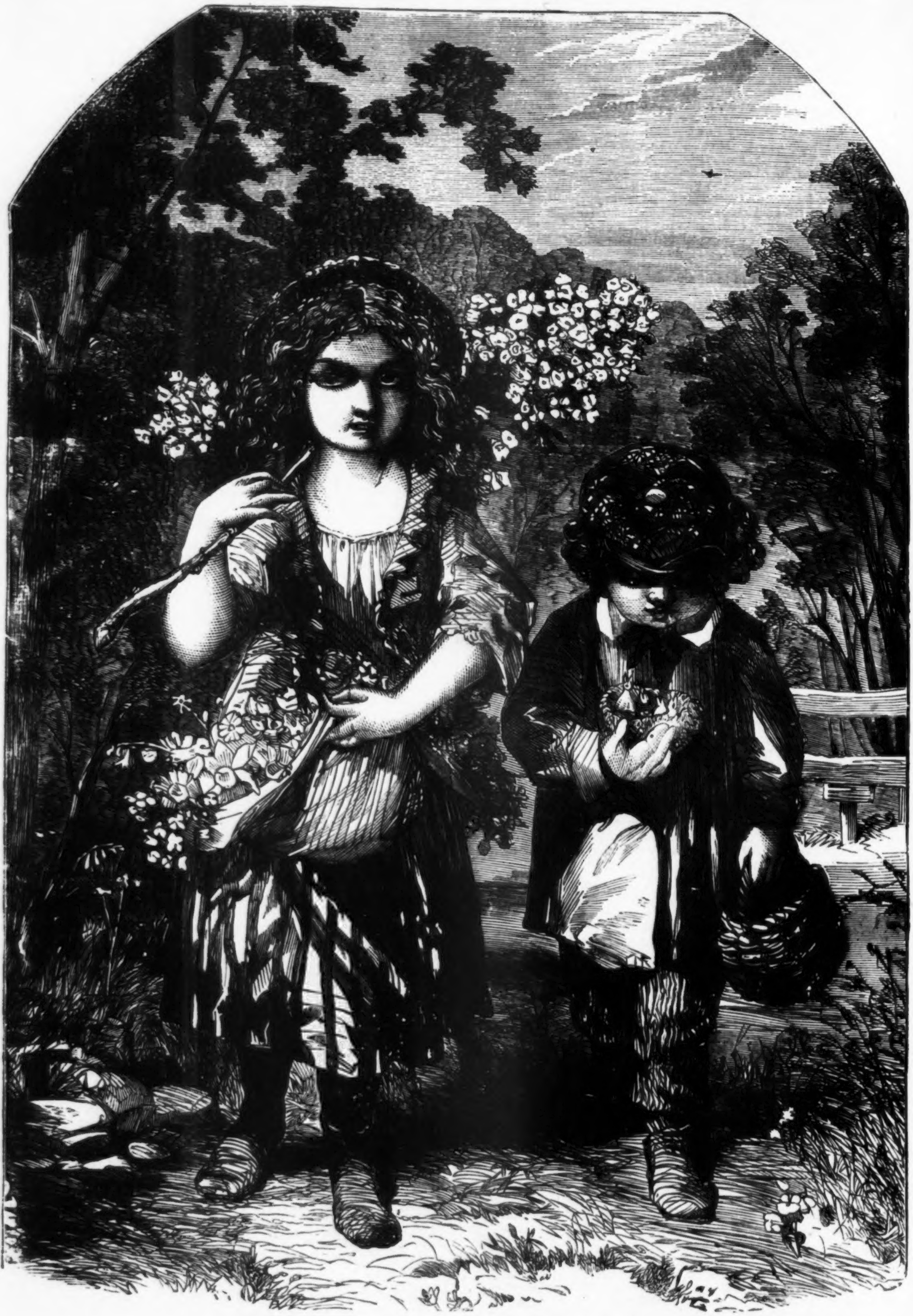

ROSY YOUTH IN RURAL ENGLAND—BIRD-NESTS AND FLOWERS.

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